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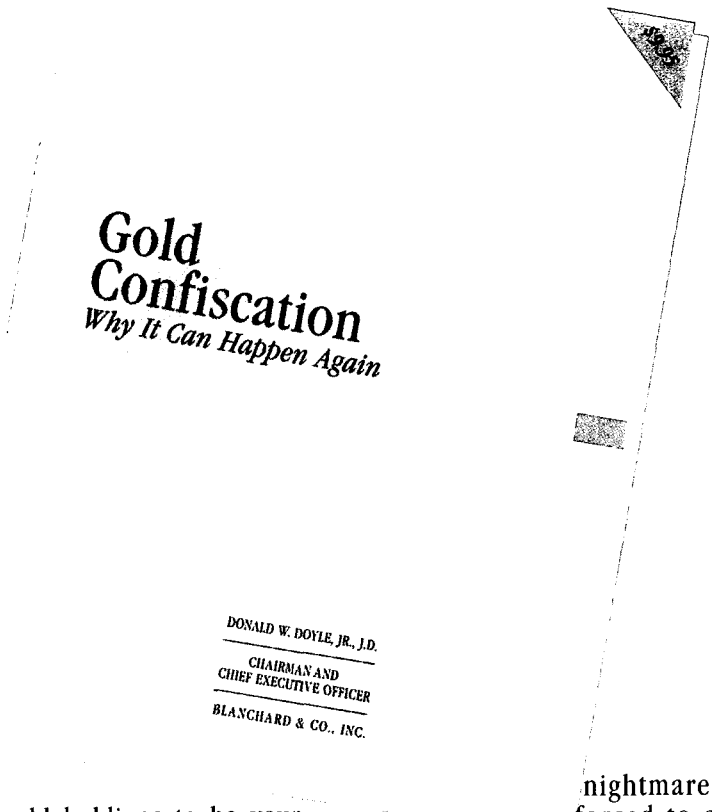

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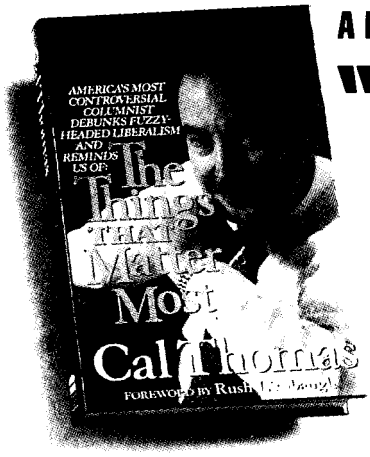
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ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

IN MAY, BILL CLINTON traveled to California for the twelfth time in his presidency, and again brought dignity to his office, revealing for the first time the sado-masochistic delights he derives from doing business with the Golden State's senatorial delegation. "If you've never been worked on by Feinstein and Boxer at one time," he boasted in San Bernardino, evidently before a diverse group of heavily chained bikers, "just imagine if somebody took a huge fingernail file and applied it to your head, you know? Sooner or later, you just say, 'All right, whatever you want . . .' " The line worked so well he repeated it that night before a similar audience at a $1,000-a-plate Beverly Hills fundraiser for Sen. Feinstein, adding a crucial new detail to the effect that the senators also enjoy "rubbing" the fingernail file against his head. ("You don't know how I've suffered from this.")

OUR PRESIDENT ONLY wants to think nice thoughts. That's why he doesn't host his own talk show. As he said in Indianapolis, in what was supposed to be a tribute to Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy, "If you preach hate, you can get a talk show." As he said at UCLA, in what was supposed to be a commencement address, "If you bad-mouth people, you can get yourself a talk show." And as he said in Beverly Hills, in what was supposed to be an original speech, "If you want to immediately become a popular culture figure, just bad-mouth somebody, they'll give you a talk show." All this from a man who, as one Washington journalist put it, "can't keep his mouth shut."

LIKE ALL FAMOUS cowards, President Bill does his bad-mouthing behind closed doors. On a visit to Capitol Hill, ostensibly in search of bipartisan support for his wife's program, he met privately with House Democrats and promptly denounced likely Republican winners this fall as "right-wing fanatics." As readers of Fred Barnes's report on the woeful performance of congressional Republicans might conclude (see page 20), Clinton would have been safe to deliver those remarks before a joint session of Congress. However well the GOP does this November, it's no thanks to its clueless congressional folks who've given new meaning to the term "loyal opposition." The stakes aren't trivial. On foreign policy alone (see Michael Ledeen, page 46, and Joseph Shattan, page 68), our ruling president deserves lifetime censure. In the one area where his foreign policy is coming together (see Christopher Caldwell, page 32), it's on behalf of a brazenly corrupt America-bashing strongman with blood on his hands and malice on his mind—just the sort of sixties *beau idéal* Our President apparently felt called upon to defend when, as he told the Beverly Hills dinner guests, "Jackie and John Kennedy" instilled in him the conviction that "if we gave ourselves to public service, that was the sign of good judgment and compassion."

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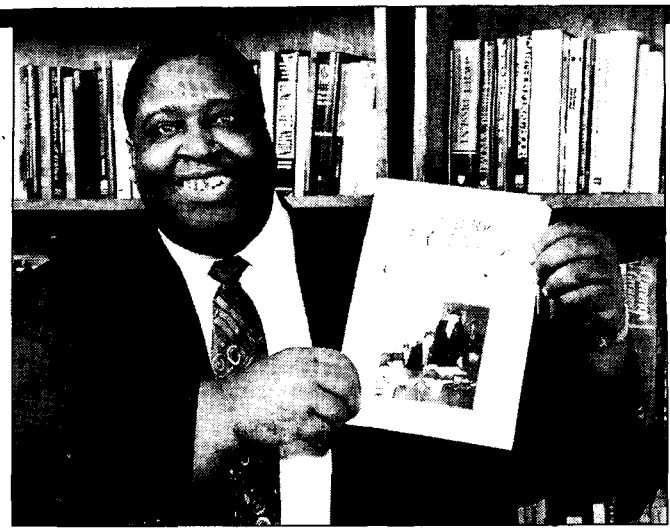

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CONTENTS

The American Spectator

Vol. 27, No. 7 July 1994

Departments:

The Continuing Crisis....8

Correspondence....10

Editorials
Old What's-His-Name/The Meaning of Life, by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr....12

Capitol Ideas / *E-Mail Evolution*, by Tom Bethell....16

Presswatch / *The Hiss Factor*, by John Corry....42

The Nation's Pulse / *Heterosexual AIDS: Part VII*, by Michael Fumento....44

Spectator's Journal / *The Big Botch*, by Michael Ledeen....46

Ben Stein's Diary / *Au Revoir, Mr. President*, by Benjamin J. Stein....50

Politics / *The Politics of Business*, by Grover G. Norquist....55

Constitutional Opinions / *Shameless in Seattle*, by Terry Eastland....57

The New York Spectator / *No More Secrets*, by Edward Conlon....59

Talkies / *Don't Know Much About History*, by James Bowman....62

Current Wisdom, by Assorted Jackasses....84

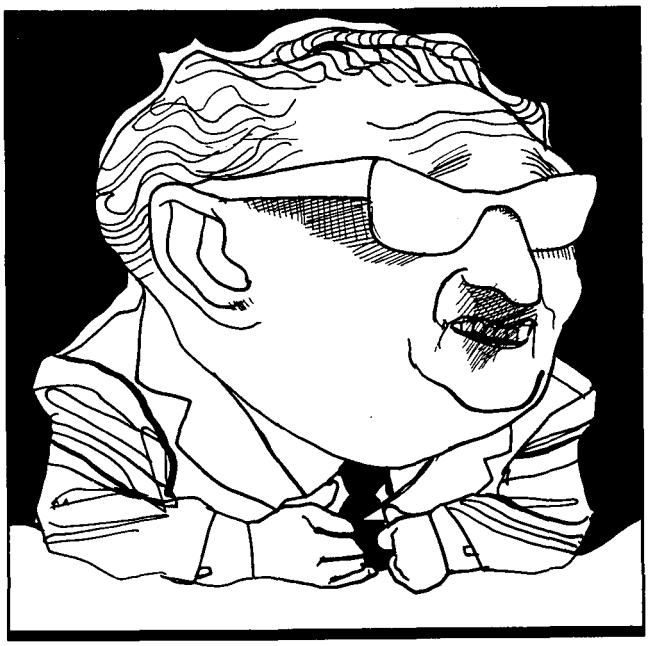
Book Reviews:

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness (Peggy Noonan), reviewed by Thomas Mallon....64

Standing Firm (Dan Quayle), reviewed by Victor Gold....67

Diplomacy (Henry Kissinger), reviewed by Joseph Shattan....68

Poland's Jump to the Market Economy (Jeffrey Sachs), reviewed by Joshua Muravchik....71



Page 68

Features:

Me-Too Republicans, by Fred Barnes....20
Bereft of leadership and vision, congressional Republicans have failed to act as an opposition party. Lucky for the GOP, there's life beyond the Beltway.

Crash Course, by Thomas Mallon....26
In mid-July, fragments of a fearsome comet are scheduled to blast into Jupiter—just as the U.S. gets set to commemorate the silver anniversary of man's first steps on the moon. What are we doing watching it all from down here?

Aristide Development, by Christopher Caldwell....32
Not content with having destroyed the Haitian economy through sanctions, the U.S. now wants to impose a would-be tyrant through force. How Haiti policy has turned into a con job by the administration—and a cash cow for its friends .

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• May has passed, and so has *The American Spectator*'s obsolete telephone system. We now have Voice Mail. Hence when you call our offices you no longer make genuine, albeit bungled human contact; you get the sort of modern response publisher Ronald E. Burr has prepared for the unfortunates who might be calling him: "Hello, this is Ronald E. Burr. Your call is very important to me. Please stay on the line. You have reached my office. For a list of options please press pound. I cannot emphasize enough how important your call is to me. If you wish to leave a message, press star, then 235. Then, using your telephone pad as a keyboard, press the first three syllables of the message you are about to leave, along with the last three syllables concluding your message. If you wish to interrupt your message at any time press star, then 55, then pound. If you wish to leave a message longer than three minutes, press star, then 327, then the approximate length of your message as measured in seconds. Please stay on the line for even more options. Remember your call is extremely important to me personally, even though I do not have the time to talk to you."

• And there is more! For twenty-six years this distinguished intellectual review has remained totally free of moral taint. Yes, to be sure, the Loyal Opposition has raised questions that *The American Spectator* might be too attentive to personal liberty, limited government, high intelligence, and what the Founding Persons called Republican Virtue. Nonetheless, never has this journal ever been linked to criminality or squalor of any kind. Alas, but a year and a few months after Boy Clinton took up residence in the former home of Harding and Grant, this venerable journal has found itself identified as "Exhibit A" in a sexual harassment suit, namely a suit against our sitting president. On May 6, Mrs. Paula Corbin Jones filed her suit against the Rogue Governor of Arkansas and attached a photocopy of the January 1994 *American Spectator* with David Brock's troopergate essay as "Exhibit A." This sort of thing never happened to us when Mr. Richard Nixon was president, or even ex-president!

• According to Mrs. Jones's suit, on May 8, 1991, Arkansas state trooper Danny Ferguson approached her in the lobby of the Excelsior Hotel and apprised her that the Rogue Governor requested her presence in a room where—get this!—he was supposedly conferring by telephone with President George Bush and who knows what other high and mighties. In that room—which, incidentally was bedless—Mr. Clinton allegedly made a sexual proposition to her that was unwanted, immoral, and unhygienic. Now he stands accused of (1) discriminating against Mrs. Jones by "sexually harassing and assaulting her" in a way that he would not harass and assault a male (don't count on it), (2) conspiring with Trooper Ferguson to lure her into a hotel room for immoral (and unhygienic) purposes, (3) inflicting "intentional ... emotional distress," and (4) along with Trooper Ferguson committing "defamation." Moreover, as stated in Mrs. Jones's suit filed in U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Arkansas, "There were distinguishing characteristics in Clinton's genital area that were obvious to Mrs. Jones." This last item has attracted intense cerebration from the staff of *The American Spectator,* whose members have never before been a party to "Exhibit A." Some believe the Washington rumor that the distinguishing mark is the tattoo of a bird appearing on the presidential thigh, and they speculate that bird is actually the logo of *The American Spectator,* a wild turkey (in which event we're also talking about a grievous case of copyright infringement). Others believe the president's tattoo depicts a whooping crane or some other endangered species. The more worldly members of the staff, taking full cognizance of Our President's historic libido believe the "distinguishing characteristics" to be calluses. Whatever the outcome might be, it certainly beats Teapot Dome.

• In yet another repudiation of a campaign pledge, President Clinton, on May 5, asserted that the United States would not exert itself on behalf of peace around the world. Our President even cautioned the United Nations against such international peacekeeping. After all, there is plenty of work available for U.N. peacekeepers right there in Manhattan. In historic Potosi, Missouri, state corrections officers were ordered by an unnamed judge to allow Mr. Mark Hamilton, a 38-year-old red Indian to practice his religion, though it requires him to wear long hair and conduct weekly ceremonies in a sweat lodge. An equally vexatious challenge faces the judiciary in Seattle, Washington, where lawyers for death-row inmate Mr. Mitchell Rupe are arguing that he cannot be hanged owing to the fact that he weighs over 400 pounds and could suffer decapitation at the end of the rope. Authorities in Minnesota hoping to lessen toxic waste intend to ban "flashing sneakers powered by electric switches with mercury." Defenders of the sneakers argue that once "flashing sneakers" are banned only criminals will have "flashing sneakers," though the argument thus far has failed to persuade.

• In Providence, Rhode Island, state representative Patrick Kennedy, son of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, announced plans to run for the U.S. House of Representatives. The United States Olympic swim team gained prestige on May 7 after Our President announced that Haitian exiles will be granted asylum hearings at sea. Ethnic controversy continued. In Toledo, Ohio, the Rev. Louis Farrakhan, an honored guest at the University of Toledo's Stop-the-

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Violence rally, elicited heat when he announced his finding that white people are indifferent to black-on-black violence because it provides them with organ donations. In Iron Mountain, Michigan, state troopers were attacked by a gang of turkeys after the troopers made good on their promise to break up the gang's road block. In Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, Mr. Joe Medicine, an American red Indian, was convicted of violating the city's noise ordinance with his drum, despite his claim that the drum was essential to his celestial observances and that without the drum he might go to hell.

• Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis died in New York City on May 19 and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, next to her first husband. Mr. Roy J. Plunkett also passed on. Mr. Plunkett in 1938 developed polytetrafluoroethylene resin, vulgarly referred to as Teflon. Many of the Republic's leading historians cite the substance as essential for preserving President Ronald Reagan from the criticism that followed such major blunders as his idiotic ending of the Cold War, the long and boring period of economic growth that lasted longer than any in this century, and that speech in Normandy. Cynics who believe that American politicians are without conviction were gladdened by Illinois Rep. Dan Rostenkowski's stellar performance. Endeavoring to avoid even one conviction, he spent the better part of the month engaged in arduous plea bargainings with federal prosecutors before reportedly deciding on May 26 to take his noble struggle to court. He will be missed.

• After South Africa's first democratic elections Mr. Nelson Mandela became that country's first black president and second bald-headed president in a row. After days of indecision and public jogging, Our President nominated Mr. Stephen G. Breyer, a judge, to replace Harry Blackmun on the Supreme Court. Dr. Jack Kevorkian suffered still more bad PR when it was reported that he once attempted to mount an exhibition of Adolf Hitler's paintings. The White House, too, suffered more bad PR when M. Robert Hue, the new head of the French Communist Party, declared that now is an opportune time for "stronger ties" between his party and the Clinton administration. Both he and Our President shared many positions in the past, though Mr. Hue's private life is comparatively mild stuff. Mr. Aldrich H. Ames, formerly of the CIA, has gone on record as to why he sold government secrets to Moscow. Mr. Ames, who donated a sizable percentage of the monies given him by the KGB to the Democratic National Committee, claimed that in the 1980s he became disenchanted with Washington's "shift to the extreme right in our political spectrum"—prettily put. The statement could put Mr. Ames in the running to be a commentator on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered." An opening developed on the show when NPR suddenly and inexplicably canceled plans to run commentary by a convicted murderer taped live on death row. The murderer, Mr. Mumia Abu Jamal, was supposed to begin his commentaries about the exciting and philosophical life he leads on death row early in the month, and there are going to be university professors all over America who will sorely miss his daily dose of anti-American rant. Mr. Ames might be just what these truth seekers need. The Crisis has only just begun. —*RET*

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Unbelievable

"Love and Hate in Arkansas," by Daniel Wattenberg, published in the April-May issue of your magazine, is an insult to President Clinton, the state of Arkansas, and the American people. As the only Republican to serve in Governor Clinton's cabinet, I was not a blind ally of the governor. And on many issues I disagreed with him then and now. However, the man portrayed by Wattenberg was not Bill Clinton—and certainly the woman he pictured as Hillary Clinton is not the Hillary I know.

I have been in many meetings with the Governor as well and Mrs. Clinton, and I never saw either of them behave in a manner other than what is considered appropriate. For example, I never heard either of them (in public or private conversation) use abusive or profane language.

Bill Clinton is not a perfect man, and I'm sure their marriage leaves something to be desired. However, your portrayal is beyond being believable. Fortunately, I believe the American people will give no more credibility to your magazine than it does to *National Enquirer.*

—Tom W. Dillard
Little Rock, Arkansas

Thanks for writing anyway. —Ed.

While it is becoming increasingly difficult to be shocked by new revelations about our First Family, Daniel Wattenberg's account of L. D. Brown's life with the Clintons left me further staggered and sickened.

I find Mr. Brown an entirely credible source. His story certainly rings true, given what the *Spectator* has already revealed about Clintillian behavior over the past decade. Furthermore, I recently saw Paula Corbin Jones interviewed on television, and never has there been a more believable witness to what she maintains Bill Clinton did to her. Surely, the evidence surrounding our president is becoming insurmountable.

Yet, most disturbing is that when I share these disclosures with certain acquaintances, they continue to either ignore all such evidence, or, far worse, assert that it simply doesn't matter all that much. "Hey, the man's got a good domestic program; give him a chance!" Have we really come to a place and time in our nation when we are willing to trade our most fundamental sense of right and wrong—indeed, our very souls—for a new health-care plan or a bigger government check? God help us if it is so.

—William W. Meister
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I want you to know that not all liberals are hypocrites when it comes to Bill Clinton's financial improprieties, misuse of power, and exploitation of women. The White House line is that this is a Republican attempt to "get the President."

In fact, Governor Brown, a lifelong Democrat, was the first nationally known politician to call attention to Clinton's involvement with Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan and the Whitewater real estate deal (March '92 Chicago debate). Throughout 1992, the *Nation*, a pro-Democratic publication, publicized the Clintons' cozy relationship with monied interests.

My political involvement stretches from George McGovern in 1972 to Jerry Brown in 1992. We may be a minority in our party, but there are thousands, if not millions, of liberal Democrats who are disgusted by corruption and dishonesty—whether the practitioner be Richard Nixon or Bill Clinton.

—Jeff Taylor
Columbia, Missouri

Quota Stings

James Bovard's "Job-Breakers" (*TAS*, March 1994) really hit a nerve. Like most Americans I'm concerned about crime and wish to make a positive impact on our society. After retiring from the Air Force, I competitively tested with the local police department and placed number one on the hiring list. Imagine my disappointment when the department went down one-third of the list of eligible applicants to hire the far less qualified "number one female"!

What recourse do I, or any other white male, have against this form of discrimination? I certainly cannot afford to be another Bakke, and I won't hold my breath for EEOC assistance.

—Mark S. Hanneman
Richland, Washington

James Bovard's article on "the EEOC's assault on the workplace" was particularly poignant to me. I am a commercial pilot at a major U.S. airline. Last year a female co-pilot sued one of our captains and the company for sexual harassment. She was represented by a nationally known feminist lawyer. To its credit, the company hired an investigator of its own. Over a year passed between the filing of charges and trial. This gave the lawyer ample opportunity to torment the captain and his family by indicting, trying, and convicting him in public thanks to a willing and sympathetic national media. During pretrial proceedings, the claimant admitted lying and the allegations were tossed out. As far as the American public is concerned, however, the captain remains the guilty party.

But the story doesn't end there. In order to satisfy the EEOC in the wake of this incident, our pilots must endure a ten-minute video entitled "Respecting Diversity" at annual current training. In this video, the evil perpetrators of harassment are all white males and the suffering victims are women and minorities. Go figure!

—Thomas H. McDermott
Rancho Santa Margarita, California

New Age Calhounism

The so-called secession talk at the end of Tom Bethell's April/May column ("Breaking Away") strikes at the very vitals of conservatism. It plays utterly into the hands of the New Age Calhounism that divides Americans into sovereign sections of race, gender, class and victim *du jour*. It is precisely the agenda of the radical left that Americans have no *common* interest, no *common* decency, and no *common* sense. There is no point in fighting Guanierism when its work is then done by conservatives themselves, nor in handing its adherents a fine tool with which to pose as champions of traditional American values.

The truth is, the litany of Webster's

(continued on page 72)

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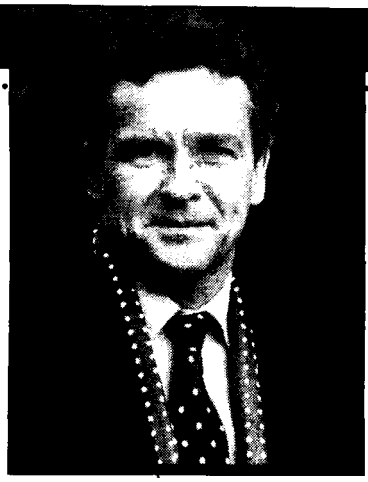

Old What's-His-Name

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

This month I vow not to write one word of disparagement against the man whom Paula Corbin Jones has accused of what we moderns call "sexual harassment." Up until the recent past this alleged transgression constituted a "morals charge." Yet now that the feminists have clothed all contact between the sexes with what is best described as generalized neurosis we, perforce, apply the overworked term "sexual harassment" to allegations that Mrs. Jones was subjected to: (1) false imprisonment, (2) indecent exposure, (3) assault and battery, (4) intimidation, and (5) potential rape. Reactionary that I am, I do believe that those prefeminist legal conceptions more vividly convey the ordeal that Mrs. Jones suffered in a Little Rock hotel at the hands of a powerful politician whose name I shall not even mention in this column.

His wife, Hillary, has in *Vanity Fair* questioned the Christian bona fides of her husband's critics ("I find it impossible to believe that people who call themselves Christians could engage in such behavior.") I, as a sedulous student of her husband's theological observations, see precisely what she means. Recently, in noting to ABC News his disrelish for abortion, he, Hillary's husband—whose name shall not pass my lips here—added the stern qualification that it is not "self-evident from the Bible that all abortions are murder." Nor is there anything in the Bible enjoining us to speak ill of this grievously maligned man. So all true Christians better cut it out. They could go to hell.

As for Paula Corbin Jones's sexual allegations against this president—whom I shall not name—I agree with the White House. It is all exploitation of a famous figure. President Eisenhower was hounded by similar charges ceaselessly. So were Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter. President Nixon had a whole team of lawyers on the lookout for his "bimbo eruptions." Of course, the accursed Nixon never called them bimbos as does Hillary's enlightened friend, Betsey Wright. Nixon called them "babes," "skirts," and, when in the Southwest, *"muchachas."*

One of the reasons that I do not want to mention the name of the powerful politician who is married to the aggrieved Hillary is that he is trying very hard to be a good person. As he told ABC News, he is a man who has "sinned as a child of God, who has sought forgiveness, searched for redemption and is struggling to grow and to find the guidance of God in this job." Anything I might say against a fellow entoiled in such a mighty struggle for the heart and mind of the Almighty could get me in hot water for eternity. Besides there are so many other interesting stories being reported.

Last month the British press was again alive with "More Arkansas Scandals." That is how the venerable *Economist* of London put it in a front-page headline. The *Economist* has discovered a man whose dealings in the 1980s with the Arkansas investment banking firm of Lasater & Co. cost him his fortune and three attempts on his life, so he says. The *Economist* seems to believe him, as does London's *Sunday Telegraph,* which published a similar story.

Both publications take the man, Dennis Patrick, very seriously. The owner of Lasater & Co., according to the *Sunday Telegraph,* "was the biggest contributor to the Arkansas campaign funds of" a powerful politician

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

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whose name I shall not mention. Both publications say the two men were very friendly, but Dan Lasater, the owner of Lasater & Co., was sentenced to two-and-a-half years in prison for drug distribution. His friend, the powerful politician, pardoned him in 1990. During Mr. Lasater's troubles and throughout the 1980s Patsy Thomasson was his "deputy and confidante," according to the *Sunday Telegraph.* Moreover, says the paper, "as executive vice-president of the firm, she was in charge of operations, and was viewed by the rest of the staff as the main liaison between Lasater & Co. and the Little Rock political establishment." Now Ms. Thomasson is director of administration at the White House.

"Over the next few weeks," the *Sunday Telegraph* predicts, "the activities of Lasater—and, by association, Thomasson—are likely to come under close scrutiny in Washington. Senator Alphonse D'Amato, the ranking Republican on the Senate Banking Committee, intends to investigate the cozy way in which underwriting business for $660 million in state bonds was steered to Lasater & Co. Among the many questions being examined is whether there were kickbacks" to the political campaigns of a powerful politician and, as to his name, my lips are sealed. I will say this: There are certainly a lot more scandals surrounding this White House than, say, Gerald Ford's. ❐

The Meaning of Life

'Tis that palmy time of year when venerable blowhards are invited to campus to deliver what I believe are called commencement addresses. As to what is being commenced, no sensible person can say for sure. Is it adulthood? For many Americans adulthood does not begin until faraway into middle age, if ever. Think of our president, his simpering wife, many members of Congress—all are eternal kids. In Washington about the only notables whom we readily associate with adulthood are Supreme Court justices, who are supposed to be old and bewhiskered. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor is no kid, nor does she jog wearing T-shirts of political or metaphysical significance. In fact, no member of the Supreme Court has ever been seen running down the street in his undershorts with a baseball cap on.

At any rate, the notion of commencement from college into adulthood is an old-fashioned idea—touching but obsolete. Actually, college is obsolete. College, as envisaged by those who founded higher education here and in Europe, was a place where superior young minds were to gain a foundation in learning that would allow them to think and to lead. Unfortunately, sometime after the Second World War, growing numbers of colleges came under the control of empire-builders.

Massaging the citizenry's almost superstitious belief in the benignity of education, these wheeler-dealers cadged billions from state treasuries and from wealthy benefactors to transform many fine colleges into useless universities. The country already had plenty of graduate students coming from established universities; natural growth would have assured more Ph.D.s commensurate with a growing country's needs. Transforming Slippery Rock State College into the University of Slippery Rock with campuses in Bologna and Ulan Bator was nonsense. Then the wheeler-dealers began expanding their sham universities. Departments were opened in studies that had never been studies before and still are not studies, for example Afro-American departments, women's studies departments. Have business schools opened Departments of Sexual Commerce and Breast Feeding? Give them time.

The consequence of all this exploitation of a noble idea is that higher education now has no definition. Moreover superior minds are lost in the mob of bored mediocrities and faculty zanies who swarm over these campuses. They are very depressing places for those who admire learning and robust, uninhibited thought. I visited Columbia University the other day and thought I was in a slum. I was. And the angry posters announcing rape counseling, seminars for ontological bliss, and various councils of war convened for students divided along ethnic, sexual, and racial lines, did not put me in mind of the University of Heidelberg or any place Socrates had ever been. Let's face it, American universities today are what high schools once were, except that those high schools never endangered one's life or sanity.

A friend now studying at Columbia has grown particularly interested in Shakespeare. To continue his studies of the bard he will have to take courses taught from a "Marxist-feminist" perspective. Teaching the creator of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* from a Marxist-feminist perspective is equivalent to preparing northern Italian cuisine from a Lucrezia Borgian perspective. It spoils a good thing. University endowments, tuitions, and subsidies have never been more opulent. And what is the loot spent on? Quack studies, campus psychiatrists, New Age counselors, and administrators for every sort of problem child. Legitimate profs and serious students get short shrift.

So what will my commencement address amount to when Columbia's grateful university community turns to me for wisdom and uplift? Those students engaged in the study of science and perhaps the more exacting aspects of business and physical education have probably learned some useful stuff. They have wasted only a year or two. I shall confirm to the rest what they undoubtedly already know: to wit, they have just wasted four years, perhaps more. Yet I shall reassure them that learning is not nearly so tedious as their profs have made it and that youth need not be as harrowing. If they are typical Americans they have many years of youth ahead of them. These can be years of gaiety and learning. It is not too late to become educated. I am told that intellectual curiosity is frequently heightened by four years of exposure to multiculturalism and political correctitude. Graduates leave universities wondering what history, literature, and philosophy are all about.

My advice to graduates is get on with it! Read, write, make money at some productive non-criminal endeavor. Oh yes, and keep life simple. Bombarded as they are with a myriad of exigent entertainments, nights-on-the-town, noble causes, personal-growth therapies, our youth lead more hectic lives than a United States congressman. Cultivate your minds and have a fling at what the sourpuss sophisticates call "family values." Life is rarely as miserable as college. ❐

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E-Mail Evolution

by Tom Bethell

From my window I have been marveling at the miracle of spring, and on my computer I have been following an e-mail discussion of evolution. As to the wonders of nature, we take these things far too much for granted. With hardly a murmur of dissent, people who should know better seem to accept that life in all its profusion and complexity emerged from the random collision of particles of matter. Darwin somehow proved it, didn't he?

Living cells are so complex that we don't begin to know how to make them in our highest-tech labs. Yet we are led to believe that the necessary parts assembled themselves, and further, that billions of these cells somehow came together to form sentient beings, with the power of reproduction, and without the intervention of any antecedent intelligence or designer.

There has long been a resistance movement to this ideology, an opposition that has been scattered and disorganized. But now the computer revolution has had the unexpected effect of permitting this opposition to get together electronically; to compare notes, argue, and talk things over.

I have long believed that the dogma of evolution would one day encounter a more serious opposition, and I have been on the lookout for signs of that day. The Internet discussion persuades me that it may be coming close. What was missing from the earlier challenges was scientific literacy. Lord knows, the people from the Institute for Creation Research had plenty of good will, and made many good points, but their arguments were often footnoted to the Bible, and their nature walks had a way of turning into prayer meetings. The Darwinian Citadel could afford to smile indulgently. Let them cite Genesis and recite their prayers; no need to stir the masses from their slumbers if they weren't causing trouble. Admittedly, John Maddox, the editor of *Nature*, recently noted that "it may not be long before the practice of religion must be regarded as anti-science," and Oxford's Richard Dawkins has long wanted to throw cold water in the faces of the faithful. But most evolutionists have seen merit in preserving the peace.

The new generation of critics of evolution are going to cause more trouble. The discussion group has about a hundred members now, assembled over the past year by Phillip E. Johnson, a professor of law at U.C. Berkeley. "I can't give you a breakdown," he told me, "but the majority are science or philosophy professors or graduate students, with the rest mostly enthusiastic amateurs. A few are in mainstream evolutionary science, and their identities are known only to me." All are free to participate by sending messages that are reflected back to everyone else, but most are "lurkers," who receive but don't send. Most of the participants apparently do not believe in evolution.

Among the regular contributors are Michael Behe, an associate professor of biochemistry at Lehigh University; Paul Nelson, a Ph.D. candidate in philosophy at the University of Chicago; Jonathan Wells, a Ph.D. candidate in the department of molecular and cell biology at Berkeley; and Kurt Wise, a student of Stephen Jay Gould's at Harvard, who now teaches at a small college in Tennessee. Nelson (with co-authors) and Behe are writing books, which promise to be of outstanding quality. Another member of the group, Walter Remine, has recently published *The Biotic Message*, and together with Phillip Johnson's own *Darwin on Trial*, all these works should help persuade the intelligent layman that there is a great deal more to anti-evolutionism than Bible-Belt intransigence. Most members of the group would seem to be young, or relatively so. But the most important point is that they argue against the reigning dogma intelligently, and with facts, not faith. Nonetheless, some (perhaps many) members of the group, notably Kurt Wise, are also explicit creationists.

Logically, of course, if creatures did not evolve then they must have been created, presumably by a higher power that is invisible to us. The sharp horns of this dilemma account for the emotional potency of the issue. Either all organisms had parents (the theory of evolution in four words), or some did not. If the latter, how did they get here? If you reject evolution, or find it terribly implausible, then you are unavoidably faced with an alternative that some find desirable, others unpalatable.

Evolutionism is perhaps the most jealously guarded dogma of the American public philosophy. Any sign of serious resistance to it has encountered fierce hostility in the past, and it will not be abandoned without a tremendous fight. The gold standard could go (glad to be rid of that!), Saigon abandoned, the Constitution itself slyly junked. But Darwinism will be defended to the bitter end.

The great problem with the theory of evolution is that it is supported by very little evidence. A decade ago, Colin Patterson of the British Museum of Natural History said he knew of none at all. More recently, the chairman of the department of ichthyology at the American Museum of Natural History in

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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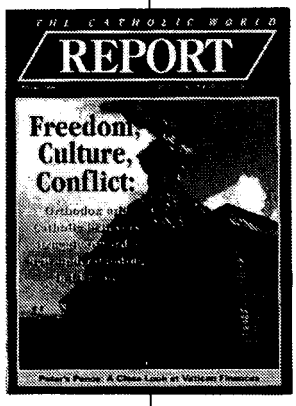
— Congressman Robert K. Dornan

SURELY YOU REMEMBER THE RECENT BUILD-UP IN THE "MAINSTREAM" MEDIA ABOUT THE BATTLE BETWEEN HOMOSEXUAL MILITANTS AND "THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT" — SUPPORTED BY CARDINAL JOHN O'CONNOR — FOR SEATS ON NEW YORK CITY'S PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD? WHAT YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER, HOWEVER, IS THE RESULT.



That's because the homosexuals and their allies were defeated — candidates *opposed* to indoctrinating kindergartners with homosexual propaganda won the majority of seats. So, suddenly, the media's front page, prime-time *cause célebre du jour* had become a non-story. Media bias is nothing new — but at least you used to be able to read between the lines for the real story.

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New York said that "evidence, or proof, or origins ... of all the major groups of life, of all the minor groups of life, indeed of all the species—is weak or nonexistent when measured on an absolute scale." We are of course endlessly bombarded with Just-So stories, such as the recent one about mammal-like creatures walking into the sea and turning into whales, but the speculative nature of these stories is usually concealed. The story of human origins finds its way into the headlines every six months or so, the better to rub in our alleged descent from apes. But in all these primate scenarios a mountain of speculation hangs from a scrap of bone, and with every new press conference the dating of relevant events is changed by a million years or so.

Darwin's claim to originality was his discovery of a supposed mechanism of evolution: natural selection, summarized as "the survival of the fittest" by Herbert Spencer. Thereafter it seemed reasonable to believe that if nature had "evolving machinery" built into it, evolution surely must have occurred. But a more critical examination of the mechanism has cast considerable doubt on the whole business. We have, and can have, no criterion of fitness independent of survival itself. So natural selection is a veiled tautology. It passed muster in Victorian England, and throughout much of the twentieth century, because it silently incorporated the idea of progress. This flourished in the last 150 years, but now is fading fast, and perhaps will take evolution with it.

Natural selection depended on the belief that species could "depart indefinitely from the original type," to use Alfred Russel Wallace's phrase. But repeated attempts to demonstrate that plasticity in labs and greenhouses have failed. There is an envelope of variability beyond which organisms cannot be pushed. For years, fruit flies were bombarded with X-rays in an attempt to "speed up evolution," but all the specimens died off, remaining fruit flies (some of them admittedly rather odd looking) to the end. Defeat was not conceded, Nobel Prizes were duly awarded, but it was a setback.

"Viable mutations with large effects have never been observed," Jonathan Wells noted on the Internet earlier this year. "The mutations we observe are not the ones we need [for evolution]," said Steve Meyer, who teaches at Whitworth College in Washington state.

The most famous example of natural selection in action is that of the peppered moths in Britain. Light and dark variants of the moth existed, with the light-colored version much more common. Then came pollution, and the black forms, now perched on blackened tree trunks, were well camouflaged from predators. More blacks survived to leave offspring, and within a few decades they outnumbered whites. "Darwin's Missing Evidence!" exulted the *Scientific American*. Then came the Clean Air Act, and the light-to-dark ratio returned to normal. In his new book *The Beak of the Finch*, Jonathan Weiner says that "the case of the peppered moths gave evolutionists one of their first inklings of the speed of Darwin's process." It might give us an inkling of just how feeble the evidence for evolution is. Natural selection was supposed to explain how moths appeared in the first place, not how we get more of this variety or that. Only by redefining evolution to mean just such a change in ratios are its defenders able to claim that evolution is a "fact."

As Phillip Johnson has repeatedly pointed out, the most important support for evolution is an inconspicuous assumption of modern science: the assumption of naturalism, or (as it is sometimes called) materialism. If it is true that matter is all there is—that the universe consists of nothing but molecules in motion in otherwise empty space—then God, or mind, or spirit, is eliminated from the picture by definition. But life got here somehow, so it *must* have been by some accidental combination of those molecules—by evolution, in short. Evolution, therefore, is not so much seen in the rocks as deduced from a philosophy. But there is no need to assume materialism in the first place. It is not a prerequisite of science. Isaac Newton was no materialist. But Darwin was, and he saw the need to conceal the point; to "avoid stating," as he said in one of his notebooks, "how far I believe in materialism."

Darwin was also antagonistic to Christianity, a point that was concealed by his family until 1958. He grew more so as the clerics of his day retreated to an accommodationist position. But of course you don't have to be hostile to religion in order to accept evolution. Much of the Internet discussion in recent months has consisted of an argument between Terry Gray, a biochemist from Calvin College in Michigan (on leave at Texas A&M), and half a dozen members of the group. Gray believes "that God exists, that he has the power to create, and that there is no need for a 'blind watch-maker' mechanism," but he also believes that God's handiwork was implemented by evolution.

This has exasperated Johnson, who calls Gray's position "too vacuous for serious discussion." God is brought in as a mere "subjective add-on to a naturalistic picture of reality." His explanatory role is nil if everything can be understood as having happened without Him. Johnson wants people to recognize that there really is a conflict between religion and science of the naturalistic variety, and so to take sides, either evolutionist or creationist, with no straddling allowed. The "Calvin College accommodationists" have performed a disservice, he believes, by blurring the outline of a much sharper conflict.

To this end he has teamed up with William Provine of Cornell in a series of debates—most recently at Stanford University. Johnson admires the evolutionist Provine, because he sees and accepts the atheistic implications of evolutionary theory. Provine dismisses as "effective atheists" those who add an undetectable deity to the purposeless processes of evolution. His willingness to debate Johnson, and to "make the atheistic implications of contemporary evolutionary theory explicit" is deplored by many of his colleagues in the naturalistic camp, Johnson says. They prefer to "keep the atheism implicit." Terry Gray too sees Johnson as playing a "high stakes game." If Provine "proves Darwinism" he will "disprove theism," and on the evidence, Gray adds, "I'd bet on Provine."

Darwin himself "never took any of the 'providential evolutionists' seriously in their pathetic efforts to put a Christian spin on his naturalistic system," Johnson replied, and in failing to see what is really at stake, Gray and others are helping "to disarm the Christian intellectuals and pave the way for the triumph of metaphysical naturalism in science and in the universities." ❐

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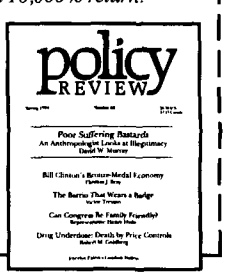

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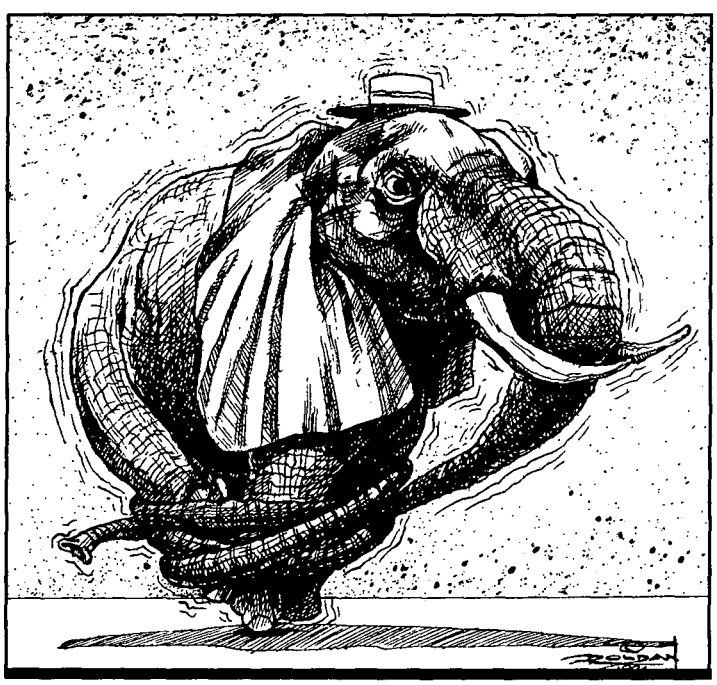
Me-Too Republicans

Bereft of leadership and vision, congressional Republicans have failed to act as an opposition party. Lucky for the GOP, there's life beyond the Beltway.

by Fred Barnes

Republican Senator Robert Bennett of Utah didn't like what he heard. William Kristol, who runs the Project for the Republican Future, was talking about health care last March at a retreat in Philadelphia for GOP senators. "The first duty of the opposition is to oppose," Kristol asserted. He urged the senators—about twenty-five Republicans attended—to stake out a principled opposition to President Clinton's health-care plan. The principles they adopt, presumably conservative ones, would steer them to a positive but decidedly non-Clinton alternative, he added.



Bennett took sharp exception. "We have to be constructive," he said. He and other senators were not sent to Washington to oppose Clinton. Their job, Bennett said, is to help govern. Not true, Kristol shot back. "If voters want their senators to help Clinton govern, they'll send Democratic senators."

The Bennett-Kristol exchange was testy but revealing. It points up the problem that cripples congressional Republicans in challenging Clinton and undercuts both the Republican Party and the conservative movement. Though a minority in Congress (44 of 100 senators, 177 of 435 House members), Republicans are eager to be part of the governing class. And if not that, they're willing to settle for the illusion of governing. This is not adult behavior. But for many Republicans in Congress, anything is preferable to being accused of causing gridlock or labeled obstructionist.

Thus, the problem. When Republicans pretend to govern but really don't, the ideological rigor and political sting goes out of their opposition. They tinker and temporize and stay divided. Worse, their ability to fashion and

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

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trumpet distinct and appealing alternatives vanishes. What, nine months after Clinton unveiled his plan, is the Republican position on health-care reform? Or the GOP strategy for generating long-term economic growth? Or the Republican scheme for limiting the terms of senators and House members? Or the Republican prescription for de-nuclearizing North Korea? Such plans don't exist. Instead, Republicans on Capitol Hill have become, on issue after issue, me-too Republicans. The beneficiary of this is Clinton. Rather than exploit Clinton's vulnerabilities, Republicans often accommodate them. For example, Clinton's penchant for multilateralism is increasingly unpopular. Yet Republicans backed off, after one losing vote in 1993, the Nickles Amendment, which would bar American troops from serving under United Nations command. Even its author, Senator Don Nickles of Oklahoma, lost interest.

The simple fact, of course, is that Republicans can't govern in Clinton's Washington. True, they've occasionally influenced an administration policy or decision. The 1993 filibuster spearheaded by Senate Republican leader Bob Dole blocked Clinton's so-called economic stimulus package (it was mostly pork barrel). The timely intervention last May by Sen. Orrin Hatch of Utah thwarted Clinton's plan to nominate Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt, a result-oriented liberal, to the Supreme Court. And, no, I haven't forgotten the North American Free Trade Agreement, though it was ratified largely by Republican votes because it was a Republican-negotiated pact in the first place. There's one more thing. With significant Senate and House gains in this fall's midterm election, Republicans (joined by moderate-to-conservative Democrats) may attain ideological control of Congress on many issues. This is all the more reason for them to flesh out bold alternatives and a counter-vision to Clinton now. Coaxing small concessions out of Clinton in the name of governing won't help.

What, nine months after Clinton unveiled his plan, is the Republican position on health-care reform? Or the GOP strategy for generating long-term economic growth? Or the Republican scheme for limiting the terms of senators and House members? Or the Republican prescription for de-nuclearizing North Korea?

The price for me-tooism is high. Congressional Republicans already have enough critical mass to change the national political debate, to draw clear lines between themselves and Clinton. Republicans did exactly that in the late 1970s when Jimmy Carter was president. They rallied around a single economic message, the 30 percent Kemp-Roth tax reduction on individual income plus accelerated depreciation for business. They stuck with it after 1978, when their modest pickup of eleven House seats prompted Democrats and the mainstream press to declare the tax issue dead. It wasn't. Ronald Reagan adopted Kemp-Roth in 1980, acquiring a growth plan that marked a stark contrast to Carter's policies. Reagan was criticized, but he imposed the terms of the economic debate, tax cuts versus the status quo. Now, congressional Republicans have the opportunity to do the same, and not just on the economy, but on health care, welfare reform, foreign policy, crime, and term limits. So far they've declined. Many of them think George Bush lost in 1992 because he wasn't enough like Clinton, and they don't want to be seen making that mistake. It's news to them that Bush lost because he wasn't enough like Reagan.

No one but congressional Republicans can transform the national debate. Yes, the party has a remarkably innovative crew of governors. Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin and John Engler of Michigan have moved boldly to uproot the welfare system. Bill Weld of Massachusetts has slashed government. GOP mayors are in the forefront of reform, too. Stephen Goldsmith of Indianapolis is a pioneer in privatization. But governors and mayors aren't national figures. They're isolated. They can't stir a national dialogue or produce a national agenda. Nor can Republican presidential contenders accomplish that so far in advance of 1996. Only congressional Republicans can.

What's amazing is how oblivious Republicans in Congress are to public sentiment outside Washington. They accept, by and large, the Beltway conventional wisdom: foreign policy doesn't grip voters, sweeping rejection of Clinton's health plan is politically dangerous, term limits are passé, and the growth/tax issue is moribund. All this was proved wrong, however, in the special congressional election last May for the seat vacated in western Oklahoma by Democrat Glenn English. Republican Frank Lucas, a farmer and state legislator, pounced on the U.N. issue. It had emerged briefly in the Democratic primary when Dan Webber supported the idea of U.S. troops under U.N. commanders. Webber explained the U.S. could use its veto in the Security Council to block any deployment of Americans it opposed. Once Webber won the Democratic nomination, Lucas mailed to voters a flashy brochure that said, "Not in World War II, not in Korea, not in the Persian Gulf, but now, in 1994, Dan Webber would put U.S. troops under foreign command." The Lucas campaign, which polled nightly, found the issue registered "the first night the mail hit," said consultant Tom Cole. "It worked everywhere."

So did term limits. "That was a major issue for us," said Cole, since Webber opposed them. "The guys in Washington, once they get there, seldom push this." On

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health care, Webber was critical of the Clinton plan, only not as strenuously as Lucas. "We were against it," said Cole. "He [Webber] ran away from it." On taxes, both candidates promised to oppose any tax increase to pay for health care. But Webber waffled on the broader tax question before finally signing a pledge to vote against any new taxes. Still, he left Lucas an opening by not ruling out a value-added tax. Lucas seized it. He won 54-45 percent in a district with 2-1 Democratic registration.

Lucas, like Republicans in the late 1970s, tried to focus the political debate. It wasn't easy. Webber, running as a conservative Democrat, sought to make himself as small a target as possible. He supported the Balanced Budget Amendment. "And he had a five-point program on crime that would make any Republican proud," said GOP consultant Cole. But Lucas wasn't interested in agreeing with Webber. He played up differences and forced a real debate. It worked. (And it worked in Kentucky a few weeks later, when Republican Ron Lewis won a vacant Democratic seat.)

The trouble with Republicans in Washington, by contrast, is that they blur differences and avoid a real debate. As a result, issue after issue slips from their grasp. Here are some of them:

Economic Growth

The GOP star in the 1990s on spending and taxes is John Kasich of Ohio, the ranking Republican on the House Budget Committee. He's smart, conservative, media-wise. After nearly a dozen years in Congress, he's also a creature of Washington. "Each year there's a different challenge and the president sets the stage," Kasich said. "You're always going to respond to the agenda that a president sets ... I'm not knee-jerk anti-Clinton. I'd be thrilled to be able to work with Clinton on something that's real for this country. I don't work for the Republican National Committee. I'm a congressman."

With that kind of attitude, it's no surprise Kasich hasn't charted a daring new course for the GOP. But it gets worse. Kasich is indifferent to the issue of economic growth. "Growth is not where the public is now," Kasich said. Maybe, but the idea is to discern where the public will be a few years from now. That's what congressional Republicans did in the late 1970s. The economy was growing then. But Republicans figured stagflation would take its toll. They had a well-publicized proposal, Kemp-Roth, in play when it did. By 1995 or 1996, Clinton's policies of high taxes, more regulation, and sweeping mandates are bound to slow growth and perhaps provoke a recession. What will Republicans have in store when that occurs? Zilch.

Rather than pursue a long-term strategy, Republicans insist on playing a short-term tactical game. In 1993, though Clinton had jettisoned his middle-class tax cut, Republicans proposed no tax relief at all in their alternative budget. Why? Kasich explained: "The challenge was to show how to reduce the deficit to the same level as the president without raising taxes. We did that." Clinton paid no attention. This year, Kasich added a $500-per-child tax credit, accelerated depreciation, and indexing of capital gains for inflation (only prospectively, not on capital gains already accrued). "We showed you could do this and still control spending and reduce deficits." Again, Clinton wasn't watching. He called Kasich in May, but merely to prod him to back the ban on assault weapons. Kasich was already on board.

Kasich is certain Clinton will pilfer the Republican tax cut. He's right. At a town meeting last April in Charlotte, North Carolina, the president said: "I still believe there ought to be a family tax credit for middle-class America. . . . I haven't abandoned it. I can't get everything done in one year." But Republicans don't understand why a Clinton heist would be so easy. It's because their tax cut is so tame.

A few lonely Republicans are plotting to seize the pro-growth agenda once more. Republican national chairman Haley Barbour, in a speech on April 15 in San Francisco, declared tax rates "too high" and blamed them for driving up the base unemployment rate. There's "no debating the fact that more taxes mean less cash in the hands of middle-class families and less cash in the hands of the businesses that hire them," Barbour said. Dick Armey of Texas, the third-ranking Republican in the House, has spent a year in search of a sweeping tax cut the GOP could identify with. At one point, he suggested a two-rate income tax, 10 percent and 25 percent, with the higher rate clicking in at the income level the Social Security payroll tax stops. "Nobody would sign off on that," said Republican consultant Jeffrey Bell. So Armey turned to a flat tax of 19 percent. Same result. "The key point is Clinton has given Republicans an opening," said Bell. "But where are Republicans on the tax/growth issue? No place."

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Welfare Reform

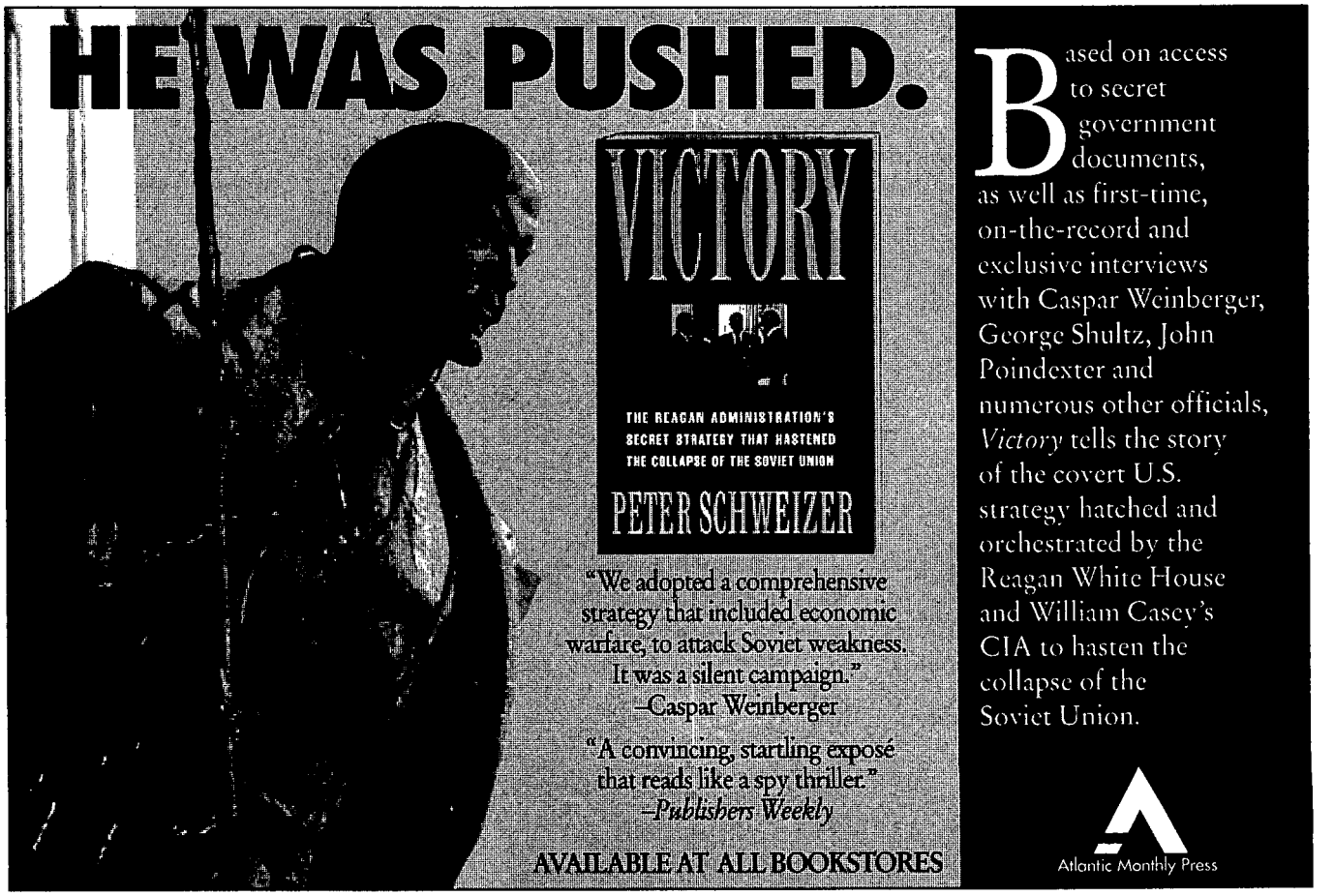
In prepping for their Oxford-style debate with Democrats over welfare reform last April, House Republicans brought in four consultants to play the Democrats. The Republicans—Susan Molinari of New York, Clay Shaw of Florida, Garry Franks of Connecticut, and Tom DeLay of Texas—were outclassed. "We kicked their butts," one of the operatives said. The GOP tone was set by Nancy Johnson of Connecticut, who arrived midway through the rehearsal to advise her colleagues. She said they should represent the Republican Party as progressive, enlightened, and humane. And they sure did.

That's the problem. Scholarship, politics, and public opinion have suddenly converged around radical reform of the welfare system. But what Republicans have proposed is anything but radical. It's hard to differentiate their plan, endorsed by more than 160 House Republicans, from Clinton's. Neither would uproot the system and eliminate its corrupting influence on millions of poor Americans. Both would merely reform it. Both would supposedly impose a two-year cutoff on welfare, but would remove few from the rolls anytime soon. When Jack Kemp, William Bennett, and Vin Weber of Empower America zinged the GOP plan last April, congressional Republicans were miffed. This was Empower America's first major policy foray after a year of dawdling. The criticism was cogent, but congressional Republicans saw it as interference with their goal of a Rose Garden ceremony at which a part-Republican, part-Democratic welfare reform bill is signed by Clinton. Guess whose part will be bigger?

The biggest flaw in the Republican proposal is its lame attempt to curb illegitimate births. Sociologist Charles Murray has identified illegitimacy as the prime cause of the social pathology of the underclass. Even Clinton agrees. "He did the country a great service," Clinton said of Murray in December 1993. "I think his analysis is essentially right. Now whether his prescription is right, I question." Murray would end welfare entirely. Republicans aren't so audacious. Their bill "would not fundamentally change the perverse incentive structure of the current welfare system that discourages marriage," complained Empower America. On welfare reform, Sen. Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas and Jeb Bush, who's running for governor of Florida, are tougher. Kassebaum proposed turning welfare over to the states "with complete power to reinvent the ways we deliver aid to the needy." Bush would end the basic federal welfare program, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, altogether. Sad to say, Kassebaum and Bush haven't influenced GOP welfare reformers in Washington. In any event, they're peripheral to the Washington welfare debate and not angling to "govern" with Clinton.

Term Limits

Newt Gingrich, the soon-to-be Republican leader in the House, plans to invite all GOP congressional candidates to a campaign rally on the steps of the Capitol on September 27.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They'll unite behind ten pieces of legislation that a Republican Congress, if elected, would instantly enact. Term limits for members of Congress may or may not be included. Gingrich is torn. He favors term limits, only he doesn't. He knows they are popular. In a May 10 paper on "replacing the welfare state with an opportunity society," Gingrich noted term limits are supported by 65-85 percent of the public. Aide Tony Blankley said Gingrich is "regretfully in favor" of term limits. "It's something conceptually he doesn't like."

Republicans are paralyzed on one of the most popular grassroots proposals of the century. If Gingrich and other congressional Republicans back term limits, they do so only nominally. They never tout term limits. Their support scarcely rises to the level of lip service. Voters and Republicans outside Washington feel differently. Referendums calling for term limits for state and local offices pass overwhelmingly. "I've met with over 400 candidates in the past year," said Rep. Bill Paxon of New York, chairman of the GOP congressional campaign committee. "Seventy-five to eighty percent of the Republicans running [as challengers] are using term limits effectively as an issue. Term limits are a tidal wave that is unstoppable." They're a tidal wave congressional Republicans aren't riding. Paxon, a career politician, is a convert, but he's convinced few of his colleagues, who fear for their jobs.

"Growth is not where the public is now," Kasich said. Maybe, but the idea is to discern where the public will be a few years from now. That's what congressional Republicans did in the late 1970s. The economy was growing then. But Republicans figured stagflation would take its toll. They had a well-publicized proposal, Kemp-Roth, in play when it did.

Foreign Policy

Bob Dole is an effective spokesman for the Republican Party on foreign affairs. But he doesn't have a united congressional party behind him. So Clinton, who talks interventionist but acts isolationist, gets off easy. Dole homed in on the U.N. issue. He introduced a Peace Powers Act to "prohibit U.S. troops from serving under foreign command in U.N. operations" and to "bar U.S. forces from any standing U.N. army." Fine, but John McCain of Arizona, a strong GOP voice on national security, balked. He doesn't want to tie the president's hands, McCain said. So much for the Peace Powers Act. Nor are Republicans united on North Korea, Haiti, Bosnia, Russia. "There's no group of wise men to formulate foreign policy for Republicans," said McCain, who urged Dole to form one. McCain hears more from Tony Lake, Clinton's national security adviser, than from Henry Kissinger & Co. Lake called one Sunday morning before McCain appeared on "Face the Nation." "Any questions?" Lake asked. "About what?" McCain said. "About what's going on," Lake answered. McCain said he "tried to be polite."

Crime

Clinton's theft of this issue from Republicans came at the instigation of adviser David Gergen, the one-time Republican White House aide. Clinton barely worked up a sweat. He simply endorsed a version of the Republican position: more death penalties, more prisons, more mandatory sentences. Through leaks, Gergen turned Clinton's reference to "three strikes and you're out" in his State of the Union address last January into a media event. Worse for Republicans, Clinton outflanked them on putting cops on the street. Imagine. He'd proposed 100,000 more cops, but it was only a talking point. Gergen prompted Clinton to fund all 100,000. And Clinton jumped on the gun control bandwagon. If Republicans had championed a serious, non-gimmicky position on crime—more police, fewer non-violent criminals in prison to make room for violent ones, less emphasis on the death penalty—they wouldn't have been vulnerable to Clinton's ambush.

Health Care

The Clinton health-care plan has collapsed in the face of public scorn, but don't thank Republicans. They're as divided on health care as Democrats. Dole conducted retreats in Annapolis, Maryland, and Philadelphia, and still couldn't find a unified Republican position. Dole himself is a bundle of contradictions. "Our country has health care problems but not a health care crisis," he said on January 25. A week later he praised the folks who'd ballyhooed the crisis. "I want to salute President Clinton and Mrs. Clinton for starting the national discussion and putting health care on the agenda," Dole said. Many Republicans privately believe a few insurance reforms and nothing more is needed. But they're afraid to say that for fear of being called uncaring. In the absence of any GOP position at all, Clinton will get credit for whatever passes.

What Beltway Republicans lack, on health care and practically every other issue, is strategic leadership. This won't be a problem in this fall's election. Grassroots Republicans can rely on issues Beltway Republicans downplay and also capitalize on Clinton's unpopularity in huge swatches of the country. They can win without help from Washington. But the Republican presidential nominee in 1996 may need help of the sort congressional Republicans gave Reagan in 1980. Then they imposed conservative ideas—tax cuts, a defense buildup—on the 1980 debate. Congressional Republicans have a chance to do the same in 1996 with economic growth, term limits, a coherent foreign policy, and so on. By schmoozing rather than confronting Clinton, they've blown their chance so far. But there's still time. ❐

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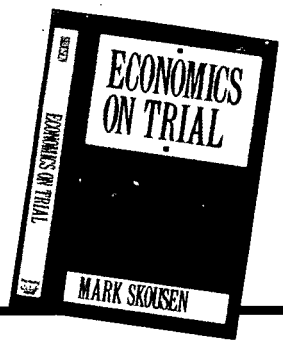

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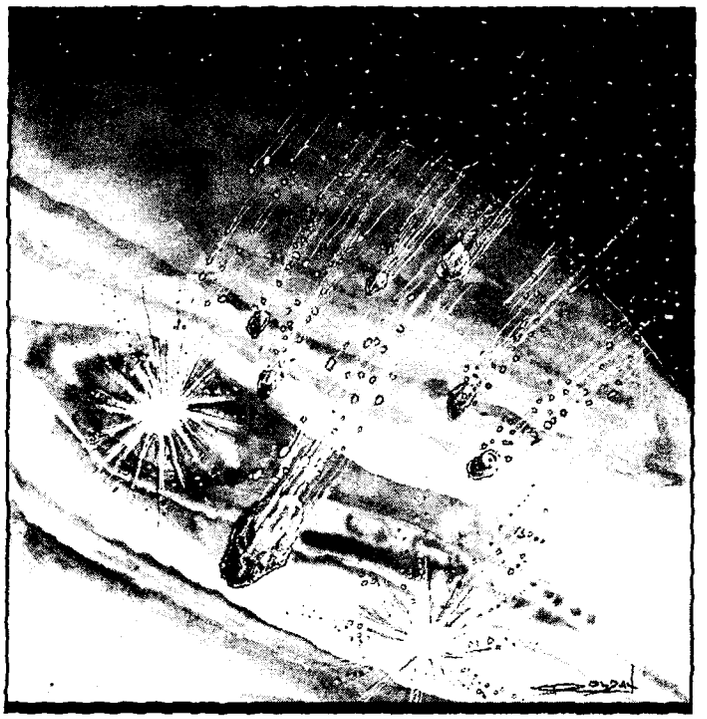
Thomas Mallon

Crash Course

In mid-July, fragments of a fearsome comet are scheduled to blast into Jupiter—just as the U.S. gets set to commemorate the silver anniversary of man's first steps on the moon. What are we doing watching it all from down here?



Among the planets, Jupiter has always been more saturnine than Saturn, a huge, paranoid presence that could have been a contender: at creation, it gathered up almost enough mass to give off its own light. All the planets, at the moment of their birth, were too hot not to cool down, but Jupiter is *still* cooling down, even now giving off more heat than it takes from the Sun. It has been called "a star that failed," its necklace of moons a sort of second-prize solar system. The "Jovian satellites" are the only ones anywhere to have their own atmospheres (if just barely), battered almost-planets abused by an unhappy almost-Sun. One of the closest, Io, astonished those running the space probe *Voyager 1*, whose 1979 flyby revealed "gigantic ... volcanos spewing debris a hundred miles above [the] sulfur- and lava-strewn surface." Galileo, who first found Io with his brand-new telescope in 1610, had no real idea of its wretchedness. He concentrated on the way it and the three other moons might aid shipboard navigation, and on the rewards that would be coming his way for their discovery. The announcement of these "Medicean Stars" set off an orgy of dynastic self-congratulation, a production of masques and medals to reinforce the Florentine ruling family's self-proclaimed association with Jupiter, first the god and then the planet.

The Medici understood the sphere's vastness, but had little notion of how much actually went on there. Over the next 300 years, as Galileo's telescope was enlarged and refined, man learned to focus in on the planet's swirling bands and girdles, the colors and storms raking the surface of this great gasbag 1,300 times the size of Earth. Since the nineteenth century, astronomers have pondered Jupiter's Great Red Spot, wondering if it might be the dilating birth canal of yet another moon or just the solar system's most enduring hurricane. The White Ovals, 10,000 kilometers or so long, were not discovered until the 1930s, because they didn't exist before that: Jupiter is so changeable, so inanimatedly alive, that the usual question about whether it could support Life, of the organic kind, seems almost too dull to ask.

All our knowledge of the place was nothing compared to what we found out fifteen years ago, when *Voyagers 1* and 2 passed it on a grand tour of the outer planets (then favorably aligned in a way that occurs only once every 175 years) and sent back to Earth a series of frighteningly gorgeous television pictures. The *Voyagers* were beautiful, swan-like sailing ships. This time Leda had gone to Zeus,

Thomas Mallon, whose new novel, Henry and Clara, *will be published this August by Ticknor & Fields, is also the author of the novel* Aurora 7 *(W.W. Norton).*

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putting on just Knowledge, not Power. Jupiter itself remained huge and malevolent, more fiercely Greek than judiciously Roman. It still boils with jealousy, and uses the asteroid belt as a first line of defense, something space probes have to get through before the next gantlets they must run, belts of rock and radiation that further dent and discourage them from going nearer the surface.

"Over millions of years," writes Bruce Murray, who from Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory saw the *Pioneer* and *Voyager* spacecraft survive brushes with the planet, "Jupiter's great gravity field domesticates once-pristine comets, reshaping the wild orbits initiated by the original chance fall toward the Sun. Little by little, the mature domesticated comets mimic the orbits of asteroids." But once in a while, sometime every eighty or one hundred or one thousand years (depending on which astronomer you talk to), a comet will find its way toward the gassy skull of Goliath. Within the last century Jupiter has captured at least three comets and made them orbit the planet itself, a particularly humiliating fate for a comet, like the demotion of a coltish ballerina, used to streaking across the whole heavenly stage. Two of these comets are believed to have escaped, but the third and most temperamental is now staging a suicidal rebellion. Two summers ago it came within 10,000 miles of the planet's surface, an act of presumption that provoked Jupiter to tear it into almost two dozen pieces. Since then the fragments have stuck together. Astronomers now routinely compare them to a string of pearls, but these pearls are closer to the bullets in an automatic clip; there is no stopping what they will do sometime during the third week of July, and that is strike the planet, one by one, at 130,000 mph. The same Jovian gravity that once put them in their place will now ensure that they crash with an impact all out of proportion to their size.

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The pearls were discovered one night in March 1993 by two astronomers, one professional (Carolyn Shoemaker) and one amateur (David Levy), whose nightly search for comets and asteroids at Palomar Observatory was then being hampered, predictably, by Jupiter. As they recall it: "David had difficulty finding the star on which he would guide the telescope for the eight-minute exposure. Jupiter was close by, and its glare swamped the field of the guiding eyepiece." They finally managed to make the two films of a single field necessary for spectroscopic scanning. Looking at them two days later, on a cold, unproductive afternoon, Shoemaker suddenly saw something peculiar, a "squashed" comet. She and Levy called for help to a friend at the Spacewatch telescope at Kitt Peak, Arizona, and that night he called back with a confirmation, describing the comet's "appearance, the multiple nuclei, the tails, and the wings, just as the fourth movement of Beethoven's first symphony was wafting through the [Palomar] dome."

Soon afterward, extrapolation of the fragments' path yielded the conclusion that the comet, now named Shoemaker-Levy 9, had only sixteen months of celestial life left. Between the 16th and 22nd of this month the pearls will, as it is now routinely put, cause "the largest planetary impact ever witnessed by humanity." Never have so many telescopes, from the lofty Hubble (finally seeing through its corrective lenses) to patio tripods purchased at Sears, regarded a single astronomical event as will be focusing upon what happens in the southwestern sky this July.

Anticipation rose last fall, when the *New York Times*'s John Noble Wilford wrote that "a rain of cometary debris plowing into Jupiter could blow holes the size of Texas in the thick atmosphere, send out titanic shock waves, kick up showers of dust and radiate flashes of light out among the Jovian moons." The excitement of amateurs has diminished a bit over the past several months, as the pearls began to look smaller and less destructive than they first did. Still, big-ticket telescope time has been allotted across the globe, and the Planetary Society, an organization of over 100,000 buffs, ex-space jocks, and serious scientists, has not lost faith in the spectacular possibilities: they are giving away "Jupiter Watch" T-shirts, setting up a special phone number (1-900-88-IMPACT) with updates, and planning a big viewing party at the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington.

Since all of the crashes will take place on the planet's far side, revelers will have to wait for Jupiter to come around in its once-every-ten-hours orbit (amazingly fast for its size) in order to assess the damage. The impacts themselves will be left to a variety of space vehicles to detect and photograph: the *Galileo* probe—the last of the great missions to the outer planets, launched in 1989 and still heading for its own rendezvous with Jupiter—will send down its pictures, like a tape-delayed Olympic event. *Voyager 2*'s observations will be a nostalgic effort, a chance for the spacecraft, by now billions of miles beyond the giant planet, to remember its visit to Jupiter fifteen summers before. Its cameras were turned off in 1989, after passing Neptune, but it can still make radio measurements of Shoemaker's impact. Little *Pioneers 10* and *11*, more than twenty years on the road, decades past their own encounters with Jupiter and traveling past the reaches of the solar system, may still be able to squint back hard enough and notice something.

Just what there will be to see has been, all spring, a matter for conjecture and debate. If the pearls are no longer thought to be the 9-mile-wide monsters first assumed, disagreement about what the smaller pieces will

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do has, if anything, enhanced professional astronomers' interest beyond what it was. A drive down to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory from Los Angeles (whose springtime yellow smog isn't too different in appearance from what ammonia and methane create above Jupiter's clouds) brought one to a group of scientists trying to predict July's impact even as part of their own cafeteria was closed for earthquake-related repairs. (Comets were considered to be portents of quakes as early as the fifteenth century, and on an April morning, Dr. Ray Newburn, a 38-year JPL veteran cheerfully wearing his comet-decorated tie, pointed to the high pile of scientific journals that had tumbled to the floor of his office at dawn on January 17.)

Will the whole thing disappoint, like the overhyped reappearance of Halley in '86, or the almost-forgotten but then-eagerly-awaited Kohoutek, which turned out, in 1973, to be an extremely damp firework? "It may be," writes astronomer Stephen J. Edberg, "that Jupiter is so gigantic . . . it will simply swallow the fragments of the comet's nucleus without so much as a burp." Newburn and his colleague, Dr. Zdenek Sekanina, whose models and forecasts have been changing by the month, say that's unlikely, but Glenn Orton, a Jupiter specialist, does sometimes wonder if the tiger they think they have by the tail won't turn out to be a kitten. He doesn't expect the explosions to create any vast new vortices—certainly nothing like the Great Red Spot—but he thinks some of the storms and swirls they engender may last for months. Even if the insulted Jupiter quickly sets itself to rights, repairing its wounds like one of the self-healing targets used by archers, the impacts will still have been extraordinarily forceful. Orton is glad that the event is taking place—and glad it's happening five astronomical units (the mean distance between the sun and Earth) away from here.

Will the whole thing disappoint, like the overhyped reappearance of Halley in '86, or the almost-forgotten but then-eagerly-awaited Kohoutek, which turned out, in 1973, to be an extremely damp firework?

Tiny as the pearls are, they would almost certainly wipe out human life if they were headed this way, and what happens in July will set catastrophists to worrying over what a similar shelling could do to us. The destruction of hundreds of thousands of Siberian acres in 1908 is thought to have been accomplished by a single meteor or asteroid no more than 50 meters wide that never even made land: it exploded five miles up in the atmosphere. Something just a bit larger—like the asteroid that landed in the Yucatan 65 million years ago and wiped out the dinosaurs—would surely kick up enough dust to block out sunlight and set off a version of nuclear winter. The only thing that could keep man from being killed by such a cosmic stray bullet is a nuclear weapon of our own, which, properly launched, might deflect or pulverize the invader. You won't find NASA talking openly about this, but as we emerge from the age of Mutually Assured Destruction, it may be levelheaded to keep a bomb or two around, like one of those remaining vials of smallpox virus.

J.L. Lagrange's eighteenth-century theory that comets were actually created by Jupiter—belched like baseballs from an automatic pitching-machine—is only one of many that had to give way before we arrived at our current idea of their ingredients: rock and ice and other leftover creational crud that gathered at the far reaches of the solar system, beyond Uranus. Aristotle made a wrong but enduring guess that they were sublunary fireballs and always bad news. (At least for someone: when the weavers of Bayeux put the still-unnamed Halley's comet into the tapestry they made in 1066, they presumably took it as a bad omen for the English, not the French.) Only when Edmond Halley forecast its reappearance in 1758, were comets proved to be governed by physical law. As John C. Brandt and Robert D. Chapman write: "Their orbits could be calculated and their return predicted years in advance. . . . Any rational fear of [them] as signs of disaster or evil should have vanished [then]."

Handfuls of witchy doomsayers—those expecting not collisions, only imminent bad luck—remain among us. (One of them in England insists that Shoemaker-Levy is actually Halley, and that its coming destruction is a very bad sign.) But comets have undergone a celestial sea-change in their public image. They now delight instead of alarm. Astronomical buffs regard these vulnerable but can-do rovers as heavenly jalopies, capable of astonishing mileage before they fall apart. Ask Dr. Sekanina what attracted him to contemplate them years ago, when he was still a boy in Czechoslovakia, and the first thing he mentions is their size. They are small enough to wrap the mind around, almost human in scale, like the asteroid Ida, just 35 miles long, discovered only last summer to be in possession of its own moon, a single mile in diameter. The tininess of such objects, their moving and enduring within the void, is what enchants, a version of the desert-island or magic-carpet fantasy. In the case of the comets, the tails are, to the beholder, more important than the nuclei emitting them. It is the fiery tresses that let us picture comets doing what they do, and that is *move*. On the sky's clock-face they sweep like second-hands, while all the other bodies, Jupiter included, proceed too slowly to watch. We take the planets' movements, like the hour-hand's, on faith, but the travels of

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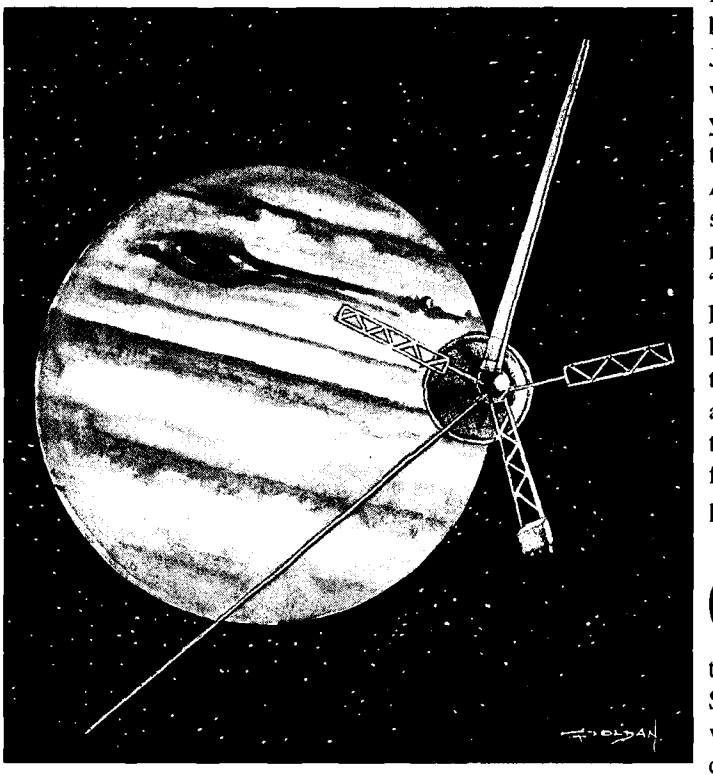
comets are something we can—or at least think we can—see. Comets plot time against space, and their flaming tails remind humans of something they themselves used to do long ago: climb aboard rockets, and set out for new worlds.

II.

"It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." Just as Gibbon never accepted Christ's usurpation of Jupiter's position, remaining in love with all that had declined and fallen, there will be many looking up at the god's planet this July and thinking about how much more lofty and exciting and willful their own heavenly gazing was a quarter-century before. The crash of Shoemaker-Levy coincides exactly with the twenty-fifth anniversary of Apollo XI's voyage, and while the comet's enthusiasts can talk as much as they like about its causing "the largest planetary impact ever witnessed by humanity," that won't change the minds of those who recall a single night in 1969.



"Celestial mechanics" once more means what it used to—the study of the movement of heavenly bodies—but for a brief period, still in living memory, it meant men in their flying machines. When the collision occurs this summer, the insult will be not to Jupiter, but to ourselves. Five astronomical units from the sonic boom that no one will hear, we shall be gaping at an event over which we have not the slightest influence. When the *Eagle* landed safely, it was because Neil Armstrong had just steered his ship away from some rocks it would have foundered upon. (CAPCOM: "Roger, Tranquility. We copy you on the ground. You've got a bunch of guys about to turn blue. We're breathing again.") Even *Voyager 2*, with no one aboard, survived its post-launch problems and Jupiter's radiation belts because of remote-control human interventions. This July, some may marvel, but no one will turn blue, and there will be nothing to bring home from the event, no more moon rocks to be proffered as diplomatic gifts, as they were twenty-five years ago—and as Cosimo de Medici II gave duplicates of the telescope through which Galileo discovered Io.

Man goes no more a-roving: it is more than twenty years since he last had his feet governed by another world's gravity. There are, of course, those scientists who say good riddance to his presence in interplanetary space; he was always too clumsy and cost-inefficient and vulnerable an explorer for their taste. The solar system was better left to machines like *Voyager*, unmanned and indefatigable. "The last twenty-five years have been wonderful," says Dr. Sekanina, as he thinks of their robotic journeys. But even that exploratory era is, he admits, "all over." He laughs when he says this, but one knows what the overstatement means. Each day the big tracking billboard at JPL is updated to show where *Galileo* and *Ulysses* are, how far they have traveled from Earth and how long they have to go before reaching Jupiter and the Sun. But what after that? There may yet be a joint venture with the European Space Agency, the Cassini mission to Saturn and one of its moons, and there's talk of a "fast-flyby" mission to Pluto, but Washington's budgetary emphasis, when there's any political interest at all, is always now on better, cheaper, smaller, faster—and, as nearly as possible, foolproof.

One of the many possibilities on Jupiter this July is that the tiniest bits of the Shoemaker-Levy pearls will escape complete destruction and produce a thin ring that keeps orbiting Jupiter. If this happens, they will have met the same fate as the American manned space program, which survives as a round-and-round commuter exercise heading nowhere but home and home again. It is impossible to find any real enthusiasm for the shuttle (or, for that matter, the space station) among those interested in exploration. On this point the manned-space enthusiasts of the Planetary Society express the same basic feelings as the mechanical explorers of JPL. The shuttle, whose approval by Richard Nixon provided the space community with the minimum funding and activity required to continue institutions built up over the previous decade, was, if anything, an "anti-space" decision, says the Society's executive director, Louis D. Friedman. By the time it was launched in 1981, the idea of further manned exploration

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was essentially dead. "The eighties were terrible," says Friedman. "We didn't go anywhere." The culture moved on to a new self-loathing phase, too embarrassed by its own failures to speak up for the idea of exporting itself to other worlds.

Arthur C. Clarke, in an afterword to the astronauts' official account of their Apollo XI voyage, had predicted longer and longer journeys to more and more places, and the birth of a first human extraterrestrial, before the year 2000. "Anything written about the moon at the beginning of the 1970's," he argued, "will probably look silly in the 1980's, and hilarious in the 1990's." By that time, he was sure a whole human colony would be operating there. Instead, a small collection of man-made junk lies perfectly preserved on the lunar surface, and we stay home, cultivating our own doomed garden and learning to reproduce ourselves in petri dishes. The only serious movement the planet has made, outside its normal heliocentric round, is toward the constellation Virgo, at 425 miles a second, a galactic drift we didn't even realize until recently, when researchers detected a Great Attractor 300 or more million light-years away that is guiding the Milky Way in its direction.

"Nobody who's in the space business is pessimistic," says Friedman, who in April was trying to excite himself with the news that the Shoemaker fragments might still be as much as four kilometers wide. But to him and the other Planetarians, a real "pro-space" decision, something to cheer about, would be a commitment to go to Mars. A call to do that was actually made five years ago, on the twentieth lunar anniversary, by the Bush administration. The deafness of the ears hearing it was exceeded only by the shamelessness with which the proposal was made, the date for landing—2019, the fiftieth anniversary—picked by John Sununu for reasons that had more to do with speechwriting than science. The "initiative" was an empty, decadent gesture, as divorced from exploration as the moons of Jupiter eventually were, by the Medici, from science and their condemned discoverer. Our own abandoned moon has been reduced to a rhetorical trope for policy debates. "If we can put a man on the moon" goes the subordinate clause of many a domestic-needs cry—each of which forgets that, today, we *can't* put a man on the moon.

Back in 1970, as Clarke looked confidently onward and upward, he also prophesied the eventual uselessness of cities, since "one of [their] main functions will cease to exist, when men anywhere on earth can be, in all but physical fact, in each other's presence at the touch of a button." This part of his wish he is getting. Today he lives in Sri Lanka—still about as far away as anyone can get—and keeps in touch by E-mail.

"The eighties were terrible," says Friedman. "We didn't go anywhere." The culture moved on to a new self-loathing phase, too embarrassed by its own failures to speak up for the idea of exporting itself to other worlds.

The only thing worse than answered prayers are half-answered ones. The achievement of the fiber-optics revolution without any further outward movement of the species has put the world into a self-regarding frenzy. The planet, which twenty-five years ago had begun to resemble a fountain, launching itself in small streams into the void, now looks and sounds like an autistic hive of ever more self-stimulating chatter. Enthusiasts of the information superhighway go on about it with wide-eyed cheer, oblivious to the fact that it leads only back to man's own garage. Typical is a piece by William E. Halal ("The Information Technology Revolution") in the July-August 1992 number of the *Futurist*. Writing about the "knowledge-based social order" that links all information machines into "one seamless whole," he looks forward to the time, just moments away, when "'computing' will no longer be something one does primarily while sitting at a desk; rather, computers will be ubiquitous. Life will take place in a living landscape of interacting, intelligent machines that help us through our daily chores." One variety of computer chip—"self-healing" in the manner of Jupiter's surface—will "police [itself] for errors caused by malfunctioning circuit elements and produce signals that compensate for errors the faulty elements would otherwise cause." Not even machines will ever again need to turn blue. Networks like Prodigy are already fulfilling "what appears to be a large social need" and "electronic universities" (presumably as helpful as educational television turned out to be) are now offering degree programs. Each time a company grabs a piece of the action—such as last March's announcement that Bill Gates and Craig O. McCaw are forming Teledesic Corporation to "build a $9 billion system with 840 small satellites"—assurances are sought that the new system will be available on both sides of the tracks, so as not to contribute to a deepening of American class distinctions. No one dares suggest that on a planet already overwired and overpopulated, the best thing to do with the information superhighway might be what we have always done with highways—run it *only* through the neighborhoods of the poor.

Vice President Gore extols a "planetary information network" as the "means by which families and friends will transcend the barriers of time and distance," as if these phenomena were inherently anti-human, and as if we weren't actually putting ourselves further in their thrall by making

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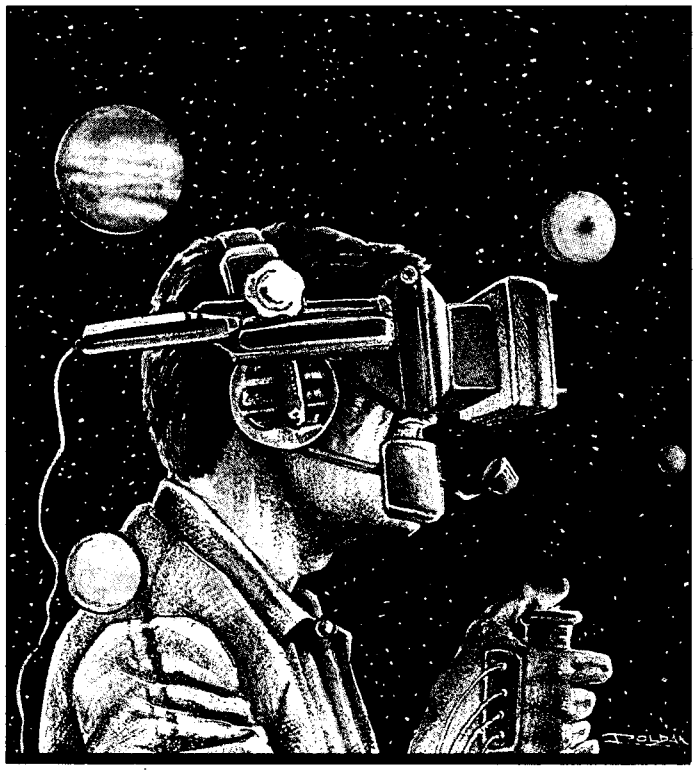
the current chief measure of scientific and cultural progress how quickly and how much we communicate with ourselves. Milton met Galileo long after he had discovered the moons of Jupiter—

> whose Orb
> Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
> At Ev'ning from the top of Fesole—

but he carried back from his visit with the by-then banished astronomer an image of mental liberty and true transcendence, one he would use as he set about justifying the ways of God to man. Science led naturally (if ironically) into theology, toward something higher. The science involved in our own new communications leads inward and down, shrinking men for a kind of Fantastic Voyage through their own circuitry. It is a technology of miniaturization, which trumpets a promised land—Virtual Reality—whose adjective, though few notice, signifies not heightening but diminution.



Those spooky commercials from MCI make their pitch through stark, solitary images, convincing the viewer that this new world is spacious, a vast new breathing space for the imagination; and interactivity, the *Futurist* insists, takes us beyond the global village, which was merely the result of mass media, to a situation where "*electronically mediated relationships* . . . actually turn the earth into a single global community." In fact, global villagers, like economic refugees, are being herded into a teeming tenement where the noise never stops. Some proclaim a triumphant new individualism, as computer users are liberated from the broadcasting elite, but how much individualism is really involved in the scanning of electronic bulletin boards? Their millions of users are for the most part in search of likemindedness—confirmational politics and shared fetishes. Stitched inside our caul of satellites and information, not even leaving home to shop, we have begun to choke on our own data. By the time of his death in 1980, even Marshall McLuhan had had it with the global village he incorporated two decades before: "the more information one has to evaluate, the less one knows." In his book *Technopoly: The Surrender of Culture to Technology*, Neil Postman does debunk the supposed new disk-driven joys in favor of other ways of conquering "loneliness, ignorance, and disorder," but the truth is that we need more of all three, especially ignorance, in the form of new worlds we can be ignorant about. We are smart enough to get to them, but disinclined to go, settling for the occasional upward glance, like this July's, but otherwise content to sit and fatten on the terrestrial couch, talking and informing ourselves to death.

In its own way, of course, the couch is a spaceship. Even if the Great Attractor weren't tugging, we would still have a seat on the great moving globe. As David Hockney once mused:

> I guess I hold with Buckminster Fuller's comment, you know, "We are in outer space." The idea that outer space is over there and we're not part of it is silly. We're already journeying throughout the universe. It's like how I can never seem to get interested in space movies, because they always seem to me to be about transport and nothing else. Well, transport is not going to take us to the edge of the universe, but an awareness in our heads might. Transport won't be able to do it; it's like relying on buses. But the Einsteinian revolution, like the Cubist, has already done it. Now we just have to open our eyes and see.

But to relish Einsteinian theory in this way—trying, like the metaphysical poet, to apprehend thought as feeling—one would have to pretend that we are content with other abstractions, too: of love, say, or ecstasy; and humans are not made that way. They are not capable of feeling here and there at once, and the urge to go cannot be stilled forever, any more than one can look at the humane, luminous surface of a Hockney painting without eventually wanting to poke through toward what seems to be the missing third dimension. "Transport" may be the perfect, gear-grinding noun for the shuttle, but the problem with space movies, what makes them unsatisfying even for those who want to leave here, is that they are just movies. Perhaps the most hopeful audience-reaction to this summer's zoom-lens films from Jupiter, after the comet has arrived on location, will not be to anything that happens on the planet, but an overdue, irritated realization of who is missing from the screen—ourselves, all of us, out here in the dark. ❐

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Christopher Caldwell

Aristide Development

Not content with having destroyed the Haitian economy through sanctions, the U.S. now wants to impose a would-be tyrant by force. How Haiti policy has turned into a con job by the administration—and a cash cow for its friends.

Port-au-Prince and Washington

All of the Clinton administration sources interviewed for this article referred to Jean-Bertrand Aristide as unreliable, almost half called him "dishonest" or a "liar," and the vast majority described him—unbidden—as "paranoid." Dealing with Aristide has been to face a "constant pattern of lies," according to one aide. "Every time someone gets close to an agreement, they make up a new outrage."

In the days leading up to the Governor's Island accord that would have returned Aristide to power last fall, Aristide's associates in Washington began to put out word that he was being pushed into a sellout by the United States. For one thing, they said, he was being pressured to put rightists in his cabinet. In fact, an administration official says, the United States never at any point suggested a single name to him. Another rumor out of the Aristide camp was that Aristide had had the Governor's Island negotiations imposed on him, that he had found out he was going to Governor's Island by watching the evening news. To which one Clinton administration official who tracked the floundering negotiating efforts replies: "That's bulls--t. Absolute, unadulterated—those *liars*! Caputo and Pezzullo negotiated with them for a month. He [couldn't continue negotiating because he] had to go visit *Barbra Streisand*. He couldn't save his country from starving because he had to go to Hollywood."

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Regardless of whether one accepts the CIA reports of Aristide's mental instability—the administration is deeply divided on them, and they are by no means the discredited efforts of a "rogue CIA," as Joe Kennedy would have it—Aristide has shown himself to be flighty, weird, mendacious, and violent. He has not merely condoned violence but allegedly even ordered killings. There are strong indications that he doesn't want to go back to Haiti—at least until he can rule absolutely. There is some evidence that his popularity in Haiti is on the wane. He has close ties to the institutions—particularly the army and various paramilitary groups—that he excoriates as radical rightists, and is implicated in the very crimes, such as drug dealing, that he imputes to them.

Yet Aristide has succeeded in casting U.S. foreign policy as a morality play, with himself and his Lavalas movement painted as forces of "democracy" and the Haitian army and opposition political parties lumped together as "thugs." On his behalf the United States has pursued an embargo policy that has wrought misery on the poorest country in the hemisphere, and President Clinton now favors, against the counsel of his more level-headed advisers, the restoration of Aristide to power by military force. How did we get to the point of putting the U.S. military at the service of someone who is described by a close associate as "a cross between Idi Amin and the Singing Nun"?

It was President Bush who signed the executive order that would eventually allow Aristide to put the entire treasury of a sovereign state into an unprecedented Washington

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lobbying and public relations campaign. But that lobbying effort has taken on new dimensions in the Clinton administration, as it has come to be spearheaded by a variety of establishment-left figures to whom the president owes political debts. There is also an ideological constituency—including Senators Dodd and Kerry, Rep. Joe Kennedy, and the Congressional Black Caucus. As their other progressive projects have fallen by the wayside, these backers have resorted to demagoguery, bought into such falsehoods as the administration's manufactured Haitian drug crisis, stood by while the president decimated the foreign-policy bureaucracy to stack it with compliant partisans, and gone to every length possible to protect the only radical leftist in the hemisphere brought to power in a free election—even though his government was evolving into a murderous tyranny by the time he was removed.

Aristide's Reign of Terror

Aristide's seven-month presidency in 1991 was marked by constitutional and human rights violations too numerous to be catalogued here. (An excellent synopsis is given by Raymond Alcide Joseph, editor of the exile weekly *Haïti Observateur*, in the spring issue of *Forbes MediaCritic*.) Having repudiated the leftist coalition under whose banner he got elected, Aristide orchestrated the forcible removal of rural mayors and their replacement with members of Lavalas ("Flood"), the loose coalition of lumpen radicals and Marxist activists who were his real base of support. He then unilaterally named five judges, including the chief justice, to the supreme court. (In Haiti, that is the role of the senate, which never recognized the Aristide choices.)

A month before Aristide's inauguration, the potential violence of the regime was showcased in the aftermath of a coup attempt by Roger Lafontant, former head of the Tontons Macoute, the plainclothes private mafia founded by longtime dictator François "Papa Doc" Duvalier. The army put down the coup swiftly, but Lavalas mobs rampaged through the streets all the same, killing a hundred people and systematically destroying non-Lavalas businesses in their *déchouquage* (the word is usually translated as "cleaning" by Aristide sympathizers, but is really closer to "uprooting.") The selectivity was shocking: on one block, the only building left standing was that of a Lavalas activist lawyer. Aristide's response was to describe the looting as "just," even when it spread to the residence of his arch-enemy the papal nuncio. The following August, after the attempted coup against Gorbachev, Aristide offered the Soviet president his "regret that conditions did not allow the people of the Soviet Union to do what the Haitian people did on the night of January 5-6, 1991."

Aristide, ordained a priest, was expelled from the Salesian order by Rome in 1988 for preaching the righteousness of class violence. He would come to espouse "necklacing"—i.e., lynching people with flaming tires, which is known in Haiti as "Père Lebrun" after a prominent local tire merchant. At Lafontant's July trial, Aristide urged Lavalas groups to surround the supreme court and demand a life sentence, even though the constitution allowed a maximum of only fifteen years. The court relented, and a week later Aristide whipped up crowds in the Port-au-Prince suburb of Croix-des-Bouquets:

> ARISTIDE: Does the Constitution tell people to forget their Père Lebrun?
> CROWD: No!
> ARISTIDE: The masses have their own little tool, their own little secret, their own wisdom. When they were talking about giving fifteen years inside the court, according to the law . . . outside the people began hitting their Père Lebrun on the pavement, because the people's ire was swelling up. That's how the law became a sentence for life. . . . Did the people give Père Lebrun that day?
> CROWD: No!
> ARISTIDE: But if things didn't go as they should, would the people have given Père Lebrun?
> CROWD: Yes!
> ARISTIDE: That is what you are learning. . . . You will learn to write Père Lebrun, you will learn to think about Père Lebrun. You will have to use it when you must.

George Stephanopoulos, favoring invasion, stood in for the president and impressed attendees as both the most vocal and the least informed participant.

But under Aristide, there was no end to Haitian-style armed abuses by the state, either. After the July murder of five unarmed youths who had been spirited out of a parking lot by Port-au-Prince police, Aristide thwarted attempts to investigate those with authority over the matter. (Including police chief Pierre Chérubin, who now serves in his Washington government.)

In August, after several incidents of financial corruption on the part of Aristide's prime minister René Préval became public—particularly the doling out of checks in $10,000 and $20,000 dollops to radical Aristide cronies for non-existent "alphabetization programs"—the chamber of deputies, in which Aristide had never enjoyed a majority, called Préval forward to "interpellate" him, i.e., to interview Préval for the purpose of dismissing him on a vote of no confidence. When Préval finally showed up, after several delays, it was with a Lavalas mob armed with tires and oil cans. The hearing was postponed. On the third attempt to question the prime minister, on September 3, Aristide himself showed up in the chamber with a vase of flowers, as a means of conveying, one parliamentary source says, that anyone who tried to interpellate Préval would find these flowers on his grave. The chamber once again adjourned and Haiti now faced a major constitutional crisis, with Aristide's government emerging as a "one-man, one-vote, one-time" democracy.

On September 27, Aristide gave another speech extolling necklacing; two nights later, Lafontant was killed in his jail cell

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by a soldier who is now in a U.S. witness protection program and who claims he received his orders from high-level Lavalas sources. The following night, as movements for a coup began, Lavalas crowds in the town of Les Cayes necklaced Sylvio Claude, an outspoken political opponent of Aristide. Photos of the incident show Lavalas delegate Jean-Claude Jean-Baptiste at the front of the crowd. Aristide never satisfactorily refuted the evidence that pointed to his involvement in the killing of Claude; as for the Lafontant killing, he would later claim that he had no control over jails. That begged the question of the role played by his prime minister René Préval, who did have control of the jails and who continues to be the most important figure in Aristide's Washington government.

Aristide terrified most Haitians above the level of the lumpen masses. In his book *In the Parish of the Poor*—which anyone who considers him nonviolent can walk into a bookstore and *buy*—he writes:

> The rich of my country, a tiny percentage of our population, sit at a vast table covered in white damask and overflowing with good food, while the rest of my countrymen and countrywomen are crowded under that table, hunched over in the dirt and starving. It is a violent situation, and one day the people under that table will rise up in righteousness, and knock the table of privilege over, and take what rightfully belongs to them. Brothers and sisters, it is our mission to help them stand up and live as human beings.
>
> . . . Look at their machetes. The blades are rusted, the handles dirty. The peasants let the knives hang at their sides except when they are working in the field. But don't be fooled. A machete is useful in almost any situation.

Aristide is fond of speaking of "the deadly economic infection called capitalism." He put out a record of his preachments called *Capitalism Is a Mortal Sin.* To the extent that he has an ideology at all, it is a Communism that dare not—since the coup, at least—speak its name. Meanwhile, he has shown himself to be as anti-American as any world leader of our time. Up until his election, Aristide never made a major speech in which he did not denounce the United States, which he refers to in his books as "the cold country to the north, which denies visas to the very people whose lives it has ruined"—a sentiment that is closer to the mark now that the U.S. has adopted Aristide's preferred policy of a near-total embargo on Haiti.

Choking Them to Death

The first track of U.S. strategy to restore Aristide is its lead role in the U.N. embargo that has come—officially—to embrace all products except food and medicine. In fact, it includes food and medicine, too, for the Haitian agricultural sector requires fuel, just as its hospitals require electricity. The sanctions do not harm the army at all—if anything, they foster a new and necessary contraband mafia, which the army takes part in and taxes. And in the name of saving lives, the embargo kills Haitians at the rate of at least a thousand a month, according to research by the Harvard Center for Population and Development Studies. Another study, by the independent Haitian Health Organization, didn't count bodies but found similar devastation. Meanwhile, gas continues to be smuggled across the border from the Dominican Republic—and the U.S. Embassy continues to flout its own embargo by buying it. Now divorced from any negotiating strategy beyond self-congratulatory moralism, sanctions have become a disembodied act of barbarism.

And they have kept tightening, under pressure from the American left that they were somehow not "real." The light industry that was the bellwether of the Haitian economy is gone. Industrial jobs, which once numbered at least 150,000, have fallen to under 10,000. (Perhaps the existence of this remnant is what New York Democrat Rep. Charles Rangel is referring to when he says this hasn't been a "full" embargo, or what Connecticut Democrat Sen. Christopher Dodd means when he calls the embargo "a joke.") These jobs are gone permanently: to Guatemala, Honduras, the Dominican Republic. Even the Lavalas government estimates that such jobs produced 15 percent of the country's wealth as recently as three years ago, and the loss of that increment alone means that Haiti will emerge from this crisis unable to sustain its pre-existing international debt load.

Worst of all, the embargo, by driving out of business the middle class on which hopes for Haiti's democratic future rest, exacerbates the class rifts in Haitian society. This is presumably why Aristide's people like it, and why they are now pushing to stop the flow of contraband gasoline by punishing the Dominican Republic as well—through sanctions and a sugar boycott. Aristide's lawyer Ira Kurzban takes an even harder line, urging retribution against the Dominican Republic similar to that which the Western nations took against Jordan for breaking the embargo during the Gulf war. That is, Kurzban, who complains of a "floating Berlin Wall" constructed around Haiti to keep migrants on the island, wants the island sealed off for all purposes *except* migration. If previous acts of pandering to Aristide are any indication, before this crisis is over, the Clinton administration will try to do exactly the same thing to the Dominican Republic that it has done to Haiti. Above and beyond the damage an island-wide blockade would wreak on U.S. business interests, the consequences of trapping two culturally irreconcilable and implacably hostile nations on an island without any supply of goods or means of transporting food are ugly to contemplate.

Voodoo Economics

How the administration came to condone and promote this kind of slow-motion Great Terror—that is, how Aristide's policy became our policy—is a story of the distortions that result when virtually the entire budget of a sovereign nation is funneled into a massive Washington lobbying and public relations campaign. After the September 1991 coup, under an executive order issued by President Bush, funds frozen in the United States—the bulk of them fees for international phone calls and airplane landing fees, but with various private moneys included—were to be delivered up to Aristide's personal use. This is money that Aristide has otherwise wanted hidden: according to a source in the Haitian business world, during his seven-month term, Aristide raised hackles at the Latin America division of AT&T

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by ordering the proceeds from Haiti's international phone traffic moved to a numbered Panamanian account.

While the U.S. Treasury and State departments have imposed no oversight requirements, the rough amounts of the money Aristide can tap are known. Kurzban claims that there were slightly over $30 million in frozen assets, on which $17 million had been drawn. According to State and Treasury sources, the actual figure is just upwards of $50 million; Aristide's forces have spent over $30 million of it thus far, and pledged $10 million more to rescue Haiti's credit, now in arrears by $100 million to multilateral banks alone. Disbursals from the U.S. Treasury started at $500,000 a month and have risen steadily, to their current point of $5.6-5.9 million per quarter.

What is happening to all that money is unclear: During the brief premiership of Robert Malval that was part of the hoped-for implementation of Governor's Island last autumn, *Haïti Observateur* was leaked a copy of the Aristide government's fourth-quarter budget for 1993, which showed $740,000 per month budgeted for Malval's ministerial cabinet. The scrupulous Malval, who was not only a major backer of Aristide during his campaign but also runs the publishing house that printed all of Aristide's books, claims he never received a penny of that money. That $2.2 million has never been accounted for.[1]

The democratically elected Haitian chamber of deputies, which in April asked Secretary of State Warren Christopher for a thorough accounting of Aristide's expenditures—a request that has thus far not even been acknowledged—claims to have documentation that as of April 15, Aristide had drawn $49.9 million on the telephone account, which originally contained $53 million. So by most calculations, the Aristide government will be broke within months. Who will pay for it then? The U.S. may already be liable for the money spent, for the asset seizures violate the Haitian constitution, and quite possibly international law. "When this is all over," says one American consultant to Haitian interests, "the Haitians are going to sue us for the money Aristide has spent, and we're going to have to pay it all back."

Assets in Washington

Since his arrival in the United States, Aristide has used those funds for a public relations blitz. The Miami immigration lawyer Ira Kurzban gets a six-figure salary from the Aristide government as Aristide's lawyer, and handles many of the government assets. He also has a brief on Haitian refugees—although an Aristide source says that most of his work has been done by the young lawyer Mario Louis and several students, while Kurzban works on "political activity." Kurzban is prominent politically in Miami. He is married to former congressional candidate Magda Montiel Davis, who last April, during a visit to Cuba, was videotaped (as a kind of Castroite practical joke) extolling Castro to his face as her "teacher" and thanking him "for everything you have done for my people." When the videotape somehow showed up on the local news in Miami, a thousand angry Cubans marched to protest the remarks. Kurzban, whose past clients have included Cuba's central bank, denounced them as "extremists."

But if anyone has come to stand for the Aristide public relations effort it is former Maryland Democratic congressman Michael Barnes. As chairman of the Western Hemisphere subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee in the 1980s, Barnes was among the most outspoken leaders of the congressional effort to thwart supply of the Nicaraguan contras. (Reagan administration officials discussed the possibility of prosecuting Barnes under the Logan Act, which forbids American citizens from independently making foreign policy with representatives of a hostile government.) Barnes has used his connections to give the Aristide government a beachhead inside U.S. foreign policy, and earn his current firm, Hogan & Hartson, a compensation that started at $55,000 a month. (In March, perhaps reacting to the Aristide government's straitened circumstances, Hogan & Hartson cut their retainer in half.) Barnes has claimed to bill up to sixty hours a week and to charge Aristide half-price for his services: $175, instead of

[1] Expenses are supposed to be approved by Aristide's U.S. ambassador Jean Casimir through the Haitian government account at Riggs Bank of Washington, but Aristide's disgraced ex-prime minister Préval, who is supposed to be playing no role in this government, still authorizes the checks, which are signed by Préval's sister Marie-Claude Calvin. Well after Malval putatively took over as prime minister on August 31 of last year, Préval retained full prime-ministerial power. His office was renamed the Cabinet Particulier du Président, and he continued to authorize checks, which Malval could not do. In fact, during Malval's tenure, Aristide forbade his colleagues to write or speak the words "Prime Minister" next to Malval's name.

Aristide has a separate source of funds for personal use—the account of his "private secretariat" at Washington's Capital Bank. It has no oversight of any kind. These checks need only one signature, that of a young female assistant who is the president's cousin.

At least one Canadian account exists.

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the going rate of $350. But that still adds up to big money: $303,237.60 for billings between September 29 and December 7, 1993, to take the last period for which records are available. Barnes began representing the government on a pro bono basis while he was working for another Washington law firm, Arent, Fox, Kintner, Plotkin & Kahn. He would not return repeated calls seeking comment.

According to an Aristide source, when associates of the exiled president expressed unhappiness with Barnes's work in late 1992, Barnes was able to play his last card—the fact that he would have formidable access to the incoming administration. Barnes had run the Clinton campaign in Maryland: Would Clinton wish to embarrass the lawyer who had secured a contentious state for him and raised millions for his campaign coffers? Like U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright, he was a veteran of Edmund Muskie's political organization. What's more, deputy national security adviser Samuel R. "Sandy" Berger, who is in charge of Haiti policy at the NSC, was by all accounts a close friend of Barnes, which is where his contacts have raised suspicions. When Berger left his partnership at Hogan & Hartson to take up his administration post, Barnes—just four months later—pulled up stakes at Arent Fox and took his account to Hogan & Hartson, potentially bringing millions into a firm that Berger will have every right to rejoin once his stint in the White House is over.

Dealing with Haiti at all may have become a serious ethical violation on Berger's part. The issue was first broached by Rep. Frank Wolf (R-Va.), after an article in the *National Journal* raised questions about Berger's negotiating most-favored-nation status for China, since he had lobbied for Payless Shoes, a major Chinese trading partner. In a May 12, 1993 letter to Wolf, then–White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum replied that there was no conflict. Nonetheless,

> Mr. Berger has a "covered relationship" with, *inter alia*, anyone who was his client in the last year [§502 (b) (1) (iv)]. This includes Payless. Thus, if Payless were a specific party in a particular matter, he would be required to assess whether his impartiality might reasonably be questioned, and, if so, to recuse himself from such a matter unless he received authorization to participate. Similarly, he has a covered relationship with Hogan & Hartson for a year after severing his relationship with that firm, and would be required to undertake the same inquiry if Hogan & Hartson represented a party in a particular matter.

Five days after that letter was written, Michael Barnes brought the Haiti account to Hogan & Hartson. Since Berger's "covered" status with Hogan & Hartson didn't expire until January 19, 1994, an inquiry should have been opened into his Haiti role, and Berger should have recused himself from Haiti policy until his covered period expired. It is unlikely that any such inquiry was ever launched, for by November 14 of last year the *Washington Post* was describing Berger as the "principal driver of the U.S. policy of supporting Aristide's return." Hogan & Hartson, in fact, had direct phone contact with Berger during this period to discuss the "restoration of democratically elected government in Haiti." (In a letter that arrived at press time, White House counsel Lloyd Cutler wrote that Berger did consult both the White House counsel and the NSC's legal adviser, and that both okayed his participation.)

On top of the other legal help, Aristide's young Haitian-American lawyer/adviser Mildred Trouillot is paid $6,000 a month, plus rent, expenses, and office space, according to documents. And that is not to say that Arent Fox lost out. Burton Wides, a former aide to Sen. Paul Sarbanes, continued to advise the Aristide government in his capacity of partner there. In fact, Arent Fox is now on a $10,000-a-month retainer, according to records filed by Ira Kurzban.

But Aristide's most important lawyers, perhaps, were at the firm of Rabinowitz, Boudin, Standard, Krinsky and Lieberman. When Gladys Lafontant, widow of the slain coup leader, filed a $10-million civil suit in Brooklyn against Aristide last November, charging him with Lafontant's murder, Aristide hired Rabinowitz Boudin to defend him, paying them tens of thousands of dollars in legal fees out of the Haitian treasury. (The suit was thrown out when an assistant to Clinton-appointed U.S. attorney Zachary Carter urged that Aristide be given diplomatic immunity, since "permitting this action to proceed against President Aristide would be incompatible with the United States' foreign-policy interest.")

Aristide also hired a $175-per-hour public relations firm, even though the quarterly budget that *Observateur* editor Joseph printed has no money earmarked for public relations. That led Joseph to speculate that the Aristide government had been fabricating its outlays to dupe the U.S. Treasury into releasing frozen funds. The firm hired was McKinney & McDowell, which has represented the African National Congress, the NAACP, and the National Organization for Women. Gwen McKinney is described by one Clinton administration official as a "groupie . . . somewhat starstruck," who "sticks by the more ideological of the Aristide camp." But McKinney deserves credit for recognizing that, however she might admire her client, his rhetoric doesn't fly with an anti-Communist public, and has kept him as far out of the media as possible.

Aristide formed two agencies of the Haitian state in the U.S. The International Liaison Office for Jean-Bertrand Aristide (not, interestingly, for the Government of Haiti) occupies a suite of offices—paid for with Haitian government funds—at 1000 29th St., near Aristide's old offices. Registration forms filed with the Department of Justice list three American lawyers—Michael Levy, Steve Brescia, and Beverly Bell—as its principal lobbyists, but the director of the organization, if not the real power, is Aristide's cousin Fritz Aristyl, according to a source who has worked closely with it. The source also said that the goal of the International Liaison was the destruction of Haiti's business classes and their replacement with an agrarian smallholding Communist state—whether this is stated policy, however, or simple parroting of Aristide's more incendiary speeches, is unclear. The other major government organ founded by Aristide is Radio 16 Desanm, a short-wave propaganda network that employs Préval's sister and brother-in-law and is housed in the Haitian embassy on Massachusetts Ave.

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Allies in New York and Hollywood

But sources close to the Aristide government say that Americans for Aristide, a New York–based organization founded to funnel money to the Aristide campaign but which continued operating during his presidency, has until recently exercised great sway over Aristide. Julie Hoover, a New York veteran of left-wing causes who views Haiti's problem as "not just the army but the whole elite class," led the effort. "Aristide was completely under Julie's control [from the time he went into exile] until after the 1992 campaign," says one Haitian source. "She lost a little bit of power then." It was Hoover who urged the hiring of Michael Barnes and McKinney & McDowell, the source says. Hoover disputes the account, as does Leila McDowell, who thinks confusion may have resulted from her firm's having received a foundation grant to train Americans for Aristide workers in public relations. At one point, the source says, steering committee members discussed the worry that money given to Ambassador Jean Casimir had not gone to the country's poor, to whom it had been earmarked, despite the assurances of Casimir to the contrary. Hoover does not recall such a discussion.

In May 1991, Americans for Aristide took part in a now-notorious New York-based fundraiser for VOAM (Voye Ayiti Monte, or "Uplift Haiti"), which an early flier described as follows:

> President Aristide is directly involved with VOAM and his vision of a new Haiti can be realized through the use of its resources. . . . VOAM has no programs of its own, and turns over its collected pledges to those humanitarian causes determined to be essential in developing the country toward self-sufficiency.

Through various fundraising efforts, VOAM raised $397,000, by its own estimates—although the leftist *Haïti Progrès* printed a banner headline midway through the drive reading, "First Million for Aristide!" None of the money ever made it into the Haitian treasury and few, if any, of the donors got receipts.

According to a source who took part in it, the effort was directed by—and the monies delivered to—Guy Victor, de facto director of Haiti's Tenth Department, a leftist cooperative of expatriate Haitians that now favors a violent retaking of the island through an "international police force." (Late this May, the director of the Tenth Department's Chicago branch, Harry Fouché, was at the center of an angry internecine feud at the Chicago consulate. Fouché, claiming authority from Aristide, had accused the Haitian consul there, Lionel Barberousse, of pocketing money from "ghost" jobs created during the Malval government. It was a near-replica of the scandal played out at the New York consulate in March, when ousted consul Joseph Préval accused Aristide's consul-general, Wilson Désir, of financial irregularities.)

There is also a huge Hollywood support network for Aristide. Stephanie Owens, a high-level Clinton associate who long maintained a close involvement with the regime's fundraising activities, was until recently a key player. Owens developed a friendship with Aristide and Mildred Trouillot while working as a special assistant on the Clinton transition team—she was in day-to-day contact with the president-elect. Owens's firm has been involved in giving workshops for the Department of Health and Human Services, but in early March, Owens took a government job, as a senior policy adviser to Commerce Secretary Ron Brown. (Bizarrely, Owens referred all questions on her personal involvement with Aristide to Aristide's press adviser Leila McDowell.)

A guest list for one of Owens's fundraisers last year included such entertainment figures as Ed Begley, Jr., Danny Glover, Jonathan Demme, and Norman Lear; many were from Hollywood circles close to the Clintons, like Michael and Patricia Medavoy and Hillary Clinton's close friend Mary Steenburgen. Demme has emerged as the leader of the group. He and Susan Sarandon were among those who started a group called "Governor's Island Watch." Demme and Glover in particular have been useful to President Aristide, even serving as his bad cops when diplomacy required. Shortly before the meeting of Haitian "democratic elements" that took place in Miami on January 15 of this year, chief State Department Haiti expert Lawrence Pezzullo got wind that Aristide wanted to use the conference as a public forum to embarrass the United States internationally on the issue of its treatment of Haitian refugees. That is, Aristide would repudiate an international refugee treaty and brand the U.S. policy as "racist" (as he did the moment Pezzullo's adult supervision was removed in April). Says one administration official, "Pezzullo told [Aristide] in no uncertain terms that it would be a colossal mistake to use this thing to attack the government that was doing all it could to get him back in power." (Pezzullo confirms the account.) Aristide backed off, but whether directly or through intermediaries, sent Demme and Glover to release on bond a handful of Haitian refugees still held in Southern prisons. With CNN cameras whirring, they delivered the indictment according to Aristide's instructions, the source says.

Sen. Christopher Dodd, who chairs the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's subcommittee on Western Hemisphere and Peace Corps Affairs, has taken the driver's seat in sabotaging any initiatives that do not come directly from Aristide.

Lifestyles of the Aristide Cabinet

Whether Aristide received personal benefits from the frozen funds is open to interpretation. Due to tightened security and dwindling access by journalists, little is known about his current living arrangement in the Lansburgh, a posh Washington apartment building in which Janet Reno also lives. But Catherine S. Manegold, in a *New York Times Magazine* article, mentioned that Aristide had moved from a fancy Georgetown apartment when it became a "painful p.r. mistake." Manegold was half-right: it *should have been* a

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public-relations embarrassment. But Manegold's own article was the first mention ever made of it in that light.

In every article ever written on that Georgetown apartment, Aristide was described as leading a "life of almost monkish asceticism," to quote merely the *Washington Post*. Baby Doc he is not, but Aristide does have a princely set-up. As of last winter, he had rooms in both wings of the Georgetown Suites apartment complex at 1101-1111 30th St. On the fourth floor of one building were rooms for a female friend, a secretary, the U.S. Secret Service agents detailed to Aristide, and the office of the President's "private secretariat," on which more below. The "monkish" one-bedroom apartment the *Washington Post* and others described was also on the fourth floor. It was referred to by Aristide associates as the "day" apartment, and that was where he would entertain guests from outside the inner circle. The far more sumptuous "night apartment" was one of two units rented on the *fifth* floor—that was where Aristide actually lived, and where he spent most of his time playing guitar, writing poetry, and watching television.

In the other wing, at 1101 30th St., René Préval has a suite of seven offices, including one for Aristide's biographer, the French leftist gadabout Christophe Wargny. And there are two other major living compounds for the entourage, including at least fourteen apartments at 2501 Q St., near Dupont Circle, and a half-dozen more at the West Park complex at 2130 P St. Other residences are spread throughout the Washington area, and all of them are paid for with frozen Haitian assets.

Then there is Aristide's Dan Lasater: Roland Séide, a major financial backer who was arrested on drug charges during Aristide's presidency and personally sprung from jail by Aristide within days.

Indications are that despite his mendicant reputation, Aristide accumulated an astonishing amount of property in Haiti. A Port-au-Prince source delivered a photocopy of Aristide's *inventaire des biens* from the last election, a personal-disclosure form that each presidential candidate must file by law. The document shows six residences and two bank accounts totaling $40,000 at the pre-embargo exchange rate in the Delmas Branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia. One of the residences is well-known as Aristide's, and a call to the Bank of Nova Scotia confirmed that the account numbers were for a checking and a savings account. Where this property comes from is unclear, but syndicated columnist Robert Novak revealed last November that Aristide had received a series of three checks from the government of Taiwan (totaling $321,500) that he had cashed to personal accounts.

Congressional Players

To dwell on the financial means Aristide has at his disposal is not to ignore the ideological ones—specifically, liberal U.S. congressmen. Sen. Christopher Dodd, who chairs the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's subcommittee on Western Hemisphere and Peace Corps Affairs, has taken the driver's seat in sabotaging any initiatives that do not come directly from Aristide. Dodd, who spent two years in the Peace Corps in the Dominican Republic—"on the island of Hispaniola," as he is fond of saying—has a longstanding interest in Haiti and was intimate with members of the Duvalier family, according to sources close to the Duvaliers. In March Senate subcommittee hearings, he did Aristide's work of trashing a plan launched by members of the Haitian chamber of deputies to return the ousted president to power.

Dodd set the hearings up to sandbag administration policy from the left, with a host of adversarial witnesses allowed to testify before the administration ones—a highly irregular procedure. In the afternoon session, Dodd grilled special assistant Lawrence Pezzullo on the parliamentary plan, alleging that it had been cooked up secretly in the State Department. According to several sources, though, the plan had its genesis in the Malval government's attempts to broaden the Aristide coalition. It was fine-tuned at a Paris meeting attended by twenty-five people, including representatives of France, Venezuela, Canada, and the U.S. The parliamentarians—who have the right to ratify all ministerial choices—gave Aristide carte blanche to name a prime minister of his choosing. Without consulting the State Department, they made even more concessions to Aristide, who seems then to have panicked at the prospect he might actually wind up back in Haiti. So he flew off to France, leaving the parliamentarians, who had flown to Washington to discuss the plan with him, in the lurch. Dodd later attacked the plan for not including a specific date for Aristide's return. ("Aristide brought that up," says a parliamentary source. "Our response was, 'You name it.'") Dodd had to be fully aware of this chronology—but he got Aristide out of a spot in which his good faith had been called into question by attacking the good faith of Pezzullo. (Pezzullo imputes Dodd's behavior not to dishonesty but to a staff that is prone to "bizarre conspiracy theories" about executive-branch negotiations.)

Dodd's people are by some accounts inclined to open their hearts to Aristide. One Aristide associate claims that during a meeting in December 1992 with Aristide's "drug czar" and paramilitary adviser Patrick Elie, Dodd's chief foreign policy assistant Janice O'Connell warned that unless Aristide could disprove his involvement in the killing of Lafontant he would find no support in Washington to return him to power. O'Connell denies that she ever had such a meeting with Elie.

Rep. Joe Kennedy (D-Mass.), who has smeared Haiti's elected parliament as "self-proclaimed leaders," was an early Aristide backer, even inviting the Haitian leader to his wedding. This despite the seething hatred for the Kennedys Aristide evinced during his presidential campaign. (He derided President Kennedy's Bay of Pigs invasion, and particularly blamed the Kennedys, "who were boat people, too," for abandoning the migrant poor.) It was a disdain that continued even after his arrival in Washington. According to an Aristide-camp source,

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when Ted Kennedy refused to take one of his phone calls after a meeting between Aristide, Kennedy, and Kennedy aide Michael Myers, Aristide spat at his assistant, "Get him on the phone! He is only a senator. I am the president!" The night before Aristide was scheduled to meet Joe Kennedy for the first time at a breakfast meeting, his staff had to beg him to go. "Everyone [in the office] said Aristide wanted to keep this a black thing," says one witness who spent the evening with him. Kennedy now favors restoring Aristide through a military invasion.

So does Sen. John Kerry (D-Mass.). In April, he called veteran drug witness Gabriel Taboada before his Senate narcotics subcommittee to testify specifically that police captain Joseph Michel François, despite being a low-profile officer until organizing the anti-Aristide coup, had been a kingpin of the Haitian drug world ten years ago. Kerry recently urged in the *New York Times* that the United States invade, among other reasons, "to root out drug traffickers." Note, though, that drug traffic and production in Vietnam—a country that Kerry fought tooth and nail to open relations with—currently dwarf anything that has ever taken place in Haiti.

Kerry likes to draw a polarity between "Haiti's small wealthy, ruling mulatto elite" and the black masses. Kerry may not realize that for the better part of the last half-century, Haiti has been run by expropriative black-power regimes—that of Dumarsais Estimé from 1946-50, and the two Duvalier dictatorships of 1957-86—and the black elite now enjoys a big share of the economic and political pie. (In fact, the power structure was so closed to non-blacks in that era that Gen. Raoul Cédras, the mulatto who is Haiti's current military ruler, was admitted to military academy under a quota system.) Rep. Charles Rangel, meanwhile, has made the bizarre assertion that the Haitian army won't fire on white people.

Racial Politics

If race plays an important role in Haitian domestic life, it is not in any way analogous to Jim Crow or apartheid. But that hasn't stopped congressional and other Washington figures from clumsily casting Haiti as a racist analogue to South Africa. While the press has treated the Congressional Black Caucus's interest in Haiti as a newfound brief, the caucus's interest—and interests—in Haiti are actually longstanding. Numerous embarrassing letters of praise to both Duvaliers, by individual members of the body and the caucus as a whole, are to be found in the cache of a Duvalier-era minister who now lives in the United States. That Commerce Secretary Ron Brown was a well-remunerated lobbyist for the Duvalier regime is a matter of public record.

Jesse Jackson was not above pandering to a military leader for a piece of the pie. In 1989, according to Haitian sources, Jackson put forward a proposal to then–military ruler Gen. Prosper Avril that he go to Haitian public schools and rally youth in support of the dictator. Jackson allegedly demanded a fee that was stratospheric by Haitian standards, and was rebuffed. When the Aristide government came to Washington, Jackson sought to use it to launch his son Jonathan's political/business career. Jonathan attended several meetings with Aristide and Mildred Trouillot to discuss Jonathan's professed interest: the potentially lucrative business relationship between Haiti and the Dominican Republic (although he was handicapped in that pursuit by knowing neither French, Spanish, nor Creole). In light of that interest, Jesse's active involvement in the recent, ill-fated presidential candidacy of Dominican leftist José Francisco Peña Gómez perhaps deserves more scrutiny. In the summer of 1993, Jonathan was even guaranteed one of the seats on the plane scheduled to take Aristide back to Port-au-Prince in October, which Aristide hangers-on had been jockeying for, according to a source close to Aristide. (Joe Kennedy had also been guaranteed a seat.)

But if there is a paradigmatic figure in the racial games being played over Haiti it is Randall Robinson, founder of TransAfrica. Most people credit his hunger strike for the abrupt shift in Clinton refugee policy. Robinson derided Clinton's policy as "racist," to which Clinton responded, "I understand and respect what he's doing." But indications are that Robinson's commitment is less to refugee policy reform than to restoring Aristide to power. As soon as he ended his strike, Robinson dropped the refugee issue—although, as of late May, the new refugee-screening procedures Clinton proposed to induce Robinson to stop the strike had not been implemented—to take up a call for all-out war on Haiti's "thugs." (With similar fickleness, Robinson had all but ignored the South African elections that he had worked for much of his life to make possible. Note, too, that no representative of TransAfrica has made any public statement regarding any aspect of the ethnic civil war in Rwanda, in which at least 200,000 have been slaughtered in one month.) Robinson's wife, Hazel Ross-Robinson, now a staffer for Rep. Ron Dellums (D-Cal.), is described by one Clinton official, admiringly, as "a really committed pro-Aristide individual," who therefore has "as good a rundown as possible on the state of the Black Caucus"—that is, she is simultaneously the staffer most tapped into the Aristide camp and the one most influential in forming caucus policy.

Former Pennsylvania Democratic Rep. William Gray,

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picked by Clinton to replace Pezzullo as the head of the State Department's Haiti policy, is one of Ross-Robinson's mentors; she worked under him on the House Foreign Affairs Committee during Michael Barnes's tenure there. Whether or not Gray's appointment was part of a bargain with Clinton is unclear—and, to be fair, administration sources say that Gray was on the short list made up by the State Department, and that the only other successor seriously considered was Prof. Donald McHenry of Georgetown University. (That list, incidentally, included only blacks, according to administration sources; it was a foregone conclusion that Pezzullo's successor would be black, partly as a gift to the Black Caucus, and partly to defuse future claims from any quarter that the policy was racist.)

One good turn deserves another. In a *Washington Post* article days after Gray's appointment, Robinson, who had spent much of the previous month calling Clinton inhumane, took him off the hook—for a policy Clinton had in fact not yet lifted! And he did it by ingeniously blaming the previous administration for the present administration's policy:

> The tragedy is that President Bush could have halted—but did not—the butchery of the coup leaders in 1991. . . . Clinton must be careful not to follow the blood-soaked blueprint of Bush's Haiti policy. Clinton committed himself to the restoration of democracy in Haiti and the honoring of the results of the Haitian elections of December 1990. But there are those who, like Bush and Quayle, advocate that the United States either engineer or insist upon new presidential elections rather than allowing Aristide to serve until his term expires.

In fact, the number of Haitians dying in day-to-day violence—i.e. excluding the January 1991 Lavalas rampage and the September 1991 coup—has, if anything, *risen* since the "blood-soaked" Bush years.

Clinton Manufactures a Consensus

In response to Black Caucus pressure to pander to Aristide, the administration—blood-soaked or not—decided to stop pursuing the two-track strategy of getting the military to give up power and getting Aristide to form a broad-based government, in favor of one that made unilateral concessions to Aristide. "Once you do that," asks Pezzullo, "what leverage do you have over the military, beyond threatening a military invasion?"

None whatsoever. Clinton assumed Haiti would be an easy battle to win—not to mention a distraction from Bosnia and Paula Jones—and decided on an invasion. In interagency meetings held at both State and the NSC, battle lines quickly developed. Against the invasion were Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff John Shalikashvili, Secretary of Defense William Perry, and Pezzullo. Vice President Al Gore and Secretary of State Warren Christopher were described as "lukewarm, but able to be rolled." National security adviser Anthony Lake remained the most red-blooded war hawk. George Stephanopoulos, favoring invasion, stood in for the president and impressed attendees as both the most vocal and the least informed participant. The CIA laid out various disaster scenarios and pressed its point about the mercurial Aristide.

With Clinton desperate for an intervention and the best advice dead-set against it, what followed was an Arkansas-style attempt to stack all the agencies with loyalists and war enthusiasts. One step was to shake up the interagency working groups that were being run by assistant secretary of state Alexander Watson—and to exclude the CIA from the group completely. (By early May, the CIA was being let back in, as Clinton loyalist Strobe Talbott emerged as the key interagency player. Talbott has one great virtue, according to an administration source: "He doesn't back an invasion because he suspects he doesn't know enough about it. And he's sure the people who *are* backing it don't know enough about it.")

According to an Aristide-camp source, when Ted Kennedy refused to take one of his phone calls after a meeting between Aristide, Kennedy, and Kennedy aide Michael Myers, Aristide spat at his assistant, "Get him on the phone! He is only a senator. I am the president!"

But the second, and crucial, move was to drive policy out of the State Department and into the more politicized National Security Council. By all accounts, Warren Christopher has been nearly comatose in defending State's prerogatives. At one point, when Pezzullo sent a memo to Christopher, requesting authority for State to take up a position at odds with Berger and the NSC, Christopher's response was that Pezzullo should clear it with Berger.

At State, area expertise was traded for political savvy. Jim Steinberg, a political appointee who had no experience with Haiti but was nonetheless "actively pushing going in," was brought in to replace veteran Samuel Lewis as chief of policy planning in March. (Steinberg's star was falling as we went to press.) At the NSC, Berger was still deeply involved, relying heavily on the services of Nancy Soderberg, a Clinton campaign worker and former Kennedy aide who is the point-man for contact with the Aristide camp, even though she met the exiled president only in March 1993. Senior director Richard Feinberg, a war hawk who had been eclipsed by his Aristide-courting deputy Larry Rossen, was brought back into the picture. Morton Halperin, re-emerging after his ill-fated nomination for deputy secretary of defense last year, was given a Haiti portfolio at the NSC, and fell almost immediately into the invasion camp. (Will Halperin, then, have a key role in driving U.S. Haiti policy? "Well, he knows nothing about Haiti," says Lawrence Pezzullo. "So I assume he will.")

In mid-April, Pezzullo was ousted, and soon replaced by Gray, who spent an early interview on the "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" praising Robinson for his anti-administration remarks and faithfully parroting the Aristide line on drugs and refugees. This was not a shift in policy but a retreat

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from it. Gray, who has no familiarity with Haiti, was ostentatiously promoted to a level above Pezzullo. Pezzullo had worked in the building's fourth-floor Panama office at the center of the Haiti working group, and had the title of special adviser to the secretary of state; Gray was given an office on the seventh floor, next to Christopher and Talbott, with the title of special adviser to the president and the secretary of state. While Talbott's constant refrain at top-level meetings concerned the need to "get the policy back in State," he brought that end about by putting State's Haiti experts in cold storage and dealing only with the newcomers, like Steinberg and Gray, who were effectively agents of the NSC. The day Pezzullo's departure was announced, his staffers at the Haiti working group draped the door to their suite of offices with black crêpe.

Gray brought in a new team led by Somalia specialist Jim Dobbins (which may explain Gray's otherwise unfathomable references on "MacNeil/Lehrer" to getting the support of "the Africans" for U.S. Haiti policy). He also hired John Phlebani, an aide from Gray's congressional days, for the exclusive—and unusual for State—purpose of selling the administration's policy on Capitol Hill. Administration sources were expecting friction to arise with Hazel Ross-Robinson, who had apparently been at loggerheads with Phlebani throughout their time in Gray's office. The new team allowed Gray to all but jettison the old Haiti working group.

The day Gray arrived, he had an "in-briefing" in Anthony Lake's office with a group heavily weighted toward the pro-invasion camp: it included Stephanopoulos, Lake, Berger, Haiti working group chief-of-staff Rich Brown, NSC senior director Eric Schwartz, Feinberg, and Rossen. Then Gray got on a plane to attend Nelson Mandela's inauguration in South Africa. In South Africa, Aristide—who also attended—would not meet with Gray, meeting instead with Hillary Clinton. As we went to press, word from inside the Aristide camp was that Aristide was not returning Gray's calls.

The Bogus Drug Problem

Just as alarming as the attempt to effect a consensus-by-purge in the foreign policy branches was the politicization of the non-policy-making bureaucracy. Specifically, the White House began pressuring the DEA to manufacture a Noriega-style smoking-gun drug crisis among the Haitian military, according to a former drug-enforcement official. "The administration has been making an effort to have [the DEA] provide them with evidence that senior people in the administration in Haiti are dealing in drugs," the official said. As a result, certain House and Senate staffers began receiving unsolicited information from the DEA that the Haitian army was *not* involved in any large-scale drug trafficking. "They [the DEA] are practicing a little bit of insubordination here," said the source. "The general agency bias is to be very forward on this. What they don't want to do is be used as a justification for something unjustified, to be accused of having given bad information."

That a multinational corporation—such as the cocaine cartels are—would choose to do business on an unstable island with hardly any goods or services, under constant radar surveillance and surrounded by U.S. warships and Coast Guard cutters, is preposterous on its face, but that hasn't stopped the administration from advancing it. One DEA field agent says there has been a recent major focus on Haiti at the agency's Miami office, but denies any link to Clinton's military or policy objectives. "It's just getting their ducks in a row, like on the Castro operation." The "Castro operation" he is referring to is most likely the 1989 Operation Greyhound, which tried to link the *Cuban* military hierarchy to drug dealing. It was one of the largest and most costly anti-drug efforts in U.S. law-enforcement history—hardly a routine operation.

The agent denies that drug traffic in Haiti is a serious problem. "I'm not trying to say [drug dealing in Haiti] doesn't happen. The question is, compared to what? And you've got to ask, if some Colombian tried to land a plane-load of coke in Haiti, how in the hell would the Haitian army stop him? They've got no planes, no copters, no radios, no money, no gas. I'm not defending them. They're pieces of s--t, torturers, maybe they should be removed. But what do you invade next? Antigua? The Cayman Islands?" (It is ironic that Antigua, one of the two countries in the hemisphere backing a U.S. invasion, was the supplier for the Colombian drug lord José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha's paramilitary strike force, the largest drug army ever assembled on the planet.)

This is not to say that the military has not taken part in the drug trade in the past. The case of Jean-Claude Paul, the army kingpin who made $40 million dollars facilitating cocaine shipments between December 1986 and the time he died by eating poisoned pumpkin soup in June 1988, is well documented. But Aristide himself, say intimates, was throughout the mid-1980s under the protection of Paul and two subordinates, Danny Toussaint and Pierre Chérubin (the latter of whom remains a close Washington adviser). Rhodes Préval, the cousin of Aristide's prime minister and an intimate of his drug czar Patrick Elie, was set up to run the Haitian consulate in Bogotá after Aristide came to power. In 1993 he was arrested trying to smuggle cocaine into Miami Airport and is now in federal prison. (He should have brought it through Haiti!) Then there is Aristide's Dan Lasater: Roland Séide, a major financial backer who was arrested on drug charges during Aristide's presidency and personally sprung from jail by Aristide within days. The information the DEA has on Séide, it should be noted, was gathered not by the agency itself but from Haitian military sources. Nonetheless, Séide's arrest came before the coup, and a source inside the agency says, "That information is pretty solid." For one thing, in 1986, Séide was poor enough that he was doing menial work in Aristide's food-distribution program. In recent years, he built a luxury hotel in Port-au-Prince valued at $1 million and until getting sick (he is reportedly in the advanced stages of AIDS) was a nightly high-stakes player at the capital's casinos.

(continued on page 74)

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The Hiss Factor

by John Corry

The week after Richard Nixon died, *Newsweek* ran a collection of reminiscences about his life. The first was from Tony Hiss, who said Nixon's career was built on the ill treatment of his father. In fact, said Tony Hiss, who is a staff writer for the *New Yorker*, without Alger Hiss there would have been no Richard Nixon, whose "eagerness for a place on the world stage blinded him to Alger's candor and devoted loyalty to America." He also said that, late in life, Nixon seemed to have second thoughts about Alger Hiss. Apparently, Nixon asked the Russians in 1991 to look for documents about Hiss in their archives. "Did he still need to hammer home a point he'd nailed more than 40 years ago?" Tony Hiss slyly asked. "Or was he doubting the one moment in his life he'd previously considered unimpeachable?"

Or, as seems more likely, was Nixon merely indulging an intellectual curiosity? Hiss was convicted of perjury in 1950—the statute of limitations on espionage had expired—and few who have looked seriously at the case since then doubt that he was, at least, a very great liar. His son's filial devotion was understandable, but praising Alger Hiss for candor was a bit much, especially as a reminiscence about Richard Nixon. *Newsweek*, however, was reaffirming the big-media predisposition: Treason is such an unpleasant subject, and besides, conservatives have done more damage than old Commies. The critic Hilton Kramer noted last year that the index to David Halberstam's fat best-seller *The Fifties* listed thirty-seven references to McCarthy, McCarthyism, and the McCarthy era, and only nineteen to Stalin. Indeed, it also listed fourteen references to the CIA, and none at all for the KGB. The jacket on *The Fifties* points out, accurately, that Halberstam at one time or another has won all of journalism's top prizes.

The predisposition is consistent. Certain words or phrases routinely are attached to certain topics. After Aldrich Ames was arrested, any number of journalists recalled James Jesus Angleton, the old CIA spy-catcher. Few did so, however, without a reference to "paranoid" or "paranoia." Angleton, it seems, was nutty enough to believe that moles might try to penetrate the CIA.

The week after Tony Hiss remembered Richard Nixon in *Newsweek*, *Time* published an excerpt from *Special Tasks: The Memoirs of an Unwanted Witness*, by Pavel Sudoplatov, once a Soviet spymaster, and Jerrold and Leona Schecter. In its introduction to the excerpt, *Time* mentioned the "hysteria over alleged Communist penetration of the U.S. government," the "witch-hunt atmosphere of the 1950s," and, of course, "McCarthyite hysteria." *Special Tasks*, though, does not just allege Communist penetration; it says it really happened, and offers names and dates as evidence. It also says there really were witches to hunt. A respectable argument may now be made that, ineffectual as he was, Joe McCarthy was closer to twentieth-century political truth than his vast legions of critics.

The *Time* excerpt said that in the 1940s J. Robert Oppenheimer and other scientists knowingly passed on atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. They did so, however, not as grubby spies, or, in Sudoplatov's euphemism, as controlled agents, but as "fierce opponents of violence" who wanted to prevent a nuclear war. Sudoplatov, a reprehensible man himself, described them as idealists.

Predictably, Sudoplatov's disclosures touched off an angry response. Richard Rhodes, author of *The Making of the Atomic Bomb*, wrote on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* that Sudoplatov had made "despicable allegations." Amy Knight, author of *Beria: Stalin's First Lieutenant*, wrote to the *Times*, too. She more or less accused Sudoplatov of fabricating the charges about Western scientists to sell his book. Priscilla Johnson McMillan of Harvard's Russian Research Center, who is writing a book about Oppenheimer herself, said in the *Washington Post* that "Oppenheimer was a patriot," and that to accuse him now "is a bitter injustice." Roald Sagdeev, once the director of the Soviet Institute of Space Research, and now a University of Maryland professor, ended his book review of *Special Tasks* in the *Post* by saying: "Pavel Sudoplatov can add one more outrageous effort to his life's work—the attempt to write history."

Indeed, Sudoplatov and the Schecters got all the worst of it from the commentators. Charges that Oppenheimer cooperated with Communists were beyond the pale, or, as Richard Rhodes wrote, "despicable allegations." Rhodes, perhaps the most formidable of Oppenheimer's defenders, wrote that Sudoplatov "claims that Oppenheimer hired the physicist Klaus Fuchs" to work on the atom bomb. Absurd, Rhodes said; Fuchs, who later confessed to being a Soviet spy, "was part of a British contingent over which Oppenheimer had no control"—a point Priscilla Johnson McMillan also raised in the *Post*.

Nonetheless, *Special Tasks* does not quite say that Oppenheimer "hired" Fuchs. It says: "Oppenheimer had sug-

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gested to the Roosevelt administration that it invite to America top-level scientists from Europe. In 1943 ... he suggested that Klaus Fuchs be included in the Los Alamos British team." Moreover, a footnote on page 193 quotes one Aleksandr Feklisov, Fuchs's old KGB case officer, who wrote in a Russian Defense Ministry publication in 1990 that Oppenheimer "asked to include Fuchs as part of the British scientific mission." Since Oppenheimer was the leader of the overall mission, it is reasonable to think his request carried weight.

In defending Oppenheimer, Rhodes also cited an incident not mentioned in *Special Tasks*, in which the physicist once told a security officer at Los Alamos about a Communist attempt to contact some of his assistants; Oppenheimer even used the word "treason." The implication, of course, was that this proved he was not passing on atomic secrets. Rhodes said he had "challenged" the Schecters with the information about Oppenheimer and the security officer, and that "they were unaware it existed."

"I can't speak to the credibility of the rest of this noxious book," Rhodes concluded triumphantly, "but the chapter on 'Atomic Spies' is gumshoe braggadocio."

Well, perhaps, but it is possible Rhodes overlooked another footnote. It is on page 187, and it says that when a Communist professor suggested to Oppenheimer that he share technical data with the Soviet Union, he "not only refused, but called the effort outright treason," and reported it to the authorities. This sounds similar to the incident cited by Rhodes. The footnote also says, however, that Sudoplatov was "unclear" about why Oppenheimer acted as he did, and that he might have been responding to the suggestions of his Soviet handlers that he "establish a record of separation from his Communist friends," while he worked with Moscow's professionals. Whatever the exact truth here, it is obvious that the Schecters have not tried to suppress information and that the chapter is not gumshoe braggadocio.

Robert Conquest says in the foreword to *Special Tasks* that it is "the most sensational, the most devastating, and in many ways the most informative autobiography to emerge from the Stalinist milieu." He also says it is "perhaps the most important single contribution to our knowledge since Khrushchev's Secret Speech." Conquest is arguably the world's foremost scholar on the Stalinist era, and he cannot be taken lightly. He defends the chapter on Oppenheimer, and dryly notes that it will leave "not a few readers ... shocked as well as enlightened." He also says that many readers may find it "the most striking and informative" chapter in the book.

Presumably he is right, and it means that much of the rest of *Special Tasks* will be overlooked. This is a pity. Sudoplatov has offered an oral history, and while an oral history may be imprecise, it may also have large revelations. Sudoplatov says, for example, that by the end of the 1940s, Moscow had established a network of informers and agents at ports and military facilities on both the east and west coasts. In 1950, explosive experts stood by in America while Moscow debated blowing some facilities up. As it happens, this was also the year McCarthy began the so-called witch hunts.

Many familiar names also turn up in *Special Tasks*—Harry Dexter White, Lauchlin Currie, and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg among them. Sudoplatov says the Rosenbergs were only "minor couriers" in the spy game, a characterization duly noted by *Time* and other news organizations. On the other hand, in his secret memoirs, Khrushchev says Stalin told him the Rosenbergs did the Soviet Union valuable service. We may be dealing with the imprecisions of oral history, but—generations of academics and intellectuals notwithstanding—it should be clear by now that the Rosenbergs really were spies.

You may also find in *Special Tasks* more about Alger Hiss. Sudoplatov says an old colleague from Soviet military intelligence told him that Hiss was connected to the Silvermaster spy cell in Washington in the 1930s. "When Hiss was accused at the end of the 1940s," Sudoplatov suggests, "his behavior followed instructions he may have learned in the 1930s: never admit anything."

This is a reasonable conjecture. Even at age 90, Hiss has never admitted a thing, and he still benefits from the media assumptions about conservatives and old Commies. Two years ago the *Times* said in a page-one story that Dmitri A. Volkogonov, the Russian general who was the new keeper of the old Central Committee archives, was unable to find any documents about Hiss. Therefore, according to the *Times*, the general did not think Hiss had ever had any connections to the old Soviet Union.

The story was absurd. Central Committee as well as Communist Party, KGB, and GRU archives are spread all over Moscow and beyond, while some of the most interesting archives from the Stalinist era have been destroyed. ("Even if you are a top government official with the right to look at top-secret files," Sudoplatov says sourly, "the whereabouts of any single piece of paper requires searching through a jungle.") Indeed, General Volkogonov backed away almost immediately from the *Times* story; apparently, he had no opinion about Hiss at all.

Meanwhile, Hiss hangs on, our enduring symbol of the moral confusion that has afflicted so much of political life. In a way, he is an embarrassment. Although he was a principal in the most fiercely debated spy case in American history, his name does not appear on the jacket flaps of *Special Tasks*. It does not turn up in the ads for the book, either. Last year, the *Times* discovered that Hiss was named in documents of the old Hungarian secret police, and simply did not know what to do with the information. In an exquisite show of befuddlement, it ran a piece on the op-ed page and not the news columns. The *New Republic* published a story about the Hungarian disclosures, but it seems to be the only major publication that did. Apparently, Hiss may now be mentioned, as *Newsweek* did, only in connection with Nixon.

It is certain there will be more disclosures about spies in the future. Moscow archives may be a mess, but they are still a rich source for historians. Simon & Schuster has promised a book that will say the KGB recruited a former Carter administration official, and R. James Woolsey, the director of central intelligence, has said the CIA is conducting a number of investigations. The real question may be, what do we do with what we find? Treason became an extraordinarily elastic word after the 1960s. In the seventies and eighties, it was hard to distinguish many congressmen and their aides from Fidelistas, Sandinistas, or honorary members of El Salvador's FMLN; and when American Rangers landed in Grenada, they found compromising material about Ron Dellums. Perhaps we will just try to wish the new disclosures away. ❐

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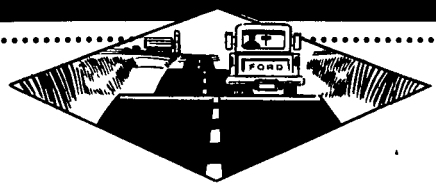

Heterosexual AIDS: Part VII

by Michael Fumento

The AIDS epidemic has peaked—and not everyone wants you to know about it. Especially not the media, which have taken recent CDC reports to proclaim yet again that AIDS is exploding, especially among heterosexuals. To quote CNN:

> The number of new AIDS cases in the United States grew even faster than anticipated last year. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention had expected a 75 percent increase partially because of a new expanded definition of the disease. New AIDS cases actually jumped 111 percent last year because of a sharp increase in infections among heterosexuals. . . . AIDS resulting from heterosexual contact in 1993 rose 130 percent .

Meanwhile, "NBC Nightly News" reported that "a broader definition of AIDS, [and] a sharp increase in infections among heterosexuals, more than doubled the number of new cases." *Time* said, "The number of new AIDS cases surged unexpectedly last year, more than doubling, owing to a jump in infections among heterosexuals." *Newsweek* jumped in to proclaim that "heterosexual AIDS is no myth," and talk-show host Vicki Lawrence told her audience that 170,000 teenagers had been diagnosed with AIDS in 1991 and 1992. (The actual number was 318.)

Far from a "jump" caused by heterosexual infections, the entire increase in the CDC's findings was due to the expanded definition. By the old definition of AIDS, there was a 2 percent *decrease* in new AIDS cases last year. This is long-awaited news and a monumental relief, but most of the press virtually ignored it: Lawrence Altman in the *New York Times* allowed it part of a sentence on the 107th line of his story.

The CDC findings appeared in two articles in the agency's official *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*. The first, by John Ward, chief of the surveillance branch, division of HIV/AIDS at the CDC, described the effects of the new case definition. The second, by Pat Flemming, chief of reporting and analysis in the CDC's AIDS division, begins with this sentence, "From 1991 through 1992, persons with [AIDS] who were infected with human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) through heterosexual transmission accounted for the largest proportionate increase in reported AIDS cases in the United States." Note the dates: "1991 through 1992." The new case definition only applied to 1993 cases. Like the horror movie mad scientist who combined man and beast to create a monster, the media spliced the two sets of data together to come up with the latest heterosexual AIDS scare.

Taking each set of data separately, we see that this latest alarm is just as groundless as the ones sounded every year since 1987. While it's true that heterosexual cases did jump 130 percent in 1993, a table in Ward's article shows clearly that the intravenous drug abuser category increased by 136 percent. The largest percentage increase was in the hemophiliac category, which shot up 189 percent.

But headlines like "AIDS Spreading Fastest Among Hemophiliacs" not only don't sell newspapers, they knock down the notion that the heterosexual increase, large as it appears to be, can be attributed to a "sharp increase in infections." That's because hemophiliac infections ceased altogether after 1985, when their clotting factor began to be heat-treated for blood transfusions. If the hemophiliac cases could jump 189 percent with no infections in the past seven years, then clearly the heterosexual jump also has no connection to new infections.

So what's the explanation? Despite the *New York Times*'s flat-out assertion that "the new definition does not affect the rate of increase by heterosexual transmission," the CDC data showed that it changed everything. For one thing, the expanded definition added a test whereby persons whose T-cells fall below a certain number are considered to have AIDS. (T-cells are white blood cells that protect the body from infection; generally speaking, the fewer one has the more susceptible one is to deadly infections.) The result is that cases that wouldn't have been diagnosed until 1994 or 1995 were diagnosed in 1993.

Moreover, the definition added three new indicator diseases that, when accompanied by HIV, will prompt an AIDS diagnosis. The new diseases—pulmonary tuberculosis, recurrent pneumonia, and invasive cervical cancer—are found much more often in non-homosexuals than in homosexuals, just as Kaposi's sarcoma is found almost exclusively in homosexuals. Cervical cancer, of course, is strictly a disease of women. The T-cell test has also disproportionately expanded non-homosexual cases because the original indicator diseases tended to be matched to the course of disease in homosexuals, whereas the T-cell depletion affects all AIDS victims.

Pat Flemming's assertion that heterosexuals accounted for the largest proportionate increase in new infections during 1991-1992 is another failed effort to portray the old and well-

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explained as something new and mysterious. The heterosexual transmission category has *always* been the fastest-growing, for two simple reasons. First, it's mathematically easier to grow the fastest, in percentage terms, from a low baseline. In other words, if the Eskimo and Mexican populations of Houston in 1992 were two and 50,000 respectively, and in 1993 two more Eskimos moved to town along with 10,000 more Mexicans, the Eskimo increase would be 100 percent while the Mexican increase would be only 20 percent. No one would point to these data as indicating that Houston would shortly be swamped with Eskimos.

The other reason heterosexual cases comprise a larger proportion of the epidemic is that all epidemics, from bubonic plague to smallpox to polio, follow a bell-shaped curve whereby the epidemic's rate of increase is fastest early on, then it progresses at a slower and slower rate until it peaks and cases actually start to decline. Since heterosexual cases lag by a couple of years behind homosexual and intravenous drug abuser cases, they are further down on the upside of that slope. Indeed, by 1992, homosexual cases were already sliding down the right side of the bell curve. Thus, even if heterosexual transmission cases had been exactly the same number as the year before—or even slightly less—as a percentage of the epidemic their share would still have grown.

Prior to the new definition, the trend toward a peaking of heterosexual cases was quite clear. In the early 1980s, heterosexual cases increased by over 100 percent per year. But by 1990, heterosexual cases had increased only 39 percent over the previous year, by 1991 21 percent, and by 1992 only 17 percent. Suddenly there's a 130 percent jump in heterosexual cases.

Not incidentally, this same reasoning also applies to female AIDS cases. Because their numbers are small and because female cases lag behind male ones, female cases have always been increasing more rapidly than male ones. This doesn't stop the media from announcing each and every year, however, that *this* year women's cases are increasing faster than men's. Indeed, it is common to see this presented, as the *Washington Post*'s Boyce Rensberger did last year in a front-page story, in such a way as to make it seem that women now have a greater chance of getting the disease than men. Rensberger wrote: "Last week the [CDC] reported that American women of all ages were coming down with AIDS four times as fast as men." What the CDC actually said was that the *rate of increase* among women was four times greater, the reason being that the rate of increase among men had dropped to almost nothing. But male cases continued to come in at a rate eight times that of female cases.

Did reporters deliberately confuse the two sets of data released by the CDC? Pat Flemming told me that she had fielded over a hundred media phone calls since her article was released. Since she freely acknowledged that the two sets of data were incompatible, there's no reason to believe she would have misled reporters. (Lawrence Altman at the *New York Times* would not return my calls.)

Interestingly, a Nexis search conducted two weeks after the Flemming report's release turned up not a single dissenting reference to the latest heterosexual AIDS

myth. By contrast, after a National Research Council (NRC) report last year said AIDS would remain a disease of "marginalized" minorities, the media were filled with critical responses. In its determination to democratize this disease, the press gives little play to its increasing racial and ethnic ghettoization—even within the heterosexual cohort. Charges of racism and homophobia flew. But the NRC was right: Of the 1993 heterosexual contact diagnoses, 78 percent were in black and Hispanic males and 74 percent in black and Hispanic females, even though these groups together comprise only about 20 percent of the population.

If the CDC's new definition has the fingerprints of AIDS activists all over it, that shouldn't surprise: they'd be the first to take credit. As one ACT-UP pamphlet notes, "ACT-UP and many public health professionals realized that [the-then] definition was too narrow and pressured the CDC to change it." It continues: "Under activist pressure, CDC announced a proposed expansion of the AIDS definition in the summer of 1991." The Associated Press recognized the activists' influence in this headline two years ago: "CDC Bows to Activists; Adds New Diseases to Proposed AIDS Definition." As the A.P. story noted, "Activists welcomed the proposal, saying it would mean diagnoses for thousands of HIV-infected women and drug users." It was just a matter of time before the new definition pressed for in 1991 became reality in 1993.

It is also no coincidence that the new definition and its expansion of the heterosexual categories took effect the year that AIDS diagnoses would have otherwise leveled off. Indeed, the latest statistics reveal that the government's projections of an AIDS epidemic increasing on into the late 1990s—along with all the projections of the other AIDS doomsayers—have proved hopelessly wrong. More than that, there was never any reason to think they would be right, as I observed fully five years ago in the May 1989 *TAS*.

That article challenged the then-current estimate of HIV infection of one to 1.5 million, citing a large body of infection data and the failure of full-blown AIDS cases to manifest as quickly as would be needed to justify such a number. I proffered instead a lower figure of 500,000-800,000 calculated by Dr. Joel Hay, now of the University of Southern California. For his efforts, Hay was derided by AIDS projectionists at the CDC and elsewhere.

But lo! the next year the CDC did lower its estimate to one million. Yet even that number was too high: last December, authors of the first nationwide survey of AIDS infections estimated that 550,000 Americans were infected. While saying that they thought the figure might be a bit low, the CDC did grant that its one million estimate was too high. As CDC official Dr. Scott Holmberg explained, "Because more than 200,000 people have died of AIDS, we would expect that the current prevalence is below one million." Indeed, the word is out, reported by Lawrence Altman himself, that the CDC is about to lower its official estimate to

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800,000. At a glance, Holmberg's explanation makes sense. The problem is, it ignores the impact of the purported new infections that the CDC says are coming in at a rate of 40,000 a year, slightly higher than the highest number of AIDS deaths in any year. By Holmberg's reckoning, the one million figure should actually have been *increasing*, not plummeting.

In 1988 the CDC extended its projected caseload figure to the end of 1993, predicting 450,000 cases by then. The press went wild over the figure, upping it sometimes to half a million. The editor of the *Washington Post*'s Health magazine declared, "No one is questioning the projection that about 450,000 Americans will be diagnosed with AIDS by 1993." But Hay and I and others did question it. Indeed, I cited the CDC's own data indicating that since it appeared that HIV infections peaked around 1991 and 1992 in major cities, the epidemic would peak about ten years later, since lag time from infection to full-blown disease averages about ten years. Now we find that at the end of 1993, even including the new case definition, the CDC projection was too high by about 90,000 cases. Without the new case definition, it would have been too high by fully 50 percent.

My 1989 article also anticipated that the CDC would start talking less and less about its projections "unless CDC keeps expanding the definition of AIDS to catch earlier and earlier stages of HIV infection." And so it did, casting the best news of the epidemic as an utter disaster. Americans have been effectively prevented from learning that in the same year in which the Clinton administration increased AIDS spending by 28 percent—cutting the budget of most every other disease except breast cancer—AIDS cases fell by 2 percent. (The president's proposed budget for next year again favors justs these two diseases.)

AIDS remains a horrible disease with no hope of cure on the horizon. A declining epidemic by no means indicates that it is about to end any time soon. Nonetheless, an AIDS campaign that emphasizes heterosexual contact can no more succeed than can a breast cancer detection campaign that singles out men or a prostate cancer program that focuses on men under 30. AIDS prevention efforts can succeed only if the public is told who is at greatest risk, who is at least risk, and what those at greatest risk can do to reduce their peril. ❐

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

The Big Botch

by Michael Ledeen

We are in the midst of the seven lean years of American foreign policy. Bill Clinton, the first modern president to go for days on end without even receiving a national security briefing, is annoyed by suggestions that he doesn't know what he's doing, and even barked at CNN's woman-on-the-Bosnian-scene during a worldwide press conference. When his flacks start telling journalists that foreign policy is overwhelming the president's schedule, and the president himself says he spent most of a week worrying about Bosnia and Haiti, you know it's only spin control (as in the photo of national security adviser Anthony Lake standing next to propaganda chief David Gergen on the South Lawn, about to follow the Chief into the helicopter). Any semblance of a coherent foreign policy has disappeared, and the world's lone superpower acts as if decisions are being made by pulling the petals off a daisy. Menacing threats alternate with plaintive supplications. "Peace in our time" is announced hours before another Bosnian town is carpet-bombed by the Serbs. One day we welcome refugees from Haiti, the next we send them back. One day we announce that Somali "warlord" Aidid is in our crosshairs, and a few weeks later we fly him to peace negotiations. One day Warren Christopher delivers a stern warning to the Communist Chinese, but within hours the administration decontrols most of our advanced military technology for sale to China. She loves me, she loves me not . . .

Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

To be sure, there's nothing new in an American administration disengaged from foreign policy. Distrust of the world beyond our shores is part of Americans' genetic code. Our First Father told us to avoid foreign entanglements, and we cherish his words. Woe to those who tear us from our domestic pursuits, and drag us into the gutter of filth and corruption outside our gates. We do not wish to be a part of that world. We do not know its geography, we do not speak its languages, we do not study its history or its cultures. We remember that our fathers ran from it, and deep in our viscera the antibodies still multiply, to protect us against its poisons.

Other peoples might well wish to share our disdain for the "others," but they cannot, for danger lies just across their borders. They have Libyans, or Syrians, or Hutus or Zulus, or Serbs or Mongols; we have Mexicans and Canadians—neighbors, not threatening presences. Others' dreams are drenched with fears of rape, massacre, torture, and death; we worry that our neighbors' labor costs are too low.

So we have no international vocation, and our history attests to our reluctance to play the Great Game. German U-boats torpedoed us into the First World War; Japanese zeroes bombed us into the Second; Stalin's voracious appetite roused us from our postwar slumbers in the late forties. Left to our own devices we would have waited longer, possibly beyond the moment of survival—a lesson rarely taught in our schools or in the popular press. We continue to hold a unique view of history: we are the only people ever to believe

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that peace is the normal condition of mankind. After the victory we disarm, hoping (perhaps even believing) that this time the others will leave us alone.

Yet even as we separate ourselves from the others, we preach to them our own revolutionary values. This, too, is part of our genetic makeup, for even if our leaders remain silent, the radical facts of our existence shake the foundations of the undemocratic and the repressive. The boiling blood of Paine and Jefferson is as much a part of our national body and soul as the isolationist injunctions of Washington. We do not wish to be part of the outside world, but we do wish to change it, to democratize it, to make it more like us. We are an ideological nation, and our most successful leaders are ideologues. They are seized by what George Bush called The Vision Thing. And as we are told in Proverbs, "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

Washington has been very short on vision ever since Reagan's departure. Bush and his bloodless friends were so embarrassed to find themselves kings of the hill, that they virtually implored the United Nations to take the burden off their weary shoulders. Clinton has exacerbated matters, both because he and his top advisers seemingly misunderstand how the world works, and because of his very bizarre, and quite likely very dangerous, personality.

From the first minutes of his presidency, Clinton demonstrated a profound ignorance of the world. Having based his career on a willingness to say most anything that his audience found appealing, he was shocked to learn that the rest of the world tended to take his utterances seriously. His loose remarks about opening the gates to Haitian refugees inspired tens of thousands to prepare for a desperate rush toward our shores, and Clinton had to backpedal in order to prevent an even greater loss of life. This set the pattern for the Clinton presidency, in which policies are announced, only to be drastically changed within hours or days.

And why should we expect it to be otherwise? After all, Candidate Clinton ran from the right against Bush's foreign policy—accusing him of wimping out over Bosnia, selling lethal weapons to Saddam, and being soft on the Chinese Communists—only to abandon virtually every campaign pledge within hours of moving to Pennsylvania Avenue. If Bush was a Bosnia wimp, Clinton has achieved cosmic wimpdom; if Bush permitted some of our weaponry to go to Saddam, Clinton has permitted virtually all of our militarily useful technology to go to the world's thugs; if Bush was unduly attentive to the Chinese, Clinton has far outdone him. If Bush blindly supported Gorby, even when the Russian people had voted enthusiastically against him, Clinton—guided by super-groupie Strobe Talbott—has advanced "Don't annoy Yeltsin" as the first principle of his European policy, even as it has become obvious that Big Boris isn't up to the challenge. But you wouldn't have known it from our vice president, who went to Moscow to denounce the latest loudmouth—Zhirinovsky—thereby making him even more attractive to Russian voters, who are increasingly inclined to blame their misfortunes on us.

It's hard to get to the root cause of the foreign policy mess, because it's almost impossible to figure out how the process works. We often hear the various departmental secretaries making conflicting statements on basic policy issues—our willingness to use force, for example, and our intentions toward rogue countries like North Korea. That is not supposed to happen *ever*; in this administration it happens regularly. As a result, we do not know who speaks for the administration, and neither do our allies and enemies. Moreover, on those occasions when tough talk comes from the administration, there is no sustained action to back it up; at most we will bomb for a few minutes (our own soldiers—and other U.N. peacekeepers—were attacked far more violently by American fighter planes in northern Iraq than the Serbian army in Bosnia). The result is that our allies have no confidence in us, and our enemies have no respect for us or fear of us—as proved by the Serbs' willingness to continue their advance on Gorazde, after our (leased-to-NATO-under-U.N.-control) fighter planes dropped three bombs on Serbian tanks.

If there is a theme in this administration's foreign policy it is incompetence, and we should not underestimate the degree to which it "explains" what is (and isn't) going on. No one is

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likely to accuse Warren Christopher of having a strategic vision, and the elevation of Talbott to the position of Secretary-in-Waiting was an instant failure. There were too many votes against his confirmation in the Senate to make him a plausible candidate for the top job, and the subsequent criticism of his Bosnia/Russia policy was so intense that a small group—headed by Gore—is now doing an agonizing reappraisal.

But while there may not be actual strategies, there are instincts at work, and the horrible events at Gorazde suggest one of the basic drives: Clinton believes that the big guys ought to get together and figure out what needs to be done. So he's quite comfortable running our Balkan policy through NATO and the U.N., and if the Europeans can't quite get themselves organized and decide upon a common policy, or if the U.N.'s man-on-the-scene isn't comfortable with more bombing, well, we just won't do anything for a while. This approach is of a piece with his domestic policy, which also consists of the big guys (himself, herself, and their friends) telling the little guys (the rest of us) what's good for us.

The second impulse is the president-as-brinksman. Many Clinton watchers have noted a habit of getting right up to the edge before rescuing himself at the last minute, a tendency that is easiest to see in his sexual antics. As the many Arkansas troopers have told us, the thrill of adultery seems to have been enhanced by taking the maximum chance of being discovered. This is the sort of personality that can conjure a crisis out of a sunny day just to get a little thrill, just exactly what Clinton did with the NAFTA Treaty. If ever there were a done deal, it was NAFTA. When Bush signed it, there were only a few little ripples of discontent, and it should have been an easy matter for Clinton to guide it painlessly through Congress. Instead, he virtually ignored it—I am told that, for the thirty days prior to the vote, Clinton had originally budgeted just a couple of days for NAFTA, and the balance for health care, which wouldn't come up for a vote for at least half a year. Once he was in danger of losing it, he threw himself into the battle. You will say that it's hard to figure out where incompetence ends and living on the edge begins, and I agree. But if you add these two ingredients to the Big Government Elitist, it means that countries we're trying to influence will get bolder and bolder. Look at the tongue-lashing the Chinese gave poor Christopher. And look at the reaction of North Korean dictator Kim Il Sung to Clinton's demand that North Korea permit U.N. inspectors to see all the nuclear sites in the country: Kim provided a list of places *he* was prepared to show . . . and we went for it. It also means that there are likely to be some very scary moments ahead, because Clinton likes it that way.

It may be true, as the cynics have long said, that every nation gets the leaders it deserves, but if so, we must have sinned most egregiously. It's a tragic shame, because we were so well placed to reshape the world in our own image, and bequeath a more peaceful and more democratic world to our children. Back when the Evil Empire fell, and the world looked to us for guidance, we had to fight for our values—namely, the establishment of democratic capitalism and acknowledgment of the priority of laws over men and women—and insist that the forces of evil be removed from power whenever possible. But neither Bush nor Clinton was inclined to proclaim the superiority of our methods; Bush because it was not in his nature to do so, Clinton because he does not believe it. He obviously thinks that the Swedish and/or German welfare states are better models. Neither was inclined to insist that the rotten elites of the old tyrannies, whether Communist or not, be judged and condemned for their murderous acts. And so, today, we see the return of the old villains in Central and Eastern Europe, in Russia itself, and even in Africa. (Zaire's Mobutu, for example, left for dead on the political battlefield a few years ago, remains the strongest force in his country.)

Even now, as the antidemocratic forces gather strength and confidence, we may yet salvage something from the wreckage, but there is no hope that Clinton, Christopher, Lake, and Perry have the convictions or the stomach for such a fight. The fight for individual liberty is indivisible, and a president who doesn't understand its importance in foreign policy isn't going to do much to advance it at home. And Clinton, who is probably the president most contemptuous of the citizenry since his hero John F. Kennedy, has shown his true stripes in two events along the Information Highway he purports to admire. First, he proclaimed the National Security Council exempt from the requirements of the Freedom of Information Act, thereby keeping White House foreign policy documents out of the hands of the press and other interested citizens. Had President Reagan done any such thing, we would have heard frantic jeremiads from the media, but surprisingly little has been heard from them on this censorial decision. Second, he went ahead with the terribly misguided "Clipper" chip project, which would insist that anyone in this country using encrypted communications would have to use a government-backed chip with a code that the government could decipher if it wished. This project—now known as the Big Brother Chip in the cyberworld—would bar all other encryption methods (the really secure ones). If this president is delighted to deny us the ability to keep our conversations and faxes private, why should he worry about the return of the *nomenklatura* in Budapest?

The most impressive achievement of Clinton diplomacy to date was Singapore's reducing by two the number of lashes convicted American vandal Michael Fay would receive. Meanwhile, unless events force Clinton to act, we're not going to have an effective Russia or Bosnia policy, and it's likely that Haiti will provide a tragicomic testing ground of this administration's ability to manage a crisis that is more a domestic issue than a challenge to our national security. Kosovo, Macedonia, Korea, and Iran are the future battlefields; whether they become Waterloos or Austerlitzes will depend upon Clinton's ability to recognize the crises before they rage out of control. In Kosovo and Korea, we are going to have to show would-be aggressors that they will not survive the consequences of their aggression. In Iran, we should prevent the mullahs from laying their murderous hands on advanced weapons of mass destruction. But how can Clinton convince Serbs and Koreans to heed his warnings, when he's thwarted by a handful of Haitian thugs on a dock?

Without vision, the people perish. ❐

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Defiant N. Korea tests U.S. effort to control nukes The Washington Times 3/30/93

Russian Reformers Warn of Fascism
Alarm Greets Extremists' Poll Success
The Washington Post 12/14/93

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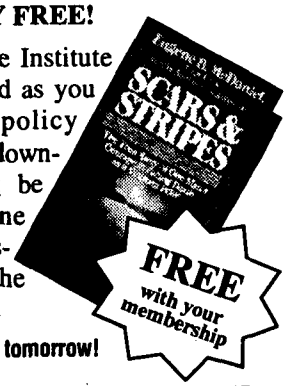

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Au Revoir, Mr. President

by Benjamin J. Stein

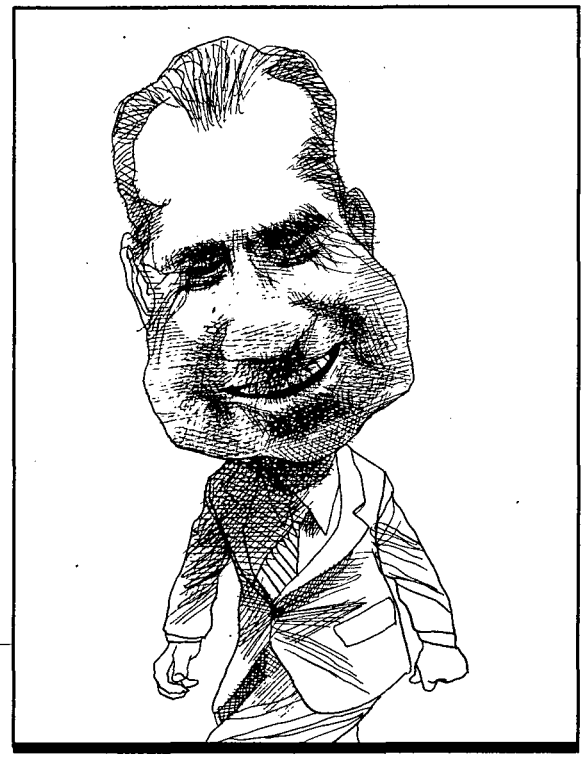
Tuesday

This is news I've been dreading for about twenty years. I'm out at Morton's, and the captain, Todd, comes over to tell me I have a call. It's Bob Long, the news director at Channel 13, where I give a humorous news commentary about twice a month. "President Nixon has had a stroke," Bob says, "and it doesn't look good. So maybe you could come over and be ready to give a commentary before you go home."

I sat at my table with my friends from somewhere and felt dizzy. Many a time I've thought that I just would fade away if something happened to Nixon, and now that time may be at hand. After dinner, after leaving the screaming and drinking and eating of Morton's, I headed across Melrose in my dark car, down darkened streets that seemed darker than usual, as if the light had seeped out of the street lights themselves. As I drove east, I thought of a wooden classroom building at Parkside Elementary School in Silver Spring, Maryland. In 1952 or so, it had been converted into the school library. The latest trove of books included a biography of Richard Nixon, whom I did not know—at age seven—but about whom I was soon to learn. I sat in that wonderful library surrounded by maples and oaks and the perfect eastern smell of new cut grass, and I read about a man who came from nothing, no money, no connections, no family ties, to become a vice-presidential candidate. The book—a quickie campaign bio—said that Nixon had fallen in love with Patricia Ryan so hard that when he was courting her, he would drive her to her other dates and wait for her on her porch just so he could spend more time with her.

This was my kind of guy, and I loved him. The outsider, the loner, the kid from nowhere. He was so in love that he would gladly face humiliation to find his soul-mate. My kind of guy, in a long ago place.

I also liked him as an act of defiance. The place I grew up was—to put it frankly—swarming with Communists and their sympathizers. It was a suburb of Washington, D.C., and I.F. Stone, Vito Marcantonio, and Alger Hiss were the heroes of the shtetl. My own particular next-door neighbors, the Bernsteins, were enthusiastic Marxists and simply hated Nixon. It was a bit of childish rebellion to love the man who drove them crazy. (I should add that the Bernsteins were also incredibly fine neighbors and their children dear friends.)



Also, as Irving Kristol likes to say, the apple does not fall far from the tree. My own mother was the world's leading anti-Communist and had been since her student days at Barnard during the Depression. She had a voluminous mental encyclopedia of who had been named as a Communist and could mentally run her own FBI check in seconds. I guess I picked up some of that from her, although she'll probably deny it.

At the TV station, there was the welcome news that Nixon's condition had improved, and that he was not expected to die any time soon. I wrote my commentary, surrounded by bantering news people who did not seem to realize what a great guy Nixon was. But Bob Long told me that if Nixon was truly improving, he would wait until my next regularly scheduled commentary to have me talk about why I loved Nixon so much.

Again, I got into my car and drove home to the mighty Shoreham Towers. No Maggie the madam to talk to, no Dotty, who was presumably out with one of her multi-millionaire pals, so I lay in bed and thought about RN some more.

"By your friends shall ye be judged," said someone, and maybe you're also judged by your enemies. I have always thought that the real story of Nixon was half about his own brilliance and strength, and half about the mind-boggling tenacity and persistence of his enemies. *Fact*: when you cross the Comintern and screw them up, they don't forgive

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and forget. *Fact*: when you show up some eastern establishment guys as Communist agents, they don't forget either. But *Main Fact*: when you are an unknown guy from Yorba Linda who always has a touching vulnerability, the shtarkers are not going to like the fact that you regularly stand up to them. They are going to hate you forever. It's a curious thing how the people who write about RN always manage to get in that he had astonishing tenacity, but they never mention the amazing tenacity of the Nixon haters.

"Eurasia is at war with Oceania. Eurasia has always been at war with Oceania."

"Love is hate. Freedom is Slavery. War is Peace."

And Richard Nixon, who spent his entire adult life fighting for freedom, is somehow depicted as an enemy of freedom by the haters.

All through the night I awakened and went to my Compuserve for updates. All through the night they said his condition was stable. God, I hope so.

Wednesday

Well, I guess I had better call my pal John Coyne, my fellow speechwriter from the RN days, and hear his thoughts. John is a sober, intelligent guy who's also a poet, and he was incredibly kind to me when I was cracking up back in 1974 when RN resigned. Now he's a speechwriter for a very big company in Chicago.

"He's strong," John said. "He's a fighter. He'll pull through. He always does."

Wimp that I am, I started to cry, and John reassured me some more, but to tell the truth, I'm having a very hard time concentrating on my work and my auditions and my commercials this week.

"Why are you crying all the time, Daddy," Tommy asked.

"Because daddy's friend Nixon is very sick," I said, "and he might die."

"Will you cry as much when he dies as when Trixie died?"

"Probably."

That afternoon, on my way to Malibu to check my mail, I kept thinking about when I started to think of Nixon as my friend. In 1960, when he ran against that movie star, John F. Kennedy, I debated on the Nixon side in history class, but I didn't really cry when he didn't win, although I was sad. I paid hardly any notice when he lost in California in 1962, except to note again the amazing glee of the haters at his humiliation. Even in 1968, when I was about the only guy in my class at Yale Law School to vote for him (and my wife jumped out of a moving car to run away from me because she was so angry at me for voting for him), I still didn't consider him a friend.

I guess I started thinking of him as friend when my father went to work for him as a member and then chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers in 1969. My father had been, since birth, a stone solid braino genius. He had done yeoman service for all of the organizations he worked for—the FDIC, the Navy, the Committee for Economic Development, Brookings—but he was always lonely and (I think) very insufficiently appreciated. But Nixon was different. He treated my father like a king, made him part of the White House circle,

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made him feel for the first time in his life that he was an insider, that he had a club, a frat house, a family. Maybe it was the outsiders' club, but it was real nevertheless. I loved Nixon for that, and considered him my friend. My father's protector is my friend.

But I think I really got to love Nixon in 1972. Bear in mind that like all good spoiled sixties children I had marched against the Vietnam war (I'm still not sure how to think about that) and had shouted "One-Two-Three-Four, Tricky Dick, Stop The War." But I never felt good calling him "Tricky Dick." He never was particularly tricky, and in any event, he wanted to end the war a lot more than I did.

In the fall of '72 I was teaching at U.C. Santa Cruz, the world's most beautiful campus, home of my happiest memories, paradise on earth except for the people. I was there when I actually heard George McGovern on TV say that Richard Nixon was "worse than Hitler"—and the media never raised an eyebrow.

Nothing I've ever heard in political life was as loathsome. How a man who had Jewish friends, was a lifelong friend of Israel, had fought against the Axis, had been a friend of freedom all his life could be called a Nazi by the Democrat standard-bearer was simply beyond me. (The Democrats still owe him a major apology.) And the hippies on the government pad in Santa Cruz were cheering McGovern on. On election night, some kids at College V, where I taught, arranged the chairs in the dining room in a giant swastika to mark Nixon's victory. With enemies like this, Nixon had to be my pal.

I went to work for him in November 1973. I was taken on, largely due to the exertions of my father and his wonderful friend and comrade, Peter Flanigan, even though I had long hair and didn't exactly look Nixonian. I loved the work, even in the worst days. My neighbors, Aram Bakshian and John Coyne, were always nice to me. I had a couch where I could take naps. I worked until midnight almost every night and was happy doing so. It was the least sinister place on earth.

I got to know Julie Nixon Eisenhower, world's saintliest daughter. She and David had me to lunch at the White House Solarium. She was a real, bantering, cheerful, lively person, and through her eyes I saw how her family was suffering. I remember wondering if the Nixon haters realized how much they were hurting this innocent young woman and her family, and then I remembered: they did it partly out of a vestigial (and not so vestigial) command from the Comintern. They also did it just because it did hurt. The Nixon haters are really an item for study by specialists in mental disease, in particular, experts in sadism. The schoolyard bullies endlessly torturing the kid who was artistic and sensitive, whose mother called him Richard instead of Dick . . . that's the basic story of Richard Nixon and his enemies, even more basic than crossing the powers that be. Or maybe it's the same story—after all, what are Communists if not bullies?

How I wish I had made a movie of those final days at the White House: Dave Gergen desperately trying to get himself into neutral territory; John Coyne ever more humorous and utterly unafraid; Aram Bakshian ever wittier; Ann Morgan, our research chief, lighting our lives with her beauty; Ken Khachigian and his diehard devotion; Pat Buchanan even more so. And Ron Ziegler always friendly, always kind; Ray Price scholarly and aloof; his secretary Margaret Foote, telling me on the night RN resigned that I must go out with my head held high and not let the reporters see me crying.

The last week of RN's presidency, I sent Price a memo suggesting that RN go on TV and make his case: Yes, I made mistakes, but I didn't have call girls in the White House and I didn't have Mafia pals. Yes, I made mistakes, but I didn't build a TV empire completely on peddling influence. Yes, I made mistakes, but I didn't secretly tape record Martin Luther King, Jr. having sex and play it to amuse racist senators. Yes, presidents make mistakes. But I brought peace to Vietnam, saved Israel, and stood up to the Russians, opened up China, sowed the seeds of a generation of peace. Wouldn't you please let me—with my faults—continue to work for peace? I still think it was a good idea.

Out on my deck in Malibu, looking at the stars over Broad Beach, I kept thinking of a civil rights song, "We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace, we shall live in peace someday."

Friday

This afternoon, I had a strange, sad, uneasy feeling all too like the feeling I had about twelve years ago when dear Martha Dauman, a wonderful friend, was about to die. I decided that I needed a change. I took Tommy and Alex to a delicatessen for dinner. Driving over, a few minutes before six, I had a terrible tugging feeling in my chest and a wild, uncontrolled chaos in my brain. It was exactly like what I had that night in 1983 when Martha Dauman died. But I heard nothing on the radio, went ahead with my sandwich, and then after dinner lay down on Tommy's little bed for a nap. When I awoke, I called my answering machine: ten messages. All from TV stations and networks telling me that RN had died at 6:08 p.m. my time and would I please be on their station to talk about him.

Oh, I thought to myself, if I told you what I'd like to say about what you did to this man, you wouldn't ever air it. So I went on Channel 13 and on local CBS and said what Carl Curtis had said in 1973 when someone told him he might be the only senator who voted to acquit Nixon. "It doesn't matter," he said. "I will never turn my back on Richard Nixon, the peacemaker."

Tuesday

I heard about fifty times today that Nixon's body was lying in state in the Nixon Library—where I'd had a nice talk with RN in January. After appearing on many TV shows today to talk about RN's accomplishments ("How history judges me," said RN, "will depend on who writes the history."), I gathered my friend Craig into my car and headed far off into the wilds of Orange County to pay my respects.

To get to the Nixon Library, you drive east past Glendale and Pasadena, then south past San Dimas, and then east again past Placentia and Yorba Linda, places that have palm trees and warm winters, but are more Iowa than Hollywood. The trip down was extremely long—about one hour from Hollywood at freeway speed. It was uneventful except for my companion's endless questions about people in the business and his sudden theft of my last diet root beer. But when we got off on Yorba Linda Boulevard and headed east for a few miles we saw a sight like I've

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never seen before. It was a throng, an army of fans and admirers, Nixon's secret army, turning out in the hundreds of thousands on a cold, wet night, jamming the area for miles around by car and on foot, faces radiant, set, intent, almost glowing with the need to bear witness, to testify to their love of the man who kept his promises to them. The real silent majority had turned out to say good-bye to the man who stood for what they stood for and who had brought them back from Vietnam. There were so many of them, and so few reporters or news cameras to tell the tale of a man who could bring out the crowds even in death.

They were a quiet crowd, and yet I thought I could hear them singing something very much like "We Shall Overcome." I wished they could have also sung, "The Whole World is Watching," but I alone was there to tell the truth of how it was.

At midnight, I got a soda and headed back to Hollywood, back through towns like Yorba Linda and Placentia and San Dimas, places where even Richard Nixon has got soul.

As I watched the blur of Pasadena and Glendale and their endless car dealerships and billboards, and thought of Nixon and his enemies in Manhattan and on Martha's Vineyard and in Georgetown, I thought of Nick Carraway's final words to the ultimate outsider, Jay Gatsby—who was about to enter immortality after having been dumped and tricked and framed by the swells and the old money. "You're worth the whole damn bunch put together," Carraway said, and the same to you, Mr. President, from little me and the people who stood silently on a dank night in Yorba Linda.

Wednesday

Alex and I drove down to Yorba Linda along the same route I took last night. It was another cold, leaden day. We talked about old times. C-Span, world's best TV network, had been running RN's farewell to the staff of August 9, 1974. We talked about his magnificent words that horrible day. "We must always believe it's a new beginning," he said. "The young must know it. The old must know it. Always a new beginning."

Then he spoke about his father and the lemon ranch they owned, the poorest lemon ranch in California, which his father sold before they discovered oil on it. And he talked about his mother, the saint. He spoke about the White House. "It's not the grandest home of a national leader or the most magnificent. But it's the best house because it has the best people in it." Then he said some words I cry over whenever they come to mind. "The French have a word for it. '*Au revoir.*' Not good-bye, '*au revoir*,' because we'll see you again."

I hope he's still right about that.

We parked at the Yorba Linda town hall. Then we got on a bus with Roy and Lila Ash and David Kissinger, Henry's son, and headed over to the library. We passed through a forest of TV cameras and trailers, then through some metal detectors, and found our seats. I saw a slew of old pals from the White House days: eternally wonderful Patti Matson, now a major honcho at Capital Cities-ABC; lovely, heartbroken Rose Woods; my ideal, Peter Flanigan, and his glamorous wife, Brigid; "Haldeman's

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Haldeman" Fred Malek, now a major investor; my favorite congressman, Bob Dornan; Governor Whitman; fine, dignified Jack Drown, who knew RN since he and Pat were courting. I talked to these nice people, shivered in the cold, went back to my chair and got my camel's hair coat—bought in 1965 at Brooks Brothers for $95 while I was shopping with the saintly Mary Just (now a major Friend of Bill)—and headed for Bob Tyrrell to talk more.

After a few minutes, the Clinton plane came in with many, many more senators and old Nixon hands. There was Jim Lynn, and there Steve Bull, and there that creep, Elliot Richardson, and then past them, but certainly not on Clinton's plane, Ted Agnew, who had once been my governor. Then, to my delighted eye, appeared my glorious parents. My mother's eyes were overflowing with tears and my father seemed heavily weighted with loss. I was still thrilled to see them and hug them. They passed by to sit behind Julie and David and the Presidents.

What can I say about the ceremony? The image that lingers in my mind is of a Latino Marine drummer striking the muffled drums, then standing with his arms tightly at attention at his sides, his hands clenched in fists. The Secret Service kept blocking my view, and finally I asked them to move, which they grudgingly did. The speeches were good. Kissinger's, which was the most personal and the grandest, was the best. I love Bob Dole for crying at the end of his. I have always liked Billy Graham, and today, I even liked Bill Clinton for his kind, kind words. Maybe they're politically motivated, and in fact I am sure they are. Still, he was a lot better about RN than I thought he would be. It's better to be too gullible than too suspicious. For this one day, I am going to like Clinton. (Tomorrow is another day.)

When the cannon sounded, car alarms in the neighborhood went off. Then the four jets in close formation swooped down. I think that's the most magnificent material, man-made gesture I've seen. I want them at my funeral. As Billy Graham spoke at the interment, out of my view, the whole crowd broke into tears. This is it, I thought. The end.

There was a reception inside the Nixon Library afterwards. Alex and I got to go to the private, ultra-fancy one because we were with my parents. I saw Clinton and herself there, along with George and Barbara Bush. I talked for a while with Al Haig and then with Steve Bull and then went to find some water. I passed by Dave Gergen, who cut me as dead as dead can be. I signed autographs for Don Nixon's grandchildren. Then Alex and I stood in the receiving line for an hour to shake hands with Julie and Tricia. We visited for a long time with Roger Stone, a giant political consultant. Then we spoke briefly to Julie. She took both of our hands in hers and asked that we come see her outside Philadelphia. She and Tricia looked tired (God, how tired they must be . . .) but strong.

Rain began to fall heavily outside. I walked back to the room where the exhibits of Julie and Tricia's weddings were, with life-size mannequins wearing their wedding dresses. Near that spot, just three months ago, I had a talk with Nixon at the ceremony marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of his 1969 inaugural. "Still have all those dogs?" he asked me. "Still acting? Stick with the acting. Writing's too lonely. How's your mother? Still writing all those letters? Tell your father to keep sending me his articles," said RN, with a smile.

Every few months for the last couple of years, I've been sending RN notes telling him, in my usual form, that our family not only liked him, but loved him. I think that's why he was always so friendly.

Anyway, as I looked at the exhibit of a happier day, I suddenly, with a start, realized that I could see through the nearby window to Richard Nixon's casket in the rain. It was still on some kind of catafalque or stand. One ranger in Dress Blues stood over it at attention in the rain. "Army Blue, Army Blue, Hurrah for the Army Blue," I thought to myself. There he is, all alone while the party's going on inside at his own Library. How like Nixon to have given us this great party, this fabulous party celebrating a generation of peace and the end of the Cold War, and to be outside in the rain while we all enjoy his gifts.

Nixon and his enemies: You're better than the lot of them, Mr. President. ❐

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The Politics of Business

by Grover G. Norquist

On April 5, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce fired senior vice president Bill Archey. Archey, an architect of business community collaboration with the Clinton administration, had come to personify the U.S. Chamber's abandonment of free market principles for "pragmatism" and "being in the room when the decisions are made."

Following Archey's dismissal, the Chamber repudiated its previous statements in support of a government mandate that all employers provide health insurance and stated its strong opposition to the Clinton health-care plan, even as a starting point for debate on health-care reform.

The administration's fifteen-month siege of the Chamber has apparently been lifted, marking an important milestone in the Clinton presidency. The nation's largest business association has decided that it is now safe, desirable, and necessary to oppose Clintonism: safe, because of Clinton's political weakness; desirable, because of competition from other business groups and criticism from members, directors, and congressional allies; necessary, because of the radicalism of Clinton's policies and appointees.

Since his election, Clinton has worked hard to court business. He's met with more Fortune 500 CEOs than either Bush or Reagan did. In his first year he addressed the U.S. Chamber and the National Federation of Independent Business annual meetings. He personally lobbied Saudi Arabia to buy American planes.

Yet just as Clinton's health-care scheme is based on European models, so too is Clinton's vision of the proper relationship between the government and large corporations. The partnership he envisions would certainly change the balance of political power in America by capturing, or at least neutralizing, American business, long presumed to be a conservative or at least Republican bastion.

Like Marxists worldwide, the American left always had an exaggerated view of the political power of American business. In their view, the capitalists had all the money and property and since political power necessarily flows from economic power, America must be run by and for corporate interests.

It was not an implausible theory. In the U.S. today there are more than 18 million businesses, including sole proprietorships, partnerships, farms, and small firms. America has more businesses than it has union members. In the 1991–92 electoral cycle, business PACs contributed $127 million, compared to the $43 million raised and spent by union PACs. Business muscle, however, has not translated into political strength. In recent years alone, business lost on a number of issues—the Clean Air Act, quotas, the Americans With Disabilities Act, mandated family leave, minimum wage increases—that slow the economy and will cost billions.

Free-market congressmen and staffers point to five reasons for this political failure.

First, business leaders too often confuse access and influence with power. Access means that if your PAC contributes to a politician he will allow you to drop by and visit while you are in Washington. Influence is being in the room when the politicians decide to raise taxes on your industry and thanks to your large contributions to the committee chairman and his friends on the committee your taxes will increase by only half as much. Power is the ability to defeat elected politicians.

In politics, only power matters. The late California assembly speaker Jesse Unruh distilled the contempt politicians have for those who buy access when he said, "If you can't take their money, screw their women, and still vote against them, you don't belong in this business."

While business PAC spending is three times greater than labor's, fully 79 percent of business PAC contributions go to incumbents to buy access or protection. Business PACs spend only 8 percent of their donations on challengers and 12 percent on open seats. Labor unions spend only 64 percent on incumbents and 18 percent on challengers and 19 percent on open seats.

In fact, in the 1991-92 election cycle, business PACs gave more of their money to Democrats (53 percent) than to Republicans (47 percent). Labor PACs, less inclined to be bipartisan, gave 94 percent to Democrats and only 6 percent to Republicans.

Second, in their shortsighted quest for access, trade associations and corporations often hire Democratic Capitol Hill staffers to represent their interests in Washington. The thinking is that the former staffer will open doors to his ex-boss. But it usually works the other way around. Joe O'Neill, a former staffer for Lloyd Bentsen hired by the American [now National] Retail Federation, was supposed to influence this key Democrat on the Finance Committee. Instead, in 1988, when other business groups asked the Retail Federation to help them fight the value-added tax, the federation declined: Bentsen was running for vice president and O'Neill didn't want any anti–tax efforts to embarrass the Democratic ticket.

Business must understand the premium Democrats place on party loyalty. In early 1993, word went out from the Democratic National Committee that any Democrat who provided serious opposition to the

Grover G. Norquist is the president of Americans for Tax Reform.

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Clinton health plan would be kept off all Democratic campaign work now and in the future. There are today scores of former Democratic staffers going through the motions of opposing Clinton while deliberately failing to defend the interests of their corporate employers.

Third, the business community allows itself to be divided. The spirits industry doesn't oppose higher taxes on beer and wine. The American Gas Association doesn't object to gasoline taxes. Worst of all, small business groups are too easily bought off in fights over mandates, regulations, and taxes by exemptions for businesses with fewer than, say, 100 employees. Solidarity between large and small businesses would have stopped a lot of bad legislation in its tracks.

Fourth, business fails to build coalitions with outside groups. When the government wanted to increase the Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) standards that forced cars to be smaller to get higher gas mileage, the strongest opposition came from pro–family groups that wanted large cars for their families. But one leading lobbyist for the car companies said openly, "I would rather lose that than win with 'those folks.' " Dick Lesher, the president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, had not even met Phyllis Schlafly until 1984. With fewer resources than most Fortune 500 companies spend on their Washington office annually (to lose gracefully) Schlafly had defeated the entire establishment drive for the Equal Rights Amendment.

Fifth, any industry that benefits from one government program can be cross–pressured into neutrality or even support for bad policy elsewhere. If Dick Armey is ever successful in cutting off agricultural subsidies, three million farmers will be liberated to become a tremendous lobby against higher taxes and regulations. Similarly, the reason to close down the Small Business Administration is not simply to save taxpayers $300 million, but to redirect the effort some small firms put into chasing after government largesse into the larger fight against taxes and regulations.

The situation is not hopeless. In fact, recent trends suggest that business is becoming a stronger free-market voice, thanks in part to the efforts of a group of Republican congressmen determined to act as a counterweight to Democratic pressure.

When the U.S. Chamber endorsed the Clinton budget in February 1993, the Conservative Opportunity Society, the caucus of activist Republicans led by Ohio Rep. John Boehner, began a year–long campaign to turn the Chamber around. Republicans boycotted a Chamber awards event. Boehner and colleagues Tom DeLay, Dick Armey, and Chris Cox alerted hundreds of state and local chambers. Conservative activist and Loctite Corporation founder Bob Krieble funded two hour–long shows on the Chamber for National Empowerment Television. One of the videos, featuring Krieble and former Chamber chief economist Richard Rahn, was mailed out to state and local chambers.

When the Chamber last fall sent up testimony to the Hill in support of mandated insurance benefits, Boehner organized a phone and mail blitz to the Chamber board of directors and local chambers. The Small Business Survival Committee, led by veteran conservative activist Karen Kerrigan, sent an anti-mandate letter from previous Chamber chairmen of the board to the current Chamber board. She also alerted 500 radio talk shows and spent a month speaking to radio audiences about the threat the Chamber-backed mandate posed to small businesses.

This multi-faceted one-year campaign resulted in Archey's firing and the resignation of Robert Patricelli, the board member who most strongly supported mandates. (Patricelli was also president of an HMO group that stood to benefit from the Clinton proposal.)

The Chamber's leftward drive, incidentally, was not a matter of Archey acting alone. As early as 1983 Democrats began a campaign to intimidate and neutralize the Chamber. Rep. Tony Coelho urged Democratic colleagues to boycott the Chamber's television shows in protest against the Chamber's endorsement of pro-business Republicans. What was remarkable about 1993 was not that politicians were lobbying the U.S. Chamber, but that Republican congressmen finally joined the fray.

Another welcome trend is the radicalization of the small business community—a direct result of the Clintons' unbridled contempt for the independent small businessman. As Karen Kerrigan points out, "There is no role for small business in Bill Clinton's vision of the future. There is only big government and friendly, tame, subsidized, and regulated big companies."

On May 11, Kerrigan released a survey by the Luntz Research Companies that asked 500 small businesses how they responded to the 1993 tax hikes. Fully 14 percent said they'd laid off at least one worker. Twenty–six percent postponed planned expansion and 28 percent raised prices. Since there are five million small firms that employ workers, this translates to a minimum of 700,000 jobs destroyed by the 1993 Clinton tax hike. A second question asked how the 500 small firms would respond to a health-care mandate. Fourteen percent would let at least one employee go and 13 percent would go out of business.

In Kerrigan's view, Clinton knows full well the damage done to small business by taxes, mandates, and regulations. Because small businesses are independent and want nothing from government other than to be left alone, Clinton has no use for them and wants fewer of them around come 1996. "His IRS is trying to force self-employed consultants to become full-time employees of other firms," Kerrigan says, pointing to one concrete way in which Clinton views small businessmen as "class enemies to be crushed."

Even the leaders of large companies are becoming alarmed at Clinton's anti-business policies. In April, when Clinton's approval/disapproval rating among the general public was a relatively high 51-42, a Gallup survey for *Forbes* magazine found that 75 percent of leading CEOs disapprove of Clinton's performance and only 21 percent approve. When Clinton saw that the CEOs of America weren't buying, he ordered the White House to work directly with the more pliable companies' Washington lobbyists—many of them former Democratic staffers on Capitol Hill.

These are no longer the 1950s and 60s, when fights between business and labor were relatively honest, in that each had an interest in a growing economy. Today's business world faces unions made up of Clintonite government workers and Al Gore's environmental activists, people who would like nothing better than seeing certain industries—tobacco, lead, grazing, and mining—driven out of business. A business community facing such uncompromising enemies will either learn to gain and wield political power or lose everything. ❐

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Shameless in Seattle

by Terry Eastland

Whatever you may think of Jack Kevorkian, the Michigan "Doctor of Death," he's less of a threat to the Constitution than a federal district judge sitting in Seattle, Washington. On May 3—one day after a Michigan jury acquitted Kevorkian of charges that he had violated a state law prohibiting physician-assisted suicide—Judge Barbara Rothstein took it upon herself to strike down a similar Washington state law. In a breathtaking display of judicial activism, Rothstein became the first federal judge ever to declare that the Constitution protects a right to physician-assisted suicide.

Unfortunately for conservatives, her opinion does not provide a politically unambiguous target. Although a Democrat appointed in 1980 by Jimmy Carter, Rothstein based much of her argument on the judicial handwork of Supreme Court justices appointed by Republican presidents. If anyone still thinks that political conservatism has put a halt to judicial activism, Rothstein's decision in *Compassion in Dying* v. *State of Washington* offers sobering evidence to the contrary.

The plaintiffs included three terminally ill patients (two of whom died after filing), five doctors who treat such patients, and a group called "Compassion in Dying," whom Rothstein characterized as a provider of "support, counseling and assistance to mentally competent, terminally ill adults considering suicide." The law they challenged reads: "A person is guilty of promoting a suicide attempt when he knowingly causes or aids another person to attempt suicide."

Bear in mind that their lawsuit did not argue against this statute merely on the basis of the "right of privacy" that the Supreme Court first announced in 1965 and employed in 1973 in *Roe* v. *Wade* (written by Nixon appointee Harry Blackmun) to invalidate fifty state laws regulating abortion. Had the *Roe* lawsuit been brought even three years ago, the plaintiffs would have doubtless contended that the mushy, unenumerated privacy right encompasses not only abortion but also physician-assisted suicide. But they had something else to work with: the Supreme Court's 1992 decision in *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*, which proved to be the real inspiration for Rothstein's ruling.

Casey upheld four of five state abortion regulations, but its historical importance lay in a subtle doctrinal change it introduced. Asked (one more time) to consider overruling *Roe*, the court, in an unusual joint opinion written by Reagan appointees Anthony Kennedy and Sandra Day O'Connor and Bush appointee David Souter, not only affirmed *Roe*'s "central holding" but went on to move the abortion right from shaky constitutional footing—privacy—to seemingly firmer ground: the word "liberty" as it is found in the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that no state may "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Rejecting original constitutional meaning, *Casey* defined "liberty" in sweeping terms:

> [T]he most intimate and personal choices a person may make in a lifetime, choices central to personal dignity and autonomy, are central to the liberty protected by the Fourteenth Amendment. At the heart of liberty is the right to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life.

In a withering dissent, Justice Antonin Scalia (for the record: a Reagan appointee) pointed out that under this definition "liberty" could encompass "homosexual sodomy, polygamy, adult incest, and suicide." Yes, suicide. The plaintiffs in Rothstein's court read *Casey*'s joint opinion as capaciously as Scalia warned, asserting, as Rothstein put it, "the existence of a liberty interest protected by the Fourteenth Amendment which extends to a personal choice ... to commit physician-assisted suicide."

Quoting from the "heart of liberty" passage in *Casey*, Rothstein was quick to agree with the plaintiffs. While acknowledging that

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Casey involved "a woman's right to choose abortion" and did not address the liberty interest at stake in a terminally ill person's choice to commit suicide, she nonetheless called *Casey*'s pronouncement on liberty "highly instructive and almost prescriptive on the latter issue." She drew again on *Casey*'s specific language: "The decision of a terminally ill person to end his or her life 'involves the most intimate and personal choices a person may make in a lifetime' and constitutes a 'choice central to personal dignity and autonomy.'"

For reinforcement Rothstein turned to another recent Supreme Court decision, *Cruzan* v. *Director, Missouri Department of Health* (1990). This was the case in which the court was asked to declare that a competent person has a constitutionally protected "liberty interest" in refusing unwanted, life-sustaining medical treatment including artificially delivered food and water essential to life. Writing for the majority, Chief Justice William Rehnquist (both a Nixon and Reagan appointee) did not quite declare such a right but conceded that it "may be inferred from our prior decisions." (It was left to Scalia to say that the Constitution protects no such right and that the court should have announced "clearly and promptly that the federal courts have no business in this field.") Rothstein expressed her confidence that the Supreme Court, presented with a new case, would reaffirm Rehnquist's "tentative conclusion in *Cruzan*." Thus, for Rothstein, the only question was whether you can distinguish constitutionally between a right to refuse treatment without which a person dies and a right to physician-assisted suicide. And Rothstein couldn't. "The liberty interest protected by the Fourteenth Amendment," she declared, in a passage worthy of Kennedy, O'Connor, and Souter, "is the freedom to make choices according to one's individual conscience about those matters which are essential to personal autonomy and basic human dignity."

While opinions written by Republican appointees proved useful clay in Rothstein's hands, it must be said that this judge demonstrated more than a little arrogance of her own. It is one thing for a lower court judge to follow Supreme Court precedents, quite another for one to make such a controversial and unprecedented ruling. A more modest judge would have waited for the Supreme Court to address explicitly the question of a constitutional right to physician-assisted suicide. Moreover, the statute Rothstein invalidated had been on the books 140 years, and less than three years ago the people of Washington had voted in a referendum *against* physician-assisted suicide. A more modest judge would have been troubled by such a cavalier denial of the constitutional right to self-government.

Sensible liberals aren't cheering Rothstein, and indeed the *Washington Post* editorialized that her decision "is an unprecedented extension of the law, and a dangerous one." These liberals are well aware of the damage to representative government done by *Roe* and are loath to see a repeat on another divisive moral issue.

It is axiomatic that once judges declare a constitutional right, the people are no longer free to decide the issue democratically. When that declared right cannot be found in the text or history of the Constitution, as occurred in *Roe*, the decision is likely to be less respected, and the loss of the right to self-government even more sharply felt, especially when the issue involves deeply held moral beliefs. *Roe* precipitated a bitter cultural war that still continues, *Casey* notwithstanding. The country would have been far better off had the Supreme Court in *Roe* stayed its hand and permitted the people of the states to decide abortion policy. And the country will be better off, with respect to suicide and "mercy killing," if the Supreme Court allows the people of the states to determine their own policies—which, the state of Washington now excepted, is precisely what has been happening, as witness the workings of the democratic process in California, Oregon, and Michigan, among other states.

To ensure that the right to democratic self-government is retained on issues of life and death, the Supreme Court might have to reverse Judge Rothstein (if her case is appealed all the way up). In that event, Justices Kennedy, Souter, and O'Connor would have a chance to place some limits on the generous definition of liberty they declared in *Casey*. I'm not sure they'd actually do that, but I haven't given up hope. ❐

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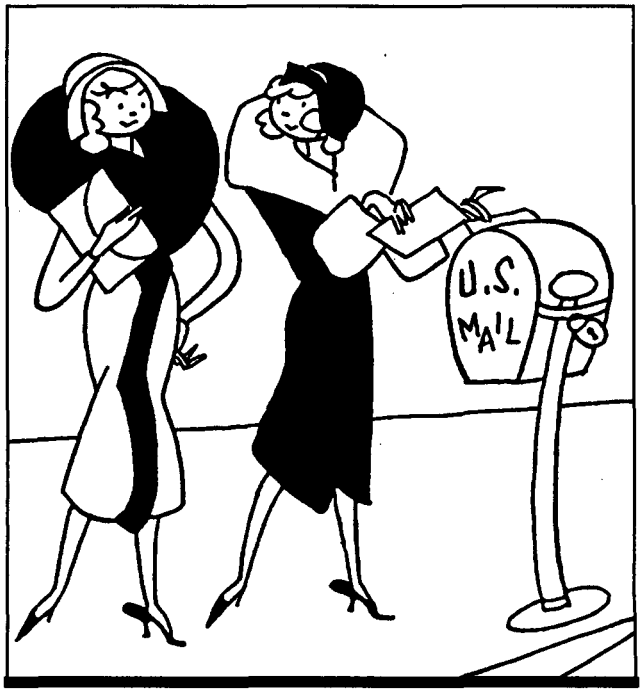
No More Secrets

by Edward Conlon

The Mayor's Office for Midtown Enforcement is not opposed to fun, in general or in principle, though not everyone sees it this way. Opponents are apt to call it a collection of spoilsports, killjoys, and busybodies, the butt-end of a baleful puritan tradition. The OME might rejoin that the law is on its side, and those who aren't tend to be pimps, johns, card sharks, and drug dealers. The office was created in 1976, when the fiscal crisis forced police layoffs and Times Square was at its sleazy apogee, the glistening and grim *noir* backdrop of *Taxi Driver*. Crime was not just in the open, it was aggressively advertised, and the employees of flourishing Mafia-run massage parlors were proficient in pickpocketing and violent robbery as well as illegal forms of relaxation therapy. The OME began with a $500,000 federal grant and the use of attorneys, inspectors, and other personnel from a variety of city agencies, and set about closing brothels, gambling dens, and the haunts of drug dealers under the Nuisance Abatement Law. Last year, the OME conducted sixty such raids, of which one-third were directed against houses of prostitution.

Recently, I met with Bill Daly, Karen Marks, and Norman Dion of the OME, as well as a squad of police from the Midtown South precinct, to visit an establishment called "Secrets of the Orient" on Twenty-third Street. I had giddy expectations of scenes of kicked-in doors, wise-cracking madams, the flurried hiking of trousers and skirts, and stockbrokers grabbing for fedora and champagne bottle *en route* to the alley window. I was foolish. For one, Secrets was located on the ninth floor, an unusual and inconvenient arrangement for the lunch-time and after-work drop-in crowd. For another, there were no johns there at the time. For yet a third, there were to be no arrests; names were to be collected, doors padlocked, and sheaves of legal documents to be served for violations of the building and zoning codes, administrative law, penal law, public health law, and, of course, education law—the practice of massage without a license. Some adult drama might have been provided by the large doberman pinscher that padded about, but it was promptly secured in a back room.

Secrets is, or was, a "classic Korean massage parlor," said Daly. The decor was spartan and slightly shabby, with touches of the Asian, the racy, and the bizarre. The lobby was painted pale pink and had a zebra-pattern rug, an oriental screen and a folded futon. On a cabinet for towels, baby oil, and isopropyl alcohol were a pair of steel vases with a spray of forsythia and a squat pineapple. A five-dollar bill and two singles were taped to the wall, upside down, and there were beeper numbers and notes in Korean scribbled beside. A small stack of reading material contained *Entrepreneur* magazine and a novel called *Desire*, by Amanda Quick, subtitled, "She summoned a noble knight but got the man they called the hellhound." Asked about a wall decoration adorned with dragons and a red ribbon, Dion said, "That's a wall decoration with a bunch of dragons on it." More helpfully, he added, "Red is considered to be good luck. Probably not today, though."



Seven women, who appeared to be in their twenties and thirties, sat against one wall on the covered radiator. One of them was the *ajama*, or madam. Most were dressed fairly casually, in stretch pants and sweaters, and most appeared to be bored by the proceeding. One young woman cried, quietly, and another was the joyful embodiment of what the Presbyterian of yesteryear would have denounced as a "brazen strumpet": she laughed and winked at the policemen, referred to them as "baby," rolling her eyes and yawning in mock-tedium. Her hair was plentiful and spiky in the manner of Tina Turner, and she wore a stars-and-stripes bikini whose upper section barely contained what she told Karen Marks was $8,000 worth of silicone. Dion

Edward Conlon is a writer living in the Bronx.

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supervised the affair, taking names and addresses, explaining legal actions, and making sure the women took only their own possessions, not what went with "the house." After each woman was identified, she was sent into another room to dress to go home. Most of the women were legal aliens, having come to America as dependents of soldiers, but they were nonetheless given a number for an immigration hotline. And although most of the massage parlors are run by women, they were also given pamphlets from a center for battered Asian women.

Dion was polite but stern, and the women alternated between rapid Korean and a melodic broken English as the instructions and comments flew back and forth: "This is a summons. Nobody's getting arrested. Read these or give it to your attorney, okay? You don't come back here, okay? Don't come back unless you get permission from the court."

"What are we gonna do then! Oh, no!" moaned Tina Turner, touching her cheek like Little Nell. "Hurry up! I hungry!"

"The longer this takes, the longer you're gonna be here."

"Why you no let me take make-up case?"

"My coat! I live in Bronx! I catch cold!"

"Where do you keep the book, ajama?"

"What book?"

"The book where you keep track of all the customers."

"Find it! Baby! Ha!" said the irrepressible Ms. Turner.

Amid the familiar dross of the routine—Dion and ajama knew each other, in each of their professional capacities, from a previous raid—we were diverted by the arrival of a large, bearded man in his mid-forties, in a green nylon baseball jacket and knit cap. He looked baffled, evidently the intellectual worse for the physical tensions that he presumed would presently find release. In spite of the throng of police, he stepped out into the hall as the elevator door closed behind him. An officer asked, "Excuse me, sir, can I help you?" The response was a terse negative. "Then I guess you don't belong here." He turned around to face the elevator and stood, silent, like the class dunce sent to the corner. It was

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several leisurely minutes before the elevator returned to take him away.

Dion decided that it was also time for the women to depart. "You're all done, ajama. No, you *are* dressed. You got your bag, that's it. Quiet, you listen to me—that stuff stays here. I'm not saying this again. Ajama, tell her, I don't let her come out with the house. We're not going around in circles. When ajama comes back, ask her where your coat is.

"Everybody go! Ba-di-ga! Right now! Ba-di-ga! Go!" he barked, in bilingual ultimatum. The women laughed at his Korean, correcting it gently as they nonetheless obliged him. "They seem to be in a frolicky mood today," said Daly. One still lacked a coat, and protested loudly as the group moved to the elevator. There was a final round of hectic negotiations with a policeman—

"I need coat!"

"No, no calls."

"No, 'coat.'"

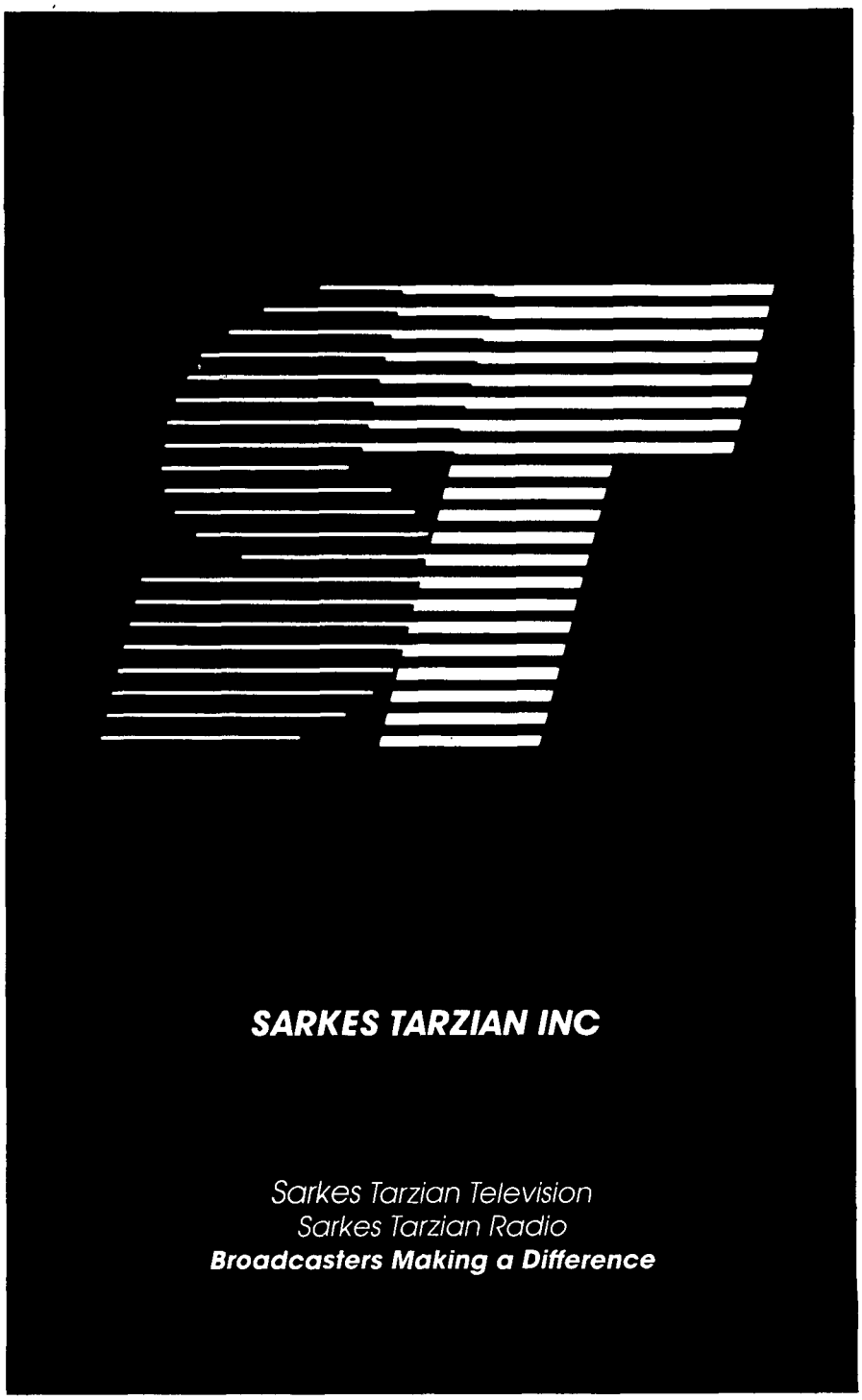
"Oh, coat, why didn't you say so?"—and he grabbed a long woolen overcoat from the closet and tossed it to her.

"My hero!" said Tina Turner, hammering home the resemblance by bursting into song, "We don't need another hero ..."

Out of earshot of the police, ajama's English appeared to improve, and her speech was decidedly less affable: "This is permission for robbery!" She further remarked that if she was back in Korea, she would tell the Americans to go home, which struck me as more defiant of logic than imperialism.

Dion agreed, at least, that the day had been an expensive one for ajama. A massage begins at $40, and other favors can increase the price fivefold; there were five cubicles, and the business was open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. From other cases, it was estimated that revenues might be "a couple of million a year." There was a "Joker Poker" video game in the back, though Daly said that its earnings often came largely from the women themselves. According to Dion, the number of brothels in the jurisdiction was decreasing, over all, and fewer and fewer could afford the cost of reopening after a raid: "Generally, the operators of these places tend to disappear into the wind. The penalty they pay is the loss of the place." The landlord would suffer the loss of rent for the several months it would take to negotiate a settlement on the civil penalties. In addition, the subsequent tenants would be subject to screening by the city.

"People just don't want these places around," said Daly. "Surrounding businesses complain, and so do other neighbors. Johns come by late at night, drunk, they pee on the sidewalk and ring the wrong bells." But the prime mover behind the closing of Secrets of the Orient was, in fact, an anonymous competitor. There had been a spate of calls to 911 that prompted emergency visits to the brothel: false reports of fires, women shot, weapons complaints, and other crimes. The abatement of nuisance which was chiefly sought was that caused the police and fire departments. Daly, for one, is not vexed by the irony: "Sooner or later, we'll try to get to all of them. If they help us along, that's fine by us." ❐



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Don't Know Much About History

by James Bowman

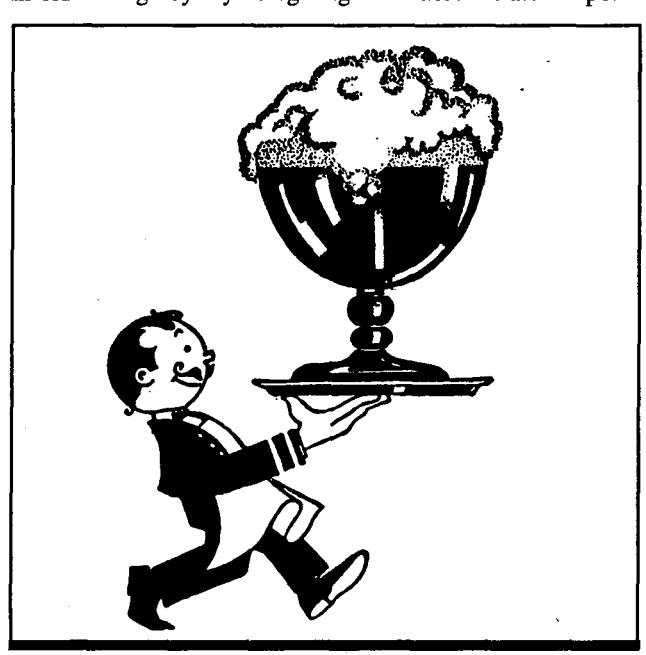
In Mick Jackson's ***Clean Slate***, Dana Carvey finds every morning when he wakes up that he has completely forgotten what happened the day before and that he must start his life again from scratch. This promising comic idea gets lost in an over-complicated plot and various subplots, but there are moments when we catch a glimpse of what it could have been. Thrown into the classic nightmare situation where he is called upon to speak to a strange audience without having the foggiest idea of what he is supposed to be talking about or even who he is supposed to be, for example, he points at an indecipherable color slide that he is expected to comment on and says: "I think this one is self-explanatory."

In another scene he listens to the messages on his answering machine which all consist of cryptic phrases like "It's me," "Why don't you call?", "It's crucial that you call me at the office," and so forth, none of which makes any sense to him. When he goes to visit his mother in a nursing home and is greeted by an old woman calling him "son," he naturally greets her as "mother" until it transpires that she suffers from Alzheimer's disease and has greeted him at random. These are potentially brilliant illustrations of the film's epigraph, taken from a certain Dr. Korshakoff, about how memory is the only thing that stands between us and chaos, but there are too few such moments. They should not be seen as jokes among other jokes but as nicely judged analogies revealing of our national state of mind.

For the Man Who Couldn't Remember is a synecdoche for America's chronically forgetful culture. One of the infallible marks of barbarism is that it has no capacity for imagining how other cultures are different from itself. And worse even than the boorish tourist who doesn't understand why them gol'durned fur'ners can't talk Yewnited States is the boorish reader or filmgoer who doesn't understand that his own culture has not always been the way that it is now. I think that films like *Bad Girls* and *Maverick* must appeal to such people—people who must think it fun to watch their favorite stars in Western fancy dress pretending, with no serious attempt to be convincing about it, that they are handy with a shooting iron and can do all that other cowboy stuff.

I don't mean to say that the old Westerns were authentic representations of the way it really was in the Old West. But they were conscious of a historical distance and turned it to advantage by mythologizing. Like most of the great heroic and romantic tales in history, they looked back to a time when there were giants in the earth, when men were of heroic stature and did great deeds that are not done anymore. Mystery and romance used to be an essential part of the Western, but postmodern demythologization is as essential to a film like Richard Donner's ***Maverick***.

The film begins with Mel Gibson (playing the eponymous hero) sitting on a horse with his hands tied behind him and a noose, attached to a dead tree-limb, around his neck. He has been left alone in a desolate spot by a gang of obvious villains led by one Angel (a little irony there). Even more insistently than it usually does in these cases, the question arises why Angel and his boys don't just plug him instead of going to all the trouble of finding a burlap bag full of rattlesnakes that they release at the feet of Gibson's increasingly skittish horse before riding, conveniently, away. But Donner, having realized that there is no point in pretending that *anyone* in the audience believes Mel Gibson's character is in real danger at this point, has simply gone for a laugh by spoofing the cliffhanger endings of the old Saturday afternoon serials.



Nor is anything else in the film to be taken any more seriously. The heroics are all unabashed hokum, and some serious-looking gunplay as Maverick recovers stolen church funds from some bad guys results in no one's even getting hurt, let alone killed. Everything is a joke, and an inside joke at that, from having Mel meet up with his partner from *Lethal Weapon*, Danny Glover, and pretend not quite to recognize him to the incomprehensible twists of the tortuous plot which

James Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

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do not even try to make themselves believable. In most Hollywood films these days and especially in the ever greater number of those based on old television series, believability is of little importance. The only pleasures such films aspire to provide their audiences are the pleasures of recognition—usually very briefly deferred—and of demythologization. We like to see the hero's trousers fall down.

Thus Maverick makes fun of the Code of the West by claiming that "being spineless has kept me alive a long time." Of course he's not really spineless, just fearless. What, after all, can multi-million dollar Mel have to fear? His real purpose in this as in all else is to convince us that there really never was any such thing as the Old West anyway. The people then, we learn, were just like people today: easy-going, casual, jokey, ironic, skeptical. There were no class or racial distinctions, sex was casual, and it was natural to find a woman like Jodie Foster among the ranks of professional gamblers and thieves. Likewise, the noble savage, here played by Hollywood's current favorite Indian, Graham Greene, was just a regular guy out to hustle a buck like anyone else.

Interestingly, the film's politically correct Indians can be made to look just like cool Californian surfer dudes who make their money by camping it up in war paint and feathers, but nobody thinks twice about the grotesque caricature of a Russian archduke whom they are conning. European aristocracy definitely has to get its own PR guy. Look at what a fool poor old James Fox's Lord Darlington appeared in *Remains of the Day*. But such treatment is inevitable given the movies' vulgar and ignorant attitude towards history, in Europe as much as the United States. Just as Britain has *The Remains of the Day* and America has *Maverick* or, in a different way, *The Age of Innocence*, the French have Claude Berri's *Germinal*. Each nation finds its own way to patronize or sentimentalize the past.

Germinal is another costume drama for yuppies, done by the fine director of *Jean de Florette, Manon des Sources*, and *Uranus* with a crudity that makes "Masterpiece Theatre" history look sophisticated. Berri must have got carried away by his high moral purpose, or perhaps by a French national mythology more powerful even than postmodernism. For just as it is typical of America to see in the past the image of its own national innocence and of Britain to see that of its former social grandeur, so it is typical of the French to see a heroic but doomed workers' struggle against the forces of reaction that sows the seeds of a more successful revolution.

Thus the film never misses a chance to juxtapose in the most heavy-handed way imaginable the starving nineteenth-century coal miners and their rich bosses living in the lap of luxury, eating crayfish or brioche. My favorite of these redundant demonstrations of the criminal indifference of the rich to the sufferings of the poor is when a crowd of starving miners and their families chant to the flint-hearted grocer (who shortly meets a grisly end at the hands of an ancestress of Lorena Bobbitt) "We're hungry!" at the very moment a well-fed priest passes, as indifferent to their cries as the grocer. Berri probably just didn't have time to squeeze in a more lengthy attack on the church.

Zola, of course, like so many others in his time and since, intended to blame "capitalism" rather than the bosses. But now that we know what a meretricious fraud that kind of social analysis really is, it may be the case that any movie based on *Germinal*, almost has to vulgarize and moralize it in this way and populate the entire film with moral straw men (and women!) to be knocked about from end to end of its 158 minutes.

Which is worse, to use the past, as *Germinal* does, as a pretext for the present or to be ignorant, as the new go-go Hollywood Western is, of its very existence?

The fate of our Movie of the Month, a Hollywood project that found success last year in Europe when in America it almost went, after a spell on HBO, straight to video leaves the question moot. ***Red Rock West*** is a curious little gem of a film by John Dahl. That Hollywood does not recognize artistic quality is old news; that it does not even recognize quality that is also commercially viable is a measure of how far into aesthetic imbecility it—and too much of the general culture with it—has sunk.

Nicolas Cage plays Michael, an ex-Marine with a bad leg who drives north to Wyoming from Texas in hopes of finding a job as a roughneck on an oil rig. He misses out on the job because of his bad leg and, down to his last five dollars, goes on to the town of Red Rock because he is told that there might be work there. There is, but it is not at all what he expected. When he walks into the diner and orders a cup of coffee, Wayne, the man behind the bar (J.T. Walsh), seeing his Texas plates, says that he has been expecting him for some days and wants him to get on with the job right away. "You *are* Lyle from Dallas, aren't you?" he asks. Michael, who, as the film has already taken pains to show, is basically an honest fellow, says "Yes."

The "job" turns out to be the murder of Wayne's wife (Lara Flynn Boyle)—for $5,000 down and $5,000 on completion of the contract. Michael takes the money, but then informs the wife, Suzanne, of her husband's plans. She promptly offers him double the amount to kill her husband instead. But of course he has no intention of killing either one: he simply wants to take the money and get out of town. His basic decency requires, however, that he write an anonymous note to the local sheriff warning of the plot. Guess what part-time diner owner is also the sheriff. And guess what Texan hit man (played by Dennis Hopper) Michael runs into before he can get out of town. Michael is drawn deeper and deeper into this morass and into mortal peril largely because of his own sense of right and decency, which is continually betrayed by the others.

It is an old-fashioned movie, to be sure, without the sort of post-modern touches that a more mainstream Hollywood product would have been almost sure to have. But it is good that films like this continue to be made, because it reminds us that we don't necessarily need those post-modern touches. In fact, they begin to look rather cheap and gimmicky when a film like this one comes along and shows us that it is still possible to strike a spark among the embers of cinematic realism—embellished, perhaps, with such simple, non-self-referential but effective devices as repeated shots of the "Welcome to Red Rock" sign as a quasi-comic reminder of Michael's inability to get out of the place. Trapped as we are in the eternal fun-house of the present, we know how he feels. ❐

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Random House / 255 pages / $23

reviewed by THOMAS MALLON

At the end of her previous book (*What I Saw at the Revolution*), Peggy Noonan was touting the new Bush administration, which she had helped bring to power by writing the president's convention acceptance speech. Bush represented, she assured us, "an affirmation of ambition: He was right to want it, and he's going to be good." How could he not succeed, surrounded as he was by lieutenants such as Richard Darman, a man who had "never touched failure," and whose work at the Office of Management and Budget was contributing "daily to what will no doubt be said when they review his thirty years—brilliant, and important." As Noonan, who has spent the last several years in New York, might now put it: who knew?

I cannot dislike Peggy Noonan; to do so would be self-loathing. She is *mon semblable, ma soeur*: a child of postwar Long Island (in her case, Massapequa, before she saw it shed its GI Bill-dignity and become "Buttafuoco-land"); someone whose early movie-going was supervised by the Legion of Decency; an Irish-American reciter of the *Baltimore Catechism*; someone who recognizes that liberalism has led New York to the point where the bowel habits of pets are more strictly policed than those of humans, but who, for all that, can still say, and mean it: "I love my neighborhood." We're both even godparents to nephews named Sean.

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness is about the past few years that Noonan has spent on "Pause," out of politics for the most part, raising her son and seeking a renewal of her Catholic faith. Her book has the earnest amiability that conservatives in the city, where *all* of one's best friends are liberal, learn to practice in argument: "One of my functions when I'm surrounded by those whose politics are generally of the left—at a seminar or a dinner party—is like that of a Negro at a 1950s liberal cocktail party: I am an opportunity to show how broad-minded they are." She is stuck on the city in the brassy, sentimental way that New Yorkers are terrified of losing (when she got back here, "It was all so vivid, and vital"), lest the place's harsher realities, like those street criminals she compares to fascists, be seen in something like their true proportion. She is sometimes wrong about the place (the subway is, in fact, one of the few aspects of life markedly *better* than it was ten years ago), but when she's right, she's interestingly so: in New York, unlike Washington, failure is never definitive. Here it "comes with an escape hatch and is surrounded by a knowing question: Where will he show up next? Blow it in Mediatown and you can still find a place in Publishingville, fail to make it in Societytown and you can repair to Museumville to ponder your next move." Even Darman could have a comeback here.

This new book is such a miscellany of observations that it's hard to come to any coherent opinion of it. One wants simply to agree with a few things here, object to a number of others there. Noonan's best big-picture observations of the culture include one about how there are no "rubes" left in America: "We have become a nation of insiders. We all know everything now. No matter where you're from or what you do you've got the facts. We read *Spy* and *Vanity Fair*, know Irving didn't like to be called Swifty, know which film opened big last weekend and which network won the year, know the difference between a rating and a share ..." Our sophistication may be useless, but it's sophistication of a kind.

Noonan also has grasped, if only second-hand, a truth that continues to elude most purveyors of boilerplate thumb-sucking, namely, that it was the 1970*s* that really changed the country. That was "the decade when America went crazy, the decade when, as John Updike said, the sixties had finally percolated down to everybody." The most refreshing part of her book is its revulsion from "boomer narcissism," the dreary fixation that has doomed us, for years to come, to the musings of Anna Quindlen and Frank

Thomas Mallon's new novel, Henry and Clara, *will be published in August by Ticknor & Fields.*

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Rich and other eager representatives of their (and my) over-analyzed and under-challenged generation. Noonan prefers the company of Guadalcanal veterans to contemporary parents who natter on about their effortful child-rearing, but on occasion she lapses into making the squishy sounds of present-day feeling ("No one looks like what they are"; "It's easier to clearly show love to the preverbal"), and she does have, one is alarmed to note, a safe-conduct pass to that orgy of boomer-driven sharing known as Renaissance Weekend. She reprints a 1991 New Year's Eve speech she gave to the twelve-step chautauqua on the pre-scribed subject of "Sailing Uncharted Seas."

A few weeks after that she would be trying to save George Bush from having to deliver a badly drafted State of the Union address: "I sat in [Robert] Teeter's office at the Bush-Quayle cam-paign, and read. 'The way this thing has been hyped and the shape it's in, this is a bullet coming straight at the heart of the president. I can't write a great speech and I can't turn this into a tri-umph, but I can push the president into the car and help him get away. That's all I can do, help him dodge a bullet.' " Some months before this, she'd written Teeter a memo (more prophetic than the last chapters of her first book), in which she worried that Bush, like Churchill in 1945, was going to lose the election after winning the war. By the time of the New Hampshire primary, she was resisting invitations to join the cam-paign and work her rhetorical magic. "I was hoping you could bridge the gap and make the difference," said Teeter's desperate aide.

But Noonan wasn't about to join a team whose members hated one another. She paid attention to the bad portents she'd been glimpsing—how the White House staff forgot to get Bush his tea, how it was slow getting a car the presi-dent had ordered to return her to the air-port: "I've never seen a president ask for a car and it took a half hour to get there. It tells me that things at the White House are, at least this evening, a little too relaxed." Noonan's story is probably no more meaningful than the grammar in which she tells it, but the middle portion of *Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness* does have the distinction of being the first campaign memoir by someone who refused to join a cam-paign.

Noonan likes to portray herself as rescuing people with sup-portive bits of wisdom, and there are traces here of the same self-aggrandizement that put off a number of those who reviewed her previous book. "If I declare I'm not going in," she ago-nizes to a friend, in terms more appro-priate to a candidate than a speech-writer, "it's news. The press will specu-late on my reasons and I can't tell them my reasons, so they'll make them up." The whole dilemma is overthought, and oversold to the reader, and it's too much bound up with her quest for personal happiness to be of much political inter-est. (God's not aiding her to find the right house in Washington helps her decide to stay in New York.) The hap-less Bush campaign was probably better off without her, since she would no doubt have been as keen on seeing the experience yield a memoir as a victory. She laments the demise of private politi-cal diaries (Dick Cheney won't keep one that will always be subject to some-body's subpoena), but she has no appar-ent respect for anyone's privacy. Less than three years after President Bush cried to her, over dinner, about the trou-bles of his son, Neil, she serves up his tears to the American public. Perhaps *she* should write diaries instead of instantaneous memoirs, and let such things as the president's tears ferment for a decent interval.

She likes to see herself as a Katharine Hepburn heroine, giving bet-ter than she gets to the gruff, good-guy Tracys she works with, but like many women her age she was probably more influenced by Mary Tyler Moore: our gal Peg, throwing her hat in the air, greeting the day with open arms, never letting pessimism trump perkiness for more than a moment. She is a true enthusiast of democracy; a genuine believer in America; proud of the "beautiful living Benetton ad" that her young son and his friends look like together; enthusiastic about the new immigrants to New York while nostal-gic for the ethnic harmonies of the past. In her parents' world: →

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> The Irish knew they were better than the Italians and the Italians knew they were better than the Irish and we all knew we were better than the Jews and they knew they were better than us. Everyone knew they were superior, so everyone got along. I think the prevailing feeling was, everyone's human. Actually, that used to be a saying in America: *Everyone's human.*

This is a nice fantasy, but it leaves out the very real feelings of inferiority that motivated each group to assimilate; leaves out the way enforced time in Army barracks helped them to tolerate one another; and leaves out the fact that what finally bonded the Irish and the Italians and the Jews was, alas, a post-war fear of the Puerto Ricans and the blacks.

When Noonan turns her eyes to the future—near the close of the book one finds an extended Utopian fantasy of what real tax incentives for inner-city business might lead to—she can sound like a supply-sider on nitrous oxide. "Young black men will save our country ... something just tells me they're going to save our country." She seems to have in mind the "soldiers laid off in the downsizing of the armed forces," who are going to come home and police the new tax-free ghettoes. O shining Enterprise Zone upon a hill!

The structural conceits of *Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness* are aggressively informal—what Peggy thought at the hair salon, what occurred to Peggy as she channel-surfed—and the prose style is something like Joan Didion by way of Ronald Reagan: "I keep wondering about who we are these days, all of us. I keep wondering if ..." Some sentences are pure speechwriting ("There is in this place more sin than hell could hold, and enough goodness to light up the world"), which doesn't travel so well to the printed page. Probably the best thing she could do for her prose (lively and charming though it can be) is turn off the television, which she admits to keeping on while she works.

Her addiction to the tube seems curious, aware as she is of its contribution to the "coarsening" of America. On this large subject she is persuasive—"My friends complain about the decade of greed, and mean Michael Milken. I complain about it too, but I mean Def American Records, Time Warner, Death Row/Interscope . . . ." She would be more persuasive if she herself didn't talk about "Washington assholes" and hang out with Joan Rivers.

She does try seriously to ponder the whole notion of values—that word Bush idiotically exclaimed in '92, throwing it out upon the airwaves without so much as an adjective to keep it company—and she writes poignantly of having to spend as much energy protecting her child from the culture as introducing him to it. She is moving when she writes about why she likes the boy to be around when she polishes the furniture. Once again she's guided by her parents' generation:

> They worked so hard in the house. And I think their children unconsciously absorbed some connection between Mother waxes the table, her hand going back and forth back and forth along the brown wood with Lemon Pledge, and the old soft cloth that smelled like chemicals. They connected it to: *My mother cares for the house, my mother cleans and cares for the house, for the family, for me.*

"Propinquity" is a favorite word of Noonan's. It's an odd one: does it mean "iniquity," you wonder for a moment, before remembering that, no, it means nearness, proximity. Propinquity is what Peggy Noonan is seeking these days. She wants to be closer to her son, to her roots—she intends to spend more time in Massapequa, Buttafuocos or no Buttafuocos—and to God. She goes to Bible-study class now, and is making an effort to return to a church whose mystery (and Latin Mass) she misses. This is a good story, and best left to herself to tell. She is certain that Clinton will be a one-term president, and she spends a number of pages handicapping the '96 Republican field, but her principal ambition for the here and now is to become preoccupied by one great light instead of a thousand points, to take a break from spinning and sound-bites for the more serious business of reading His lips. She seems like a nice woman, and one wishes her the best. ❐

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STANDING FIRM: A VICE-PRESIDENTIAL MEMOIR

Dan Quayle

HarperCollins / 402 pages / $25

reviewed by VICTOR GOLD

Dan Quayle is back, but don't call him tanned, rested, and ready. Sure as you do, the smartass who writes joke material for "Crossfire" will have Michael Kinsley asking, "Ready for what—another 18 holes?"

No, what Dan is back for is a rematch with a media which, he claims in this memoir, dealt him "incredible abuse" during his four years as George Bush's vice president. On that point, I give him, as they say in the Indiana outback, half-right. Abuse, yes, but why "incredible"? Nothing in modern American politics is more credible than a Republican vice president's being transmogrified by the national press from the moment he goes on the ticket.

It's The Treatment. Nixon got it (the $18,000 "slush fund"); Agnew got it (the "at Jap" incident); and Quayle got it, even as he stood firm—albeit shirt-sleeved and overheated—on that Spanish Plaza platform in New Orleans, August 1988. Given the Treatment, Nixon was transmogrified into the king of knaves; Agnew into half-knave, half-buffoon; and Quayle, with his bright-eyed effervescence, into pure buffoon.

Why did Bush pick him? A year-and-a-half into the Clinton era, it's a question still asked whenever conversation flags at Ripon Society cocoa klatches. There were, in fact, sound political reasons for Bush's choice: Quayle's Midwestern roots, his conservative base, his Senate record on national defense issues. But there were also sound reasons behind Eisenhower's choice of Nixon and Nixon's choice of Agnew, and the same question was asked in those years. Quayle, absorbed in his own case, puts his finger on the problem:

"There was a hostile edge to the [post-nomination] coverage, and some of it may have sprung from the fact that the press had been caught off-guard," he writes. "I wasn't the choice they were expecting, and some of them sounded as if George Bush had let them down by not picking one of the people they were prepared to talk about in detail."

Exactly. If there's a lesson to be learned by future Republican presidential nominees, it's *Don't surprise the experts.* Put yourself in Cokie Roberts's place: Dining on crawfish *étouffe*, savoring Ramos gin fizz in the French Quarter, on-screen hourly to say it's either Dole or Kemp. And Bush comes up with ... *Quayle*? There must be some mistake. Not Cokie's, of course, but Bush's.

As Dan Quayle looks back, he sees it as all downhill from there, no matter how he performed as a candidate or in office. The general media rule applying to all vice presidents—that they go ignored unless involved in a gaffe or controversy—worked overtime in his case.

"We figured that if I did a good job," writes Quayle of his hopes and those of his wife Marilyn, "then the situation would turn around. . . . We still didn't realize what a vested interest the media had in the caricature they had drawn, and we didn't believe what lengths they would go to, to cement it."

The record shows that Quayle did a "good job," indeed better than good, playing Avis to George Bush's Hertz. He carried out his official duties, including a few touchy overseas assignments, with skill and (whether his critics believe it or not) aplomb. He was given a chance to be more than vice presidential potted plantery when key policy and personnel decisions were made in the Bush White House, and he weighed in with, to this reviewer's personal knowledge, sound policy and shrewd political counsel. The Quayle staff was arguably the strongest vice presidential staff ever assembled. And most important to the success of any vice presidency, Quayle gained the confidence of, and was loyal to, the man who picked him.

That he achieved all that and still left office caricatured as a buffoon continues to baffle Dan Quayle. Worse yet, judging from this memoir, it seems to trouble him. He suffers the angst of the gregarious conservative who wants both to stand firm and be *understood*, better still *liked*, by his adversaries. *The National Guard flap? Let me explain. . . . The Murphy Brown speech? Let me explain . . . . The potato(e) gaffe? Let me explain.*

Or is it that Quayle truly believes he's helping his case with the general public by detailing, once again, every gaffe/flap laid against his name during the Bush-Quayle years? If so, to borrow the grinding liberal cliché Quayle himself borrowed during the Murphy Brown flap: he *still* doesn't get it.

Nor, judging by this memoir, does he seem to have learned a fundamental principle taught in Politics 101—at least, the Politics 101 of my pre-MTV era: You don't score points against your political adversaries by blindsiding your political friends.

What we have here, then, as the author himself made plain in his post-publication tour drumming up sales, is what amounts to your basic memoir-cum-campaign tract, intended not only as a contribution to pop history but as a first cut in what the *Washington Post* sees as the making of a "new Quayle."

I recall—it was also part of my pre-MTV era—publication of the prototype of this genre. It too was written by a national political figure fresh off a campaign whipping. Good book. Recommended reading for any former Republican vice president trying to make a comeback.

It was called *Six Crises*, Dan, not *Twenty-four Gaffes.* ❐

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

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DIPLOMACY

Henry Kissinger

Simon & Schuster/912 pages/$35

reviewed by JOSEPH SHATTAN

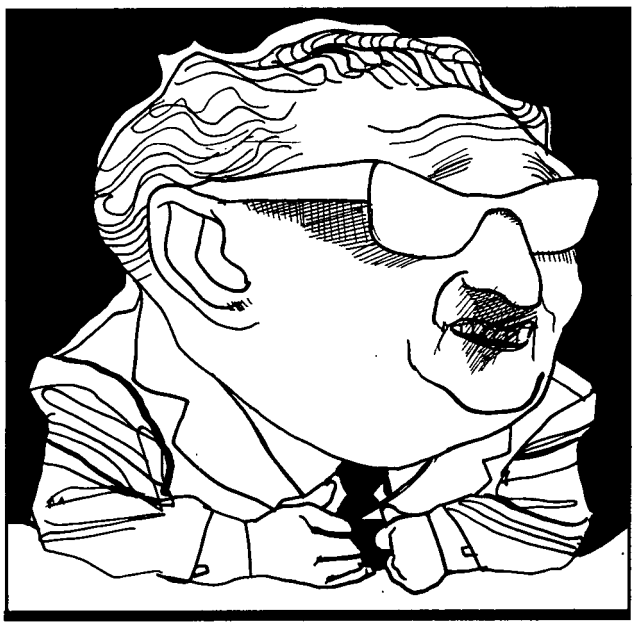
In 1968, a young and relatively obscure Harvard professor named Henry Kissinger published an essay entitled, "Central Issues in American Foreign Policy." Its basic argument was that the United States had to develop a new conception of its international role that somehow struck a balance between American idealism and European realism. "A sense of mission," Kissinger argued, "is clearly a legacy of American history. . . . But a clearer understanding of our interests can give perspective to our idealism and lead to humane and moderate objectives."

I would like to think that, even back then, Kissinger was planning to expand his essay into a major book. But events, as they say, intervened, and it is only now, a quarter-of-a-century later, that his book has appeared. Covering some three centuries of diplomatic history, *Diplomacy* is a rich and complex work. Its underlying theme, however, is no different from Kissinger's 1968 essay: the need to develop an American diplomatic tradition that is at once idealistic and realistic.

Contrary to his public image, Kissinger is not an advocate of European-style power politics. To be sure, he is a close student and brilliant expositor of Europe's diplomatic history, and he may well harbor a sneaking admiration for the likes of Richelieu, Bismarck, or even Stalin, of whom he writes, "Stalin was indeed a monster; but in the conduct of international relations, he was the supreme realist—patient, shrewd and implacable, the Richelieu of his period." But when, as Nixon's national security adviser, he met a living representative of Europe's diplomatic tradition, France's President Charles de Gaulle, Kissinger was genuinely taken aback. During the meeting, Nixon asked him to comment on de Gaulle's presentation:

> Foolhardily, for de Gaulle did not relish debating with assistants—or, for that matter, being in the presence of assistants—I asked how France proposed to keep Germany from dominating the Europe he had just described. Obviously, de Gaulle did not consider this query to merit an extensive reply. "*Par la guerre* (through war)," he replied curtly—a mere six years after he had signed a treaty of permanent friendship with Adenauer.

This kind of single-minded devotion to the national interest, Kissinger knows, is simply not compatible with America's character and institutions. But there is a British variant of European power politics—the balance of power approach—that is considerably more benign than the Richelieu/de Gaulle/Stalin tradition. For the past 300 years, England has identified its own security with the existence of a balance of power on the Continent strong enough to deter—or defeat—any would-be conqueror. To secure the balance, writes Kissinger, "England switched sides or organized new coalitions against erstwhile allies in defense of the equilibrium. Its unsentimental persistence and self-centered determination earned Great Britain the epithet, 'Perfidious Albion.'"



The greatest twentieth century exponent of the British balance of power approach was Winston Churchill—hardly a statesman one thinks of as "perfidious." Yet when he was criticized in the 1930s for being anti-German, Churchill neatly summarized the British balance-of-power tradition when he replied, "If the circumstances were reversed, we could equally be pro-German and anti-French." Kissinger admires Churchill and believes that Britain's self-chosen role of "balancer" did much to preserve Europe's liberties. Nevertheless, he does not think that America could follow in England's footsteps:

> The Palmerston/Disraeli method would require a disciplined aloofness from disputes and a ruthless commitment to the equilibrium in the face of threats. Both the disputes and the threats would have to be assessed almost entirely in terms of balance of power. America would find it quite difficult to marshal either the aloofness or the ruthlessness, not to mention the willingness, to interpret international affairs strictly in terms of power.

In ruling out a foreign policy based on *Realpolitik* for America, Kissinger is undoubtedly correct. Reading his account of the crimes and follies committed in its name, I'm reminded of Nick the Greek's description of football: "A game invented by sons-of-bitches for sons-of-bitches." America's Founders had a similarly low opinion of European statecraft.

Joseph Shattan is a writer living in Silver Spring, Maryland.

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Although they could play the game quite well when they had to, they preferred to have nothing to do with it. Indeed, until the end of the nineteenth century, writes Kissinger, "the foreign policy of the United States was to have no foreign policy."

Thus, when America finally developed a foreign policy tradition under Woodrow Wilson, it seems almost inevitable that it did so on the basis of principles diametrically opposed to *Realpolitik*. Where *Realpolitik* took it for granted that every state would strictly be guided by its own conception of the national interest, "Wilsonianism" believed that countries should cooperate in a League of Nations dedicated to "collective security"; where *Realpolitik* was skeptical of democracy and thought that foreign affairs were best left in the hands of cosmopolitan elites, Wilsonianism believed that democracy and peace went hand-in-hand; where *Realpolitik* believed that national boundaries should reflect the balance of power, Wilsonianism repudiated the balance of power in favor of national self-determination.

Wilsonianism was a noble attempt to translate American ideals into practice; it was also a total screw-up. Disaster overtook it not, as is widely believed, because a guileless Wilson was snookered by the wily Europeans at the Versailles Peace Conference. The root cause of Wilsonianism's failure was its obviousness to the realities of power and its attempt to build a peace on the basis of collective security. As Kissinger explains it:

> In the end, collective security fell prey to the weakness of its central premise—that all nations have the same interests in resisting a particular act of aggression and are prepared to run identical risks in opposing it. Experience has shown these assumptions to be false. No act of aggression involving a major power has ever been defeated by applying the principle of collective security.
>
> Either the world community has refused to assess the act as one which constituted aggression, or it has disagreed over the appropriate sanctions. And when sanctions were applied, they inevitably reflected the lowest common denominator, often proving so ineffectual that they did more harm than good.

Had European leaders merely paid

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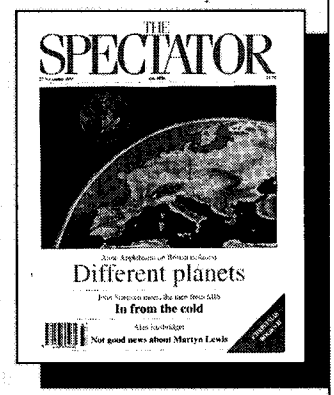

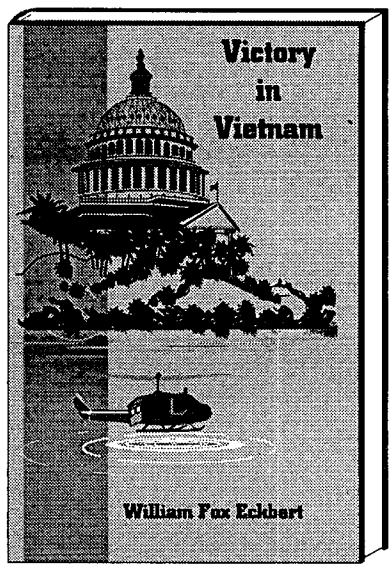

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lip service to Wilsonianism, while conducting their foreign policies along traditional balance of power lines, the doctrine of collective security would not have done much harm. The rise of Nazism would almost certainly have led Britain to conclude an alliance with France, and the two great European powers, acting in concert, might well have defeated Hitler early in his rule. But the great tragedy—and irony—of the post–World War I period is that while Wilson initially failed to convert Americans to his views, he succeeded all too well with the British. With the exception of Churchill and his circle, they had all been converted to Wilsonianism, and looked to the League of Nations rather than themselves for security. Thus, while France desperately sought an alliance and Britain's balance of power tradition virtually demanded it, British leaders placed their faith in "the public opinion of the civilized world" and—when that failed—in appeasement. A straight line links Wilson's Fourteen Points to Chamberlain's capitulation at Munich.

In the aftermath of World War II, however, American policy makers refused to draw the right lessons from the Wilsonian debacle. Instead of tempering their idealism with at least a dose of European realism, they took up the Wilsonian banner and, according to Kissinger, came to view foreign policy as a selfless crusade on behalf of freedom and democracy. As President Kennedy famously put it, we would, "pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." These were stirring words, but as Kissinger coolly observes, "America's rejection of national interest had cast the country adrift in a sea of undifferentiated moralism." The result was Vietnam.

Unlike those critics of the war in Vietnam who ascribe our involvement to all sorts of sinister motives, Kissinger believes that it sprang from what was best in America—from our idealism, our optimism, and our willingness to help a beleaguered country fighting for its survival. He also thinks that the much-derided Domino Theory—according to which the defeat of South Vietnam would have started a chain-reaction culminating in a communist East Asia—may have been essentially correct: "Singapore's savvy and thoughtful Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, clearly thought so, and he has usually been proven right."

What Kissinger deplores is that, having chosen to resist Communism in Southeast Asia, we drew the line at the wrong place. "The real question," he writes, "was not whether some dominoes might fall in Southeast Asia, which was likely, but whether there might not be better places in the region to draw the line–for instance, around countries where the political and security elements were more in harness, such as Malaya and Thailand." But America's idealism would not even allow us to pose the question:

> America's universalist tradition simply would not permit it to differentiate among the potential victims on the basis of strategic expediency. When American leaders invoked their nation's selflessness, it was because they genuinely believed in it; they were more likely to defend a country to vindicate principle than on the grounds of national interest.

This, then, is America's dilemma: Its values and ideals prevent it from adopting European traditions of statecraft, yet its own diplomatic tradition has repeatedly led to disaster. Is there not some third path, some middle ground between the demands of our conscience and the requirements of our situation?

Kissinger believes there is. Surprisingly, he does not find the solution to our dilemma in the policies of the Nixon administration. Nixon's foreign policy, he concedes, "veered too far in the direction of stressing what it perceived as America's geopolitical necessities." But Ronald Reagan's foreign policy got it exactly right.

That Kissinger should end up heaping praise on Reagan comes as a surprise even to Kissinger. "Reagan's was an astonishing performance," he writes, "and, to academic observers, nearly incomprehensible. Reagan knew next to no history, and the little he did know he tailored to support his firmly held preconceptions.... Many of the historical anecdotes he was so fond of recounting had no basis in fact, as facts are generally understood."

But if Reagan was untutored, he was not uncomplicated. "The high-flying Wilsonian language in support of freedom and democracy globally was leavened by an almost Machiavellian realism.... The Reagan Administration dispensed aid not only to genuine democrats (as in Poland), but also to Islamic fundamentalists ... in Afghanistan, to rightists in Central America, and to tribal warlords in Africa." In a similar vein, "the postwar president most committed to building up America's military strength, including its nuclear capacity, stood at the same time for a pacifist vision of a world from which all nuclear weapons were banished."

It is this complexity, this union of opposites, that Kissinger finds so compelling. In his view, Reagan's policies not only won the Cold War; they also provide the model for a new tradition of American statecraft:

> At a time when America is able neither to dominate the world nor to withdraw from it...it must not abandon the ideals which have accounted for its greatness. But neither must it jeopardize that greatness by fostering illusions about the extent of its reach.... American idealism needs the leaven of geopolitical analysis to find its way through the maze of new complexities.

This, of course, is just what Kissinger was arguing back in 1968. Already then, Kissinger had parted ways with other European émigrés, such as Hans Morgenthau or Hannah Arendt, who seemed to think that Americans needed to be taken firmly by the hand and taught the rudiments of political thought by their European elders and betters. By contrast, Kissinger realizes that while Americans have much to learn from Europeans, we have much to teach as well. In his own field—international affairs—he has done what immigrants to this country have always done: taken the best in their own tradition and blended it with the best in the American tradition to produce something—in this case, an approach to foreign policy—at once authentically American and genuinely cosmopolitan. ❐

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POLAND'S JUMP TO THE MARKET ECONOMY

Jeffrey Sachs

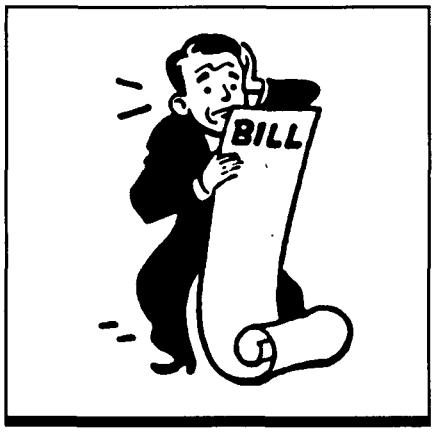
MIT Press / 137 pages / $19.95

reviewed by JOSHUA MURAVCHIK

When economists argue, the layman is apt to get lost. I follow the practice of throwing my vote, at least presumptively, to whichever economist I can understand. I always accept the views of Herb Stein, my colleague at the American Enterprise Institute, because they are always expressed in the clearest English, each point with clear explanations. Now, I feel the same way about Jeffrey Sachs, the Harvard economist who specializes in advising governments on transforming their economies to a market basis. If economics in general is an arcane subject, the economics of undoing Communism would seem especially so. But in this little book, based on a series of lectures given at the London School of Economics, Sachs explains Poland's economic reform plan and the underlying ideas of "shock therapy" in terms that are easy to follow.

Two other things make me a fan of Sachs's. For one, he puts his money (or at least our money) where his mouth is, so to speak. Too many other Western economists, faced with the likelihood that there will be little good news soon from the transitional economies, have adopted postures of detached condescension. They act as if the woes of the east Europeans were the just deserts of the delinquency of having fallen under Communism. Sachs, in contrast, has thrown himself into the challenge with verve, optimism, and courage. If his ideas are wrong, everyone will know.

The other reason I like Sachs is that he is refreshingly eclectic, at least ideologically. Not that he is tepid in his views; on the contrary, he is a powerful polemicist. But his blows may land with equal force on the left or the right. On the one hand, he is an eloquent exponent of markets. "Events have disproved the idea of a 'Homo sovieticus' spoiled by decades of Communism," he says. ". . . Markets spring up as soon as central planning bureaucrats vacate the field." He will brook no gradualism in the transition. Nor does he give any quarter to ideas of "market socialism." He insists on the essentiality of private ownership and goes out of his way to take a swipe at "gurus of worker ownership in the United States, who came to Poland to advocate this new system, despite its minimal role in the U.S. industrial sector." On the other hand, conservatives will not be pleased by his



strong advocacy of massive Western aid, including direct budget subsidies, of debt relief, and of strengthening the social safety nets of economies in transition.

In Poland, the "Balcerowicz Plan" of shock therapy began on New Year's Day, 1990. According to Sachs, who helped design it, it had five "pillars": stabilization of the currency, freeing of prices and trade, privatization, strengthening of the social safety net, and foreign financial assistance. The first two measures preceded the third. Why? Sachs readily agrees that it would have been preferable, in theory, to privatize first. But privatization could not proceed quickly (Sachs regrets) because of disputes about who should get what, and neither Sachs nor the Polish government wanted to wait.

By freeing prices before privatization, Polish reforms ran the risk of monopolistic price-gouging by state enterprises. But they aimed to avert this danger by freeing trade at the same time. Imports could generate price competition, thereby disciplining state enterprises. Free trade, however, also required a convertible currency. Sachs explains the interrelatedness of the initial reforms:

> The basic goal was to move from a situation of extreme shortages and hyperinflation to one of supply-and-demand balance and stable prices. For this Poland needed tight macroeconomic policies with the decontrol of prices. To have a working price system, Poland needed competition. To have competition, it needed free international trade to counteract the monopolistic industrial structure. To have free trade, it needed not only low tariffs but the convertibility of currency. To have convertibility of currency at a stable exchange rate, it needed monetary discipline and a realistic exchange rate.

Sachs expresses disappointment that the Polish political system proved unable to move faster on privatization. For him, the justice of the distribution is less important than getting it done. He argues effectively that there is no substitute for private ownership. The managers of state-owned firms in a relatively free market, or the workers in firms in which they are in control, have little incentive for investing in the long-term well-being of the company and much incentive for cashing in or ripping off its assets. Sachs summarizes the point pithily: "Where there are no capitalists, there is nobody to represent the interests of capital."

While thousands of firms, particularly large ones, have yet to be privatized, more than half the Polish GDP, and more than half of the country's employment, is now in the private sector. This is less the result of privatization of existing enterprises than of the creation of new ones. Within the first two years of reform, Sachs reports, some 700,000 new businesses were formed in Poland. These are largely in the service sector, stunted by Communist eco-

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nomics. Poland has also enjoyed an "export boom," which, says Sachs, is "broadly diversified and include[s] many sectors, such as consumer appliances, in which nobody thought that Poland would have a chance of staking out an international market." After economic contraction in 1990 and 1991, Poland has boasted positive economic growth in 1992, 1993, and so far in 1994 while most of Europe—including the formerly Communist states that attempted gradual reform—has been going in the opposite direction.

Sachs argues that the statistics overstated the initial hardships. A key deformity of the Communist economy was the hypertrophy of the industrial sector at the expense of services. This meant long lines and more steel than anyone could use. Thus, the announced drop-offs in industrial production might be a sign of progress rather than decline. He also challenges statistics showing declines in wages; he adduces other statistics that show increases in consumption of meat and fruit (as opposed to coarser foods) and durable household goods.

Still, the strongest case against the reforms is the outcome of last September's parliamentary elections in which the "post-Communists," as they are now called, and their old allies in the Peasant Party ousted the various Solidarity offshoots that had ruled Poland since the fall of Communism. This was a reliable sign that many Poles were feeling the pinch of the transition. Nonetheless, the full meaning of that vote remains somewhat unclear. It owed much to the extreme and bitter fissiparousness of the old Solidarity forces. And the new "Democratic Left"/Peasant government has not significantly altered Poland's economic direction.

There is no way, it seems, of taking the pain out of the transition from Communism to capitalism, which is why Sachs is so eager to strengthen the social safety net with foreign assistance. Still, for the country that can endure the pain, the rewards may be enormous. In 1955, Sachs reminds us, Poles were by some counts somewhat better off than Spaniards. Thirty-three years later, Spaniards were four times richer than Poles. But can a democratic polity, where workers and farmers far outnumber economists, stay the course? Poland may teach us the answer. ❐

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 10)

Second Reply to Hayne is a checklist of contemporary radicalism:

- Coolly weighing the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder;
- Hanging over the precipice of disunion to fathom the depth of the abyss below;
- Considering how tolerable might be the condition of the people when the Union shall be broken up and destroyed;
- Wondering, "What *is* all this Union worth?"

It is precisely the advantage and responsibility of conservatives to remember the lesson so dearly learned by Washington, Webster, and Lincoln—that there really is no Liberty, however imperfect, without Union, however imperfect—that the only true Liberty is instituted in government by *common* consent. The New Age Calhounism really believes that sovereign constituencies, through quota, regulation, and lawsuit, can achieve self-rule, where ethnarchs and tetrarchs under license from *princips* to sultan have failed long since.

The harm done by any one sincere but misguided conservative on this issue outweighs that done by any ten thousand subscribers to the *Nation*; or even multiple presidencies of Three Dollar Bill.

—Alan W. Barrett
Dedham, Massachusetts

It was with a great sense of displeasure that I finished reading Tom Bethell's "Breaking Away" in your April/May edition. Although his article was fraught with knee-jerk reactions ("let's get rid of the bums by voting against incumbents, irrespective of party label"), it was his idea of secession that engendered the greatest feeling of alarm.

Ever since Walter Williams wrote his column and supported it on the Rush Limbaugh show, secession seems to be an idea some right-leaning individuals have embraced. In view of such developments these demagogues need to be reminded of a few things.

First of all, conservatism is, in the words of Russell Kirk, "the politics of prudence." Kirk makes the observation that swift and slashing reform is as perilous as swift and slashing surgery. A complete dispensing of our constitutional form of government is nothing if not imprudent reform. Furthermore, if these radicals would replace our federal system with a more confederated system they would do well to examine the problems of the original thirteen states under the Articles of Confederation as well as the systemic failings of the Confederate States of America's government.

Second, much like the Constitutional Convention call, I am extremely uncomfortable with a "revamping" of the cornerstones of our society. Will Williams and Bethell be the benevolent drafters of the founding document of this fledgling state, or will it be the current members of Congress?

Basically, what these radicals need to realize is that the problems we are experiencing governmentally are ultimately due to the governed as much as the governing. Remember that we elected these people. The real problem is the lackadaisical attitude of the electorate in taking their rights and duties for granted. No new form of government will ever do for us what we ourselves are unwilling to do. It is the hearts and minds of the nation that need to change and not our Constitution.

In the future I would hope Bethell might use another, less reputable publication to float his off-the-wall ideas.

—Joel Leggett
Board of Directors
Colorado Conservative Union
Denver, Colorado

Fighting Irish

I must compliment the British Information Service (some would call it the Disinformation Service) for an excellent propaganda piece, "Gerryatrics," in the March 1994 issue. It touched all the bases of its government's current "line." Some might consider this effort a trifle heavy-handed. But then, I suppose, it's a question of judgment of what you think you can get away with.

You understand how it works, don't you? If the British government had sent this in under its own letterhead, it would have been regarded as pure propaganda—which it is—and tossed in the nearest waste basket. So . . . the tactic is to have a supposedly reputable journalist—in this case Thomas McArdle—submit it as his own unaided work. That way, it doesn't bear the taint of the British government and will be accepted as honest

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journalism instead of the well-crafted propaganda it is.

Still, I'm surprised that *The American Spectator*—canny, cynical, worldly-wise—should be taken in like this. But then, we must remember that you are dealing with people who were doing this sort of thing long before you were born!

—Joseph P. Wall
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The March 1994 edition of *The American Spectator* included two articles on the Irish question.

It seems to me that *The American Spectator* is drifting towards the anglophile party line on the Irish issue, and may I simply suggest that knee jerk conservatism is almost as bad as knee jerk liberalism.

It also seems to me if we fought a Civil War in this nation to preserve the union and that if the political, economic, and religious rights of the minorities in the south of Ireland are protected, then it follows that British colonialism is the issue and not the Irish Republican Army.

From a practical matter, all revolutions create a certain amount of senseless violence, and while the events in the north of Ireland are no different, the establishment press tends to ignore the oppressive nature of the British violence and plays up military actions by the Irish Republican Army, and, in fact, gives credit to the Irish Republican Army when no credit is due because of those terrorists who are not associated with it.

There are articulate and reasonable explanations why Ireland should be reunited and why the English should not be there, and you may want to give those arguments fair time in your, otherwise, intellectual magazine. Otherwise you might become known as a lackey for the saxon, a description which would disappoint both your grandfather and P.J. O'Rourke, a horrible fate indeed. In the meantime, I think I'll have another glass of Jamisons.

—Patrick E. Hunt
Island Falls, Maine

Totally Uncool

Tom Bethell's February column, "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare," contains some appealing arguments. They are thrown in doubt by one gross error. In the middle of the second column Bethell states: "In 1974, F. Sherwood Rowland, a political chemist from the University of California-Irvine, propounded the theory that chlorofluorocarbons (a *DuPont trade name*) . . ."

"Chlorofluorocarbons" is simply an acceptable way of describing the chemical make up of refrigerant molecules, and does not belong to DuPont or any other company. The word *Freon* (which Bethell used in the final column of the article) was registered by DuPont for chlorofluorocarbons manufactured by them for refrigerant use.

—R.N. Maddox
Stillwater, Oklahoma

I loved Tom Bethell's timely article on the ozone layer's alleged depletion. DuPont's efforts to increase its competitiveness over chemical companies too small to afford lobbyists deserve publicity.

Three reasons "no *global* (as opposed to Antarctic) depletion of the ozone has yet been demonstrated":

(1) The poles get less sunlight than the rest of the world, thus less ozone is formed (by the decreased ultraviolet radiation).

(2) The planet revolves. Centrifugal force pulls the upper atmosphere, including the ozone layer, away from the poles, toward the equator.

(3) Lunar tides. The moon pulls air, including the ozone layer, toward itself, and the moon does not pass over the North or South Pole. Nonlunar tides probably have some effect too, but that's complicated, too complicated for me.

—Bruce Purcell
Peoria, Illinois

Kerry vs. Corry

As a Navy Vietnam-era veteran ('72-76), I wish to comment on the exchange of letters between John Kerry and John Corry ("An MIA Cover-Up?" *TAS*, April-May 1994).

I have written a number of times to Sen. Robert Smith and found that he had some very well-founded problems with the attitude of many in the government on this critical issue to me and obviously not so critical to Mr. Kerry.

I watched a number of hearings on cable and found Mr. Kerry to be arrogant and very quick to take liberties with the truth. It was very obvious that Mr. Kerry very ably represented those many who wished that the whole episode would die and that we could get on with life. However, morality dictates that a country that would leave its brothers and sons on the battlefield risks m oral retribution.

It is well understood by those in the know that any POWs who smelled the light of day would immediately be executed. Mr. Kerry is well aware of this situation. I do not feel that he gives a good tinker.

I can only surmise that Mr. Kerry's violent reaction to a simple letter is one of guilt. He is without a doubt trying to intimidate Mr. Corry. I feel that this is well within his personality profile.

—Michael Haider
St. Louis, Missouri

One of the benefits of being retired is the opportunity to watch C-Span. I watched the POW/MIA hearings for hours and hours. I had the opinion that there were prisoners left behind. After an exhaustive listening of the hearings, I came to the same conclusion as Sen. Kerry. In fact, as a Republican, I was embarrassed to listen to Sen. Smith.

I read John Corry's article. (I have now read the response and rebuttal). Corry went over the same stuff that was covered in toto at the hearing.

I look forward to reading *The American Spectator.* You are a voice exposing the liberal bias in the country. It hurts me, then, to see you championing a dubious cause that I feel I now know something about, having invested so much time in listening to the debate. It makes me question how carefully you have investigated other strong positions you espouse. Please don't weaken your credibility with your followers. We need well thought out material to combat today's liberalism. There is plenty of it there, waiting and wanting to be said. Most of the time you're right on target.

—Roy Wehde
Greeley, Colorado

(continued on page 86)

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(continued from page 41)

The Refugee Threat

Meanwhile, the Clinton administration and its allies, surely aware that analogous Reagan invasions had been political hits due to a ballast of anti-Communism among the American electorate, sought an interpretation that might woo those same voters to favor an invasion to *install* a Communist. They decided to exploit anti-immigrant sentiment. Despite the fact that voluntary unemployment among Haitians is virtually unknown, and that Haitians rank among the more successful U.S. immigrant groups, Haiti's "friends," including Florida's Carrie Meek and others in the Black Caucus, set out to scare American voters into an invasion by threatening them with *more black people*.

They did so by painting the Haitian refugee flow—which reached record numbers in 1994—as directly linked to political persecution following Aristide's departure. The problem was that the cause-and-effect relation was not so neat. Asylum applications, according to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, had held steady at 5,000 or more per year until 1986 (four years before Aristide's election). They then plummeted into the hundreds, where they remained until 1993 (two years after Aristide's departure). Clearly other factors were at work.

First, in 1993, economic sanctions began to bite. You cannot destroy 96 percent of the manufacturing sector in a country with a per capita income of $440 a year without creating economic migrants. Second, after *ABC (American Baptist Churches)* v. *Thornburgh* (1990), a case involving Central American immigrants, the INS, in an act of bureaucratic self-defense, began broadening its criteria for granting asylum hearings; whereas previously only 2-3 percent of boat people undergoing "on-board prescreening" had been granted hearings, the new procedures put in place after *ABC* v. *Thornburgh* brought the rate considerably higher, says a longtime INS analyst. Finally, there is a law enforcement ramification of the Cédras regime's international standing, and word of it is already well known to would-be migrants from Haiti: Undocumented aliens don't get deported to governments the United States does not recognize. "It is clear that there is a substantial increase [in refugees]," says one veteran of the Haitian refugee situation. "But I have problems drawing the causal link between the increase and Aristide's ouster simply because of other changes in U.S. processing policy and management of the asylum policy. Basically, after we refused to recognize the junta, refugee status became the best way out."

Fabricated Human Rights Violations

Aristide supporters sought to link the immigrant problem to a human rights problem. Specifically, they wanted to demonstrate that Haitians were being beaten and tortured for the very act of trying to flee. How many cases were there of this happening? According to Colin Granderson, head of the U.N. human rights monitors in Haiti, the figure was *zero*. A U.S. Embassy spokesman said there had been "one killed, probably—over a year ago—and another guy who got poked in the eye." But Amnesty International, whose leftist English chapter was responsible for much of its information-gathering in Haiti, reported almost 200 people killed or tortured for the act of trying to flee, and it was these numbers that tended to get picked up in the press.

The most sensational figures used for any purpose were Aristide's own, broadcast on Creole radio: 500,000 people in hiding and 100,000 dead. Even those most zealous about monitoring human rights abuses were a bit embarrassed by those statistics. A spokesman for chamber of deputies' commission on human rights said that it was only as of this spring that killings from all quarters had risen above the level of 14 to 25 per month, and that they were now hovering at about 50.

On April 11, an officer from the U.S. Embassy sent a classified cable to Washington that said, in part:

> The Haitian left, including President Aristide and his supporters in Washington and here, consistently manipulate or even fabricate human rights abuses as a propaganda tool. Their justification for doing this is that they are an unarmed force arrayed against an armed and brutal military. Under these circumstances they see the truth as a flexible means to obtain a worthy political end. . . .
>
> For a range of cultural reasons (not pleasant to contemplate) rape has never been considered or reported as a serious crime here. . . . Hardline ideological Aristide supporters here regularly compare the human rights situation in Haiti to the carnage in Bosnia. . . . We are, frankly, suspicious of the sudden high number of reported rapes, particularly in this culture, occurring at the same time that Aristide activists seek to draw a comparison between Haiti and Bosnia. . . .
>
> If the US and UN choose to remain engaged with President Aristide, they must also remain engaged with institution-building and human rights monitoring in Haiti. Backing away from institution building and rights monitoring, while supporting Aristide, has contributed to the present deteriorating human rights situation here and the exploitation of the tragedy by Aristide and his Washington lobbying apparatus. Opting for an easier ride early on has led to a very rough ride in the here and now.

Even though the majority of the cable was about right-wing violence against Aristide supporters—and the need to send monitors to stop it—a Lavalas sympathizer working inside the embassy in Port-au-Prince thought it sufficiently off the party line to leak it, in hopes that a sympathetic journalist could pre-emptively discredit the report. That journalist was found in the compliant Murray Kempton, who wrote a column that was a compendium of all the smugness and ignorance that has made its way into recent media coverage of Haiti. Kempton accused the cable's author—who has devoted a career to fighting human rights abuses in very dangerous places—of "imperviousness to notions of possible moral distinction, however small, between murderers and murdered."

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The Real Correlation of Forces

The Haiti story has certainly shaped up as one without any good guys, but Raoul Cédras, who has been cast as the chief "thug" in American leftist parlance, is in many ways an unlikely villain. For one thing, he has conspicuously refused to take control of any of the country's institutions. For another, he was not even involved in the coup, and acceded to it only when a group of soldiers and policemen gathered outside the balcony of his office and threatened to kill Aristide. (By some reports, they threatened to kill Cédras as well.) Cédras is described as having been a good friend of Aristide's, and he is married to the sister of leading Aristide adviser (and Préval's best friend) René Prosper. This is only one of the connections that bind Aristide to the forces he publicly calls too dirty for the U.S. to even negotiate with: in recent months, he has been in close contact with Evans François, brother of the Port-au-Prince police chief whom Aristide has made his public symbol of human-rights violations.

It has long mystified Haiti watchers on the right and left that Aristide's first act as president was to fire a half-dozen of the most professional soldiers in the Haitian army, and then to sack its commander Gen. Hérard Abraham—who had quashed the Lafontant coup and become a symbol of pro-democracy sentiment within the armed forces—in favor of Cédras. Not that Cédras, a mild-mannered career officer who had headed the country's military academy, was a bad choice, with democratic credentials that were (at the time) arguably as good as Abraham's. But firing Abraham was a highly irregular move, and however much Aristide may complain about Haiti's military, it is—at the top level—being run by the leader of *his* choice.

It is a conspicuously weak military: The combined Haitian armed forces (including the police, who continue to carry out their law enforcement duties) consist of 7,000 men, with no airplanes, no boats, no tanks, and one unarmed helicopter—for a country of 7 million people. Compare this force to the Sandinista army, which, in a country half that size, could call into the field a quarter of a million men (several dozen of them trained to fly MiGs) and a fleet of state-of-the-art Flying Fortress helicopter gunships. The military must have at least a degree of popular support at this point, for it is simply too small to exercise effective repression. There is no curfew on the streets of Port-au-Prince, and at midnight, groups of half a dozen young men can be seen gathered, chatting on street corners. The three exile papers—*Haïti Observateur*, *Haïti en Marche*, and *Haïti Progrès*—still circulate, albeit not widely, and Haiti still receives CNN.

This is not to say that Haiti has a free press, or to deny that its police force has a brutal Anti-Gang Unit. Nor is it to dispute that the army is condoning street violence by right-wing groups—and even committing it. But media accounts all treat the alliance between the army and paramilitary elements as if it were a perennial state of affairs. In fact, François Duvalier founded the Tontons Macoute as an alternative—more loyal—source of military power, and used them to decimate the army. Remember that the army was solidly against the Macoutes as recently as January 1991. The real story is how the army came to trust—even foster—the paramilitary right in its current incarnation as the lesser of two evils, and how the majority of Haiti's *democratic* sector has come to prefer the army's temporary custody to what they fear would be an Aristide dictatorship.

A resurgent Macoutism is, of course, a pre-eminent worry, and its primary focus in recent years has been that Aristide would use a mandate in the constitution of 1987—which called for the separation of the police and the armed forces—to set up a private goon squad. It was sufficiently worrisome to the U.S. negotiators that they enlisted the ICITAP program, which had been used to retrain Noriega's "Dignity Battalions" and army into a professional police force in Panama. Is it true, as an Aristide source claims, that the Lavalas government wanted to turn any new police force into a partisan instrument? "That's exactly what they wanted," says a source close to those negotiations. "The thinking was that, at that point, if Aristide wanted to turn it into a private apparatus, the U.S. wouldn't be responsible." Aristide had always drawn a great deal of support from Macoute elements, even as he denounced Macoutism. His justice minister Guy Malary, for instance, whose murder last fall was simplistically ascribed to politics and cynically exploited by Aristide, had himself been closely linked to a prominent Macoute figure.

Which brings us, finally, to the question of why Aristide needed personal control over so much money in the first place.

Where Does the Renewed Violence Come From?

The media are portraying the undoubted upsurge in violence in recent months as the work of the right. That is at best an oversimplification and at worst a distortion. The picture that emerges from classified embassy cables and other sources is this: Much of the money Aristide stole from the Haitian trea-

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sury and from private "alphabetization" programs was spent to buy off street toughs and organize them into small, politically loyal cells—called "neighborhood committees" or "vigilance brigades"—that resembled Castro's Committees in Defense of the Revolution. That is, they informed on political dissent to higher-ups and occasionally roughed up, and killed, Lavalas opponents. (Human Rights Watch, which now stands shoulder-to-shoulder with the return-Aristide coalition, issued a detailed report on such abuses in 1991.) The organization of these committees was facilitated by Aristide's purge of the country's rural mayors, and it was these groups that led the murderous *déchouquage* on the night of the Lafontant coup.

One of the people the Lavalas mobs attempted to *déchouque* that evening was Jodel Chamblain, a prominent right-wing figure. Chamblain was not at home, but his pregnant wife was. According to friends of Chamblain, the mobs cut the baby out of Mrs. Chamblain's womb and covered both mother and fetus with gasoline. (For some reason they did not light the corpses on fire.) Over the following year, Chamblain, along with the more flamboyant Emmanuel "Toto" Constant, launched a right-wing political party, the Front for the Advancement and Progress of Haiti (FRAPH), which has been blamed for much of the political violence in Haiti over the past nine months.

With Aristide and his organization exiled to Washington, local toughs were shut off from their patrons. FRAPH—now with greater funds to buy them off, due to payments from members, contributions from wealthy Aristide opponents, and a gradual entry into the protection rackets that Lavalas had previously controlled—began to fish from the Lavalas pool. And as Lavalas veterans began to join FRAPH in growing numbers, a rough parity between the two groups was reached. In addition, thanks to defectors, FRAPH suddenly knew the entire command structure of the Lavalas enforcement apparatus—and moved to silence it, as would any rival gang. That is, the so-called Haitian "right" has become more violent precisely to the extent that it has embraced Aristide's followers and methods. The same process took place seven years ago, when slum-dwellers began to desert the Macoutes for left-wing movements and high-level Macoutes began turning up burnt to death in the streets. FRAPH, then, is less a rebirth of the Tontons Macoute, as the American media would have it, than a reorienting of Lavalas's constituency.

But the real story is that Aristide has been repudiated by the heroes of the Haitian democracy movement of the late 1980s, even members of the PANPRA socialist bloc and many former Lavalas associates. Aristide has returned to the anti-democratic stance he espoused in the late 1980s, right up to the eve of his own candidacy, when he stood forcefully against elections—allied with only the Duvalierists and a hard-line minority in the army—on the grounds that they would be manipulated by the Americans and the "bourgeoisie." As he wrote in *In the Parish of the Poor*: "The forces of order wanted us to vote so that it would appear to the outside world that we were a happy, peaceful democracy, and then the exploitation and corruption could go on just as before." When Tontons Macoute massacred thirty-four innocents at random on election day in 1987, Aristide saw it not as a tragedy but as a vindication.

Do They Even Want Him Back?

Nonetheless, Aristide is now seen in Washington circles as democracy's symbol, his election success described in mythic, not historical, terms. When the election percentages were made public in January 1991, it was announced that Aristide had received 67 percent of the vote. (Interestingly, exact vote counts were never printed, although there is little serious dispute of Aristide's overwhelming victory.) But it keeps growing. When Dodd lectured Pezzullo on why Aristide should be allowed to rule without any democratic checks and balances, he described Aristide as "the fellow who got 70 percent of the vote." The *Washington Post* has referred to the "three-quarters of Haitians" who want Aristide back.

But the time has come to reassess the popularity of Aristide in Haiti as well. "By the time they threw him out, Aristide didn't have enough support to put together a two-car parade," says one Washington-based Haiti consultant. That's exaggerating. Aristide is still the most popular single politician in Haiti, and whether or not his mandate has evaporated among the populace as a whole, he still has a solid constituency among the poorest of the poor. But in the days after the September coup in Port-au-Prince, Aristide supporters called for a general strike. Lavalas extremists were at a boiling point, and the army was too disorganized to resist it, but the strike fizzled after only 20 percent of the city's workers showed any inclination to participate.

Furthermore, no matter what Lavalas partisans say, there is no popular sentiment at all in favor of the embargo in Haiti. No passive resistance to the leaks in the embargo—simply not buying gasoline, for instance—exists at any level of society. Let alone active resistance: the flow of gasoline from the Dominican Republic to the Haitian capital could be held up with a few boulders or stopped dead with a handful of bombs. Furthermore, Aristide has not called his peo-

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ple into the streets to protest. A mob of any size could eventually overwhelm the weak Haitian army, says an administration analyst. "And I wonder," he says, "if he's not calling them out because he doesn't think they're there."

Aristide's behavior has raised speculation about whether he even *wants* to go back to Haiti—at least, whether he would go back without U.S. protection and all non-Lavalas sectors of the society devastated. Contrary to press mythmaking, it was not so much Cédras as Aristide who "reneged" on the Governor's Island accord, by hinting broadly that he would scuttle his promised amnesty and prosecute army leaders as common criminals—or worse. There was more backpedaling to come: When the February parliamentary plan for Aristide's return—the one Dodd sought to discredit as soon as Aristide grew tired of it—hit a snag, the parliamentarians promised to meet any concessions Aristide might demand. Soon thereafter, U.N. secretary-general Boutros Boutros-Ghali and Vice President Gore made a second effort to anticipate any objections—for example, the installation of a prime minister that Aristide felt he could not trust—and said that if Aristide ever felt there had been bad faith in the implementation, the two would serve as witnesses and re-implement sanctions. Aristide's spokesman rejected Gore's plan over Creole radio. Unfortunately, the administration does not listen to Creole radio, and it wasn't until days later that it found out about the Aristide rejection—by mail.

In early March, most likely frightened at the prospect of an accommodating Haitian congress, just as he had been frightened by the prospect of a reasonable military at Governor's Island, Aristide booted from his legislative FNCD coalition the largest leftist party in the country (KONAKOM). It not only was the largest part of Aristide's coalition, but had also been a cash cow for Lavalas, as USAID, mistaking a socialist political party for a private aid program, had bestowed millions of dollars on it prior to the 1990 election. Aristide had long been bitter that, while he had an effective majority in the senate, his programs were thwarted in the chamber of deputies. Now he has ensured that he has a working majority in neither house, making any future government he would lead unviable—unviable as a democracy, that is.

"If Aristide took *himself* out of the ballgame," says one administration official, "then we could begin to look at other options." It is a measure of the administration's unwillingness ever to abandon Aristide that none of his moves constitute a "taking himself out of the ballgame" in administration eyes. Asked whether the repeated waffling—verging on political self-destruction—made him think Aristide didn't want to go back, the official replied, "Yep."

A Dead-End

"From now on," says Lawrence Pezzullo, "our agenda will be Aristide's agenda. Which is, that he goes back without any military and without any parliamentary constraints. And given his ineptness, that's a prescription for disaster."

There might be an initial euphoria if Aristide were returned with an American force. But the army has already announced it would disband in the face of an invasion, and then the trouble would start. The parlor game in Port-au-Prince now, obviously, is to guess how bad a catastrophe a United States invasion would result in. To remove—or even decapitate—the army could untether FRAPH from its only external loyalty. By the same token, Aristide's presence could embolden Lavalas loyalists in the small towns to liquidate FRAPHists. At that point the possibilities for civil war would be real, and the United States would have to choose between walking away from a bloodbath it had started or occupying the whole country town by town. "Whoever shoots first," says one Port-au-Prince resident, "it's on."

Sitting over coffee on his front porch, one prominent Haitian says, "You could have a situation that makes Rwanda look small." Reminded that the Rwanda crisis has cost 200,000 lives, he says, "I weigh my words carefully."

The less apocalyptic scenario has potshots at U.S. troops and ugly scenes out of a 1940s United Fruit strike. In a Pétionville restaurant, a Western journalist who has been visiting Haiti for decades says, "What happens when Aristide sends his Lavalas up the hill [to the middle-class suburbs] to *déchouque* all the people he says are responsible for this situation? Clinton thinks he's doing an anti-Vietnam here, that he's getting in on the right side of a people's revolution. But don't think Aristide isn't going to send his guys up into the hills. And when it becomes apparent that they're going to burn the whole f---ing city down, don't think that U.S. troops aren't going to fire on them."

Observateur publisher Joseph says, "The problem with this administration is that it's been so *extremist* about Haiti." Former defense secretary James Schlesinger brings up an old saw to say that Clinton's Haiti policy has the true mark of the fanatic—the president is redoubling his efforts as he forgets his objectives. What *are* his objectives at this point? Two successive presidents have felt that restoring a corrupt and violent leftist autocrat is an objective for which it's worth destroying the economy of what may soon be the poorest country on earth. The debate now being carried on in the Clinton administration is largely over how to launch an invasion—a political strategy that is less likely to end the violence than to begin it. ❐

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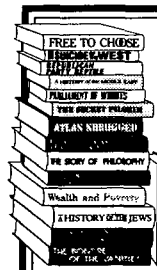

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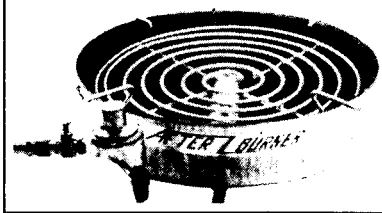
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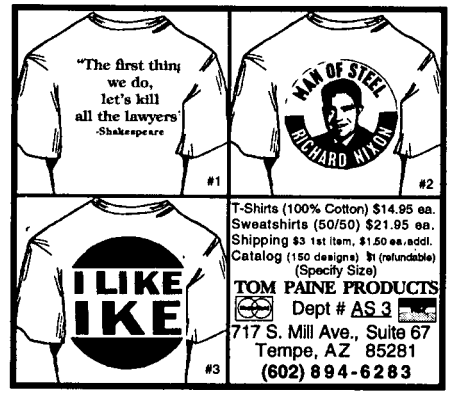

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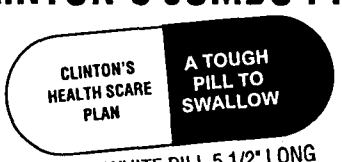

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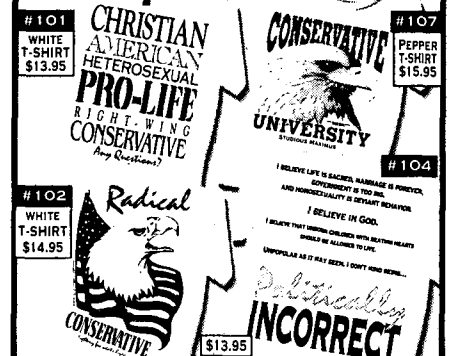

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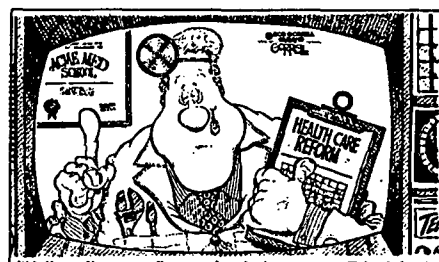

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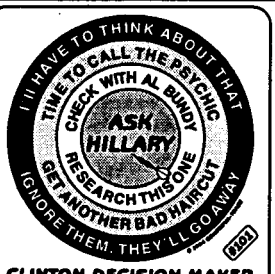

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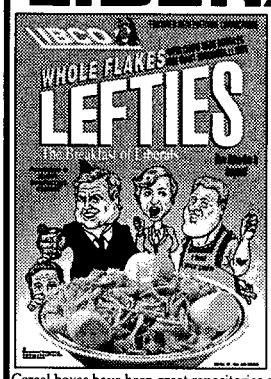

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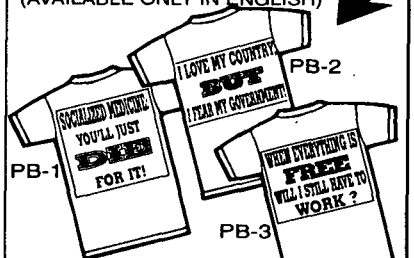
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5 Don't FEEL the Pain, IMPEACH the Pain!	Believe In The Lord Jesus, And You Will Be Saved 11 Acts 16:31
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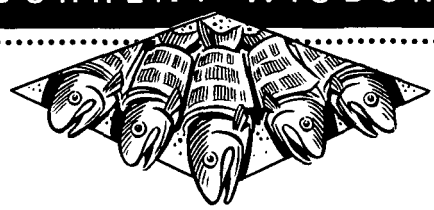

HMX-1 Travel Mission Fax Sheet

The National Security State, Arkansas division:

On May 24, 1994, three representatives of the White House Military Office traveled to Camp David and a nearby golf course (Holly Hills) for the purpose of advancing the site for possible use by the President. The advance trip was conducted as a result of an invitation received by the President to play golf at the Holly Hills course. An operational meeting was conducted at Camp David prior to inspecting the golf course.

The advance party departed Washington D.C. via a HMX-1 helicopter. The use of the helicopter is in keeping with standard procedures employed for advance trips of this type and was necessary in order to familiarize the aircrew with all aspects of flight times and landing zone particulars.

The senior helicopter pilot who flew the mission is one of the few remaining pilots within the HMX squadron that is familiar with the landing zone at Holly Hills having last flown to the site two years ago. This was a training mission to familiarize the HMX crew with the golf course layout and to verify that safe helicopter operations could be conducted at the Holly Hills Country Club landing zone. The flight times are as follows:

Wash DC to Camp David . . . . . 30 min
Camp David to Holly Hills . . . . . 15 min

Members of the advance party did play golf, having received an invitation from the golf pro in order to familiarize themselves with all aspects of the course especially those aspects related to actual time of play and associated impact of security plans.

The actual flight time and associated pilot training is in keeping with standard operating procedures required by the squadron in order the [sic] maintain the highest level of pilot and crew proficiency.

[May 24, 1994]

New York Times

Aloft and gasping in the *Kultursmog* with Frank Rich, where the *Kultured* can speak invidiously about race, color, and creed while calling others racists and bigots:

Mr. Quayle remains far less than swift. After an affable puff piece set at his Indianapolis home on last week's "Prime Time Live"—he and Diane Sawyer, leaning on a fence, looked so chummily Aryan they could have been separated at birth—he was demolished on substance by Katie Couric.

[May 12, 1994]

Washington Post

Distinguished columnist Judy Mann finds a Socrates in the heartland (Socrates was the famous fifth-century feminist philosopher portrayed by the White Male Conspiracy for centuries as a male, until scholars at the Anita Hill Center for Advanced Studies revealed what everyone in ancient Athens always knew, to wit, that Socrates was a woman, head of the All-Girl Lyceum and Soccer Team, and an early opponent of date rape, smoking in public, and perfumed strips in magazines):

To Kathy Prosser, Indiana's commissioner of environmental management and chair of Women Executives in State Government, last week's Senate vote on whether to retire Navy Adm. Frank B. Kelso II with four stars is an object lesson in how female politicians are trying to redefine the moral terrain.

While Sen. Sam Nunn (D-Ga.) spoke largely to the issue of whether Kelso should be held directly accountable for the Tailhook scandal (which Kelso did not witness) and to the issues of Kelso's military service, Prosser wishes the record had been examined in a different light. "Kelso may have been very good at putting people in the battlefield, but whether he was able to wage a war against racism and sexism should be a measure of how well he did," Prosser says.

[April 27, 1994]

Elle

Meryl Gordon and Hillary, on the record:

MG: What do you mean, "if one thing doesn't work"—are you talking about the *American Spectator* article?
HRC: Sure. They'll try anything.

[May 1994]

Family Life

Clean up your act and save the earth!

Language is a powerful attitude builder. Whenever we say "water down" to mean weaken, we're sending a message that shows we don't appreciate how valuable water is. When we use animal names as insults, we're showing disrespect. Snakes are not evil. Worms are not lowlifes. Dogs are not ugly. Sit down with your family and work out some insults that really mean something. Third graders in Bakersfield, Vermont, got into the swing of eco-insults when they invented terms such as "smog brain" and "landfill breath."

[May/June 1994]

Post-Standard

(Syracuse, N.Y.)

Useful information for Syracuseans seeking improved mental health and not familiar with the lack of it among the swamis on the New York State Health Department's "review board":

A Fayetteville psychiatrist who stabbed his wife in the back in 1989 is fit to continue treating patients, a state review board ruled this week.

The ruling marks the end of a three-year battle between Dr. Donald Pirodsky and the state Health Department over whether his license should be revoked, and overturns two unanimous decisions by a lower panel that Pirodsky is not fit to practice psychiatry.

Pirodsky, 49, was charged with second-degree attempted murder for stabbing his wife, Susan, in the back during an argument in November 1989.

[May 13, 1994]

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Esquire

The simpering calumnies of the writerly class's chief nerd, Michael Kinsley, author of *Curse of the Giant Muffins and Other Washington Maladies* and CNN's answer to Edward R. Murrow:

"Tyrrell is not an honest person. He has no journalistic integrity."

[June 1994]

Washington Times

A heroic reporter from Washington's greatest daily newspaper braves halitosis and body odor to report on the bellowings of Capitol Hill's leading advocate of misandry:

Women on the subcommittee objected vehemently to the amendment to strip abortion coverage from the bill, and they suggested that men—who make up the vast majority of Congress—should have no right making such decisions.

"Reproductive health is at the very core of a woman's existence in its importance," said Rep. Jolene Unsoeld, Washington Democrat and subcommittee member. "If you want to be brutally frank, what it compares [with] is if you had health care plans that did not cover any illness related to male testicles."

[May 13, 1994]

San Francisco Chronicle

From Norman Fulton of San Mateo, a conscientious call for the immediate invasion of Singapore by American troops loyal to the Americans for Democratic Action:

Again this morning I was thrilled to the gorgeous voice of "Luciano" outside my bedroom window. That's the name I have given to the mocking bird who gives me such great pleasure and serenades me night and day. And then, as usual and on schedule, the beauty was dimmed as the reality of the horror about to unfold in Singapore flooded my mind.

"Luciano" was still singing, but I could no longer revel in his beautiful songs. The specter of the depravity about to be executed in Prisonage, my name for Singapore, again controlled my mind as it has with such regularity. It actually started to rain, and the joy I had felt earlier was gone and the sadness and yes, outrage, returned with a feeling of helpless fury.

[April 28, 1994]

New York Times

A sensitive reading of the Rwandan carnage by the Grand Panjandrum of the celebrated Colorado Population Coalition:

Your coverage of the grisly disaster in Rwanda had been excellent, but one of the most fundamental long-term causes has not been stressed—overpopulation.

Rwanda is the size of Vermont, but instead of Vermont's 570,000 people, Rwanda's population is well over 8 million and is growing two and a half times as fast. . . . Reports that more than 100,000 have been slaughtered have prompted macabre but true comments that these lives will be replaced in just three or four months. What next?

[May 17, 1994]

The White House

(Washington)

A historic memorandum for Our President demonstrating his religious zeal and proof that he will, with Bible under arm, do all that is in his power to restore religion to its rightful place in this Christian Republic—so help him Moon Cow or Great White Father or Big Tree Smelly Feet or whatever the proper theological term might be:

MEMORANDUM FOR THE HEADS OF EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENTS AND AGENCIES

SUBJECT: Policy Concerning Distribution of Eagle Feathers for Native American Religious Purposes

Eagle feathers hold a sacred place in Native American culture and religious practices. Because of the feathers' significance to Native American heritage and consistent with due respect for the government-to-government relationship between the Federal and Native American tribal governments, this Administration had undertaken policy and procedural changes to facilitate the collection and distribution of scarce eagle bodies and parts for this purpose. This memorandum affirms and formalizes executive branch policy to ensure that progress begun on this important matter continues across the executive branch. . . .

As part of these efforts, agencies shall take steps to improve their collection and transfer of eagle carcasses and eagle body parts ("eagles") for Native American religious purposes. The success of this initiative requires the participation, and is therefore the responsibility, of all Federal land managing agencies, not just those within the Department of the Interior. I therefore direct each agency responsible for managing Federal lands to diligently and expeditiously recover salvageable eagles found on lands under their jurisdiction and ensure that the eagles are promptly shipped to the National Eagle Repository ("Repository"). To assist agencies in this expanded effort, the Secretary of the Interior shall issue guidelines. . . . In particular, the Department of the Interior shall continue to adopt policies and procedures and take those actions necessary to:

(a) ensure the priority of distribution of eagles, upon permit application, first for traditional Native American religious purposes, to the extent permitted by law, and then to other uses;

(b) simplify the eagle permit application process . . . ;

(c) minimize the delay and ensure respect and dignity in the process . . . ;

(d) expand efforts to involve Native American tribes, organizations, and individuals in the distribution process . . . ;

(e) review means to ensure that adequate refrigerated storage space is available to process the eagles; . . .

We must continue to be committed to greater intergovernmental communication and cooperation. . . .

[April 29, 1994]

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 73)

Bloody-Minded

Kenneth S. Lynn's account of R.W.B. Lewis's shortcomings as man and scholar rang true on many points ("Edith Wharton's Abuser," *TAS*, December 1993). Forgetting promises tendered in effusive cordiality was certainly Lewis's practice in my only brush with the man twenty years ago. Accurate detail is not among the virtues of *The American Adam*, and Lynn rightly knocks Lewis for elevating into fact Thoreau's wild fantasy of eating a woodchuck raw. But Lynn himself is guilty of misreading when he claims that Thoreau "never ate one alive (or cooked, for that matter)." The author of *Walden* explains in his opening chapter that he "once went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field . . . and devour him, partly for experiment's sake."

The point's not quite trivial, for the man enshrined by modern environmentalists as a plaster St. Francis retained a lifelong enthusiasm for blood sports from his youthful experience hunting. See Thomas L. Altherr's article in *American Literature*, 1984. On Altherr's evidence of his ambivalence it would be a toss-up whether Thoreau could be enlisted for gun control today. Lynn's misrecollection makes Thoreau sound like the bearded flower child beloved of the sixties—not the radical conservative whom readers of *TAS* may find if they crack the pages of *Walden* now.

—Michael West
Professor, English Department
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Out of Town Brown

Byron York's comments on drug czar Lee Brown ("Clinton's Phony Drug War," *TAS*, February 1994) were right on the mark. Brown's behavior is merely a continuation of his modus operandi displayed during his service as police commissioner in New York City and police chief in Houston.

He is a man who exudes grandiose yet meaningless symbolic gestures. A man whose style can only be termed "voodoo policing." His pet projects, like community policing, are laced with politically-correct jargon, disguised as compassionate and intelligent law enforcement (cop-as-social worker).

Within law enforcement circles, Brown is known as "Out of Town Brown," due to his propensity for national and international travel at the expense of others; all the while leaving the candy store unattended. Actually, New York and Houston are better off now that "Out of Town Brown" is out of town permanently.

—James J. Kouri
Flushing Meadows, New York

The Beat Goes On

Your article on possible Clinton violations of the law ("Criminal Laws Implicated by the Clinton Scandals: A Partial List," *TAS*, February 1994) lacked one "alleged" misconduct which should have been included at the top of the list. As a retired Air Force officer who was often on the receiving end of Russian supplied rockets on the ground, and 23mm and 37mm shells in the air, I consider Clinton's Vietnam war-time activities treasonous. Surely, there must be some U.S.C. which makes criminals out of persons who organize anti-American demonstrations in foreign countries; the countries responsible for supplying the means to kill over 50,000 Americans. Freedom of speech is one thing, giving aid and comfort to the people who are responsible for killing American servicemen is quite another. *—Richard Wendlandt*
Overland Park, Kansas

Home Work

As mentioned in Tom Bethell's March column, "The Tony Awards," Anthony Lewis writes a column under the heading, "Abroad at Home." Another columnist on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* is Anna Quindlen, who, as is well known, writes her column at home. I hopefully look forward to the day when a mix-up at the *Times* results in the title of Mr. Lewis's column appearing over the column of Ms. Quindlen. *—Donald P. Kerwick*
Hamilton, Ohio

It's Crying Time Again

Thank you for including an excerpt from my syndicated newspaper column VoiceMale in your esteemed Current Wisdom section in February. If you had published the passage in context, your readers would have had a chance to get my point: that males are not naturally insensitive or cold-hearted; it's our competition-based culture that tries to steer us that way. My column which runs in twenty-five newspapers is a rare voice urging men to get more involved in parenting so our children can grow up with compassionate respectful non-violent male role models. I suppose that's something with which you disagree. *—Neil Chethik*
Lexington, Kentucky

A National Inquirer

When can we expect David Brock to pen "The Real Paula Jones"? Will *The American Spectator* publish it? Inquiring minds want to know. Please advise.

—Mark P. Petracca
Irvine, California

The Age of Innocents

Your April/May issue contained an irate letter from Marvin B. Hoffman of Newington, Connecticut, which stated you had not abided by his wish to cancel his subscription "and suggested that you might send it your favorite *whorehouse*."

I would not know from personal experience, but I thought people went to a whorehouse for a purpose other than to read a magazine. *—Thomas F. Loftus*
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

There are two obvious addresses:

(1) The Governor's Mansion, Little Rock, Arkansas

(2) 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C.

—Thomas E. Ryan
San Rafael, California

Hey, why not! The White House could use another copy. *—Carl J. Wass*
Pompano Beach, Florida

I am currently unemployed and therefore in need of a new occupation. It was with great relief that I read the correspondence from Mr. Marvin Hoffman.

Well, sir, I've never been in a whorehouse, and wouldn't recognize one, but it sounds like a great low risk venture (and I am severely undercapitalized). All I really need to get started is some nice clothes and a little money for bail, bribes, magazines, and the like. I don't know what is appropriate reading material for a brothel, but if Mr. Hoffman says your magazine will excite the little perverts I will need as customers, I believe him.

So if Mr. Hoffman's offer still applies, would you please send the balance of his issues to my address, along with any other helpful tips he may have regarding location, pricing, trade publications, and the like. *—C.J. Drotar*
Toledo, Ohio

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WE AGREE MR. PRESIDENT

"The American people provide those of us in government service with terrific health care benefits at reasonable costs. We have health care that's always there. I think we need to give every hard-working, taxpaying American the same health care security they have already given to us."

The State of the Union, January 25, 1994

President Clinton was talking about the Federal Employees Health Benefits (FEHB) Program, which covers nearly 10 million federal employees, retirees and their dependents. The 34-year-old program allows them to choose among dozens of competing health-care plans, with different costs and benefits; works with a minimum of regulation; and because it relies on the principles of choice and competition, has successfully controlled costs.

But that is NOT what President Clinton has proposed. In fact, his legislation exempts federal employees until January 1998. That's right. HHS Secretary Donna Shalala, members of Congress, and most members of Hillary Rodham Clinton's health-reform task force would NOT be included in Mr. Clinton's government-run health plan until all other Americans try it out first.

With modification, an FEHB-type system could be created to cover all Americans. In fact, that is exactly what the Consumer Choice Health Plan proposed by The Heritage Foundation does.

NEW REPUBLIC columnist Michael Kinsley called the Heritage plan, ". . . the simplest, most promising, and in an important way, most progressive idea for health-care reform."

And ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE Editorial Page Editor and syndicated columnist Paul Greenberg wrote, "If the President is interested in a plan that will provide universal coverage, allow Americans to take our health insurance with us wherever we go and not tie it to our jobs, give folks their choice of insurance plans from basic to deluxe, control costs through competition, and use vouchers to provide basic coverage for those too poor to pay premiums. . . all the President has to do is call (202) 546-4400. That's The Heritage Foundation."

Legislation based on the same principles—the Consumer Choice Health Security Act—is now before the House and Senate. Introduced by Sen. Don Nickles of Oklahoma and Rep. Cliff Stearns of Florida, the legislation (S. 1743; H.R. 3698) has 25 Senate and 24 House co-sponsors.

Before the "reformers" ruin everything that is right about health care in America, we need to ask them: Why reinvent the wheel? Why not let all Americans have the kind of personal freedom the President and Congress have— a consumer choice health plan.

For more information on Consumer Choice and a copy of the book "A National Health System for all Americans," by Dr. Stuart Butler, write The Heritage Foundation, Box D, 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

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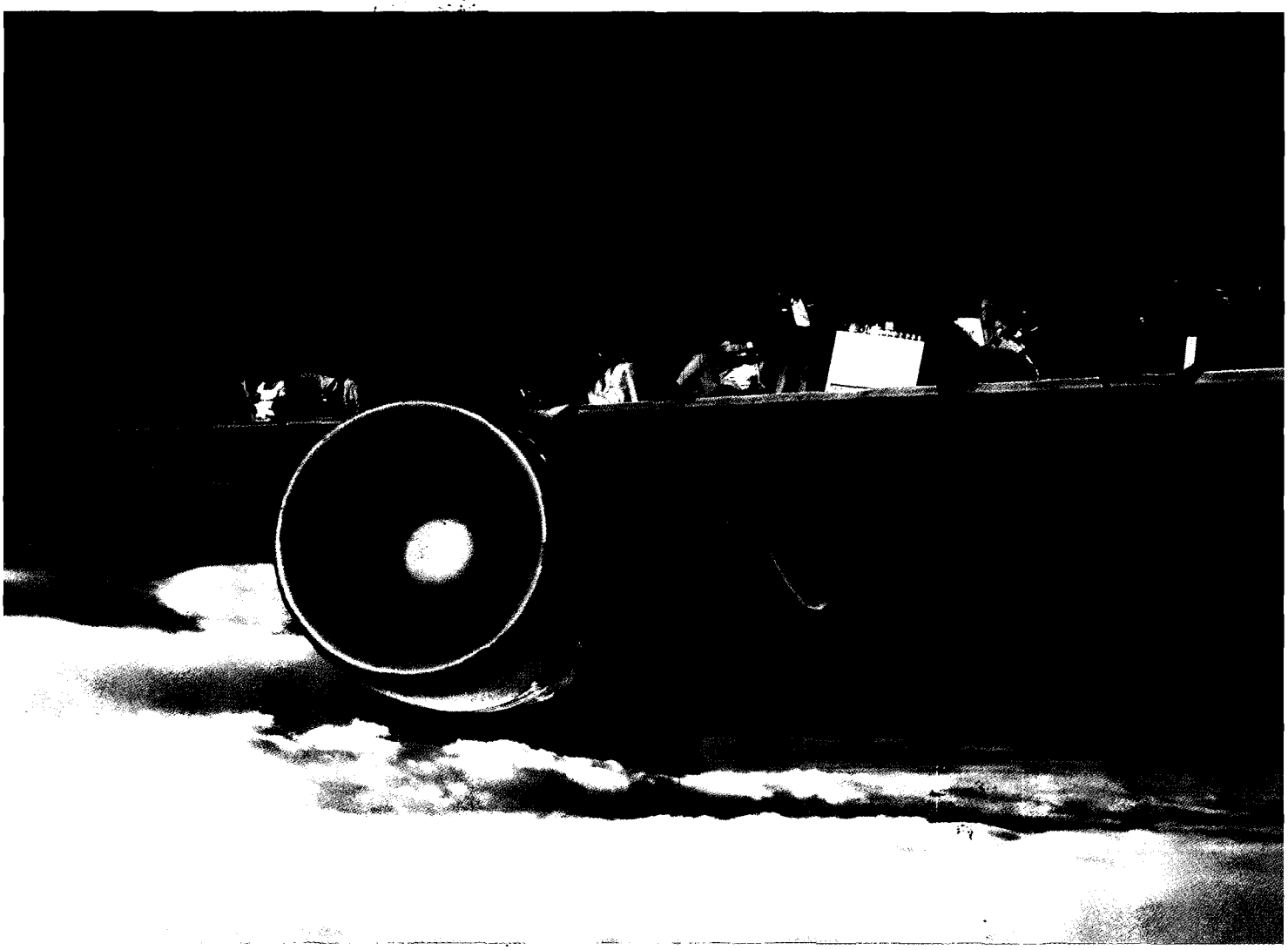

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